



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Charles Sumner

US  
5249  
183.3.5(2)

TRANSFERRED  
TO  
HARVARD COLLEGE  
LIBRARY



Harvard College Library

FROM

Mrs. Arria S. D. Howe

LAMONT LIBRARY









**MEMOIR AND LETTERS**  
**OF**  
**CHARLES SUMNER.**









WILLIAM LUTHER PIERCE, 1834.





MEMOIR AND LETTERS

OF

CHARLES SUMNER.

BY

EDWARD L. PIERCE.

VOL. II.

1838—1845.

BOSTON:

ROBERTS BROTHERS.

1893.

US 5249.182.3.5

~~973.2~~

974.5

~~56587~~



*From the collection of  
The College Library*

✓  
US 5249.182.3.5 (2),  
✓

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1877, by

EDWARD L. PIERCE,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

*Return to the  
Library of the  
University of Cambridge*

SEVENTH EDITION.

UNIVERSITY PRESS:  
JOHN WILSON & SON, CAMBRIDGE.

## CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

---

### CHAPTER XVI.

December, 1837, to March, 1839.

EVENTS AT HOME. — LETTERS OF FRIENDS . . . . .	PAGE 1
--	-----------

### CHAPTER XVII.

November and December, 1838.

LONDON AGAIN. — CHARACTERS OF JUDGES. — OXFORD. — CAM- BRIDGE . . . . .	11
--	----

### CHAPTER XVIII.

January, 1839, to March, 1839.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON. — WARWICK. — LONDON. — CHARACTERS OF JUDGES AND LAWYERS. — AUTHORS. — SOCIETY . . . . .	36
---	----

### CHAPTER XIX.

March to April, 1839.

PARIS AGAIN . . . . .	83
-----------------------	----

### CHAPTER XX.

May to September, 1839.

ITALY . . . . .	91
-----------------	----

### CHAPTER XXI.

October, 1839, to March, 1840.

GERMANY . . . . .	120
-------------------	-----



## CHAPTER XXII.

March 17, to May 3, 1840.

ENGLAND AGAIN, AND THE VOYAGE HOME . . . . .	140
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXIII.

1840-41.

RETURN TO HIS PROFESSION . . . . .	148
------------------------------------	-----

## CHAPTER XXIV.

1842.

SLAVERY AND THE LAW OF NATIONS . . . . .	191
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXV.

1843.

SERVICES FOR CRAWFORD. — THE "SOMERS" MUTINY. — THE NATION'S DUTY AS TO SLAVERY . . . . .	230
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXVI.

1844.

THE NATIONAL ELECTION. — EDITING VESKY, JR. — DANGEROUS ILLNESS . . . . .	279
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXVII.

January to July, 1845.

SERVICES FOR EDUCATION. — PRISON DISCIPLINE. — CORRESPONDENCE . . . . .	324
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

July 4, 1845.

THE CITY ORATION, — "THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS." — AN ARGUMENT AGAINST WAR . . . . .	337
---	-----

# MEMOIR AND LETTERS

OF

## CHARLES SUMNER.

---

### CHAPTER XVI.

EVENTS AT HOME.—LETTERS OF FRIENDS.—DECEMBER, 1837, TO  
MARCH, 1839.—AGE 26-28.

SIXTEEN months passed between Sumner's parting with his friends in Boston and his leaving England for the Continent; and a reference to matters of public and personal interest occurring at home may be fitly included in this narrative.

At a meeting held in Faneuil Hall, on the day he sailed, Dr. Channing, Hillard, and George Bond denounced the murder of Lovejoy, the anti-slavery editor; and Wendell Phillips began his career as an orator by his reply to James T. Austin, a defender of the deed. Pennsylvania Hall, then recently erected by the abolitionists in Philadelphia, was burned by a pro-slavery mob. Dr. Channing was replying to Henry Clay's defence of slavery.<sup>1</sup> The Graves-Cilley duel, between a Southern and a Northern member of Congress, was fought. The North-eastern boundary dispute was waxing warm, and there was much wild talk, particularly in the State of Maine, of "war with England." A graver difficulty had arisen at another point on our frontier. The burning of the "Caroline" on the American shore by the British authorities—her offence being that she had been freshly used for hostile purposes by Canadian insurgents—inflamed public feeling against Great Britain, and raised vexed questions concerning the inviolability of national territory, and the jurisdiction of courts over acts assumed by a foreign government. The restriction or prohibition of the sale of ardent spirits—a controversy which forty years of agitation have not settled—was for the first time disturbing politicians. Richard Fletcher

<sup>1</sup> Letter to Jonathan Phillips, 1839. Channing's Works, Vol. V. pp. 7-106.

was re-elected to Congress as the member for Boston. George Bancroft was appointed Collector of the Port, and Robert C. Winthrop chosen Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch, author of "The Practical Navigator" and translator of the *Mécanique Céleste*, ended a career dedicated to science. George Combe, of Edinburgh, was delivering lectures on phrenology in Boston. Horace Mann was urging with prodigious earnestness and industry the cause of education. Daniel Webster was about to sail for Europe on his only foreign journey. The "Sirius" and "Great Western" were traversing the Atlantic, — the beginning of that ocean steam-navigation which was to give a new force to civilization.<sup>1</sup>

At Harvard College and the Law School all was well. Two terms a year now took the place of three; elective studies were allowed, and lectures admitted in part as a substitute for recitations. The new Library — Gore Hall — built of Quincy granite, was rising. The Law School numbered seventy pupils; and Professor Greenleaf, sole instructor when Judge Story was absent on judicial service, found himself overburdened with work.

In literature there was new activity. Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," his first work, was winning golden opinions, and he was making researches for his "Conquest of Mexico." Cleveland was writing the "Life of Henry Hudson" for Sparks's "American Biography," and editing "Sallust." Hillard was completing his edition of "Spenser." Felton was preparing a Greek Reader, and translating Menzel's "History of German Literature." Longfellow published "The Psalm of Life" in Sept., 1838, and a few months later "Hyperion" and "The Voices of the Night." Dr. Lieber visited Boston to superintend the publication of the "Political Ethics." Motley was writing "Morton's Hope." Greenleaf was gathering the materials for a treatise upon "The Law of Evidence." Story was in the full tide of authorship, writing and printing "The Law of Agency," and revising "Equity Pleadings" and other works.

The period of financial depression, — one of the most remarkable in our history, — which began in 1837, still continued. The failure of some Boston banks had spread unusual distrust. Few local improvements were in progress; but it was thought worthy of record at the time that around the Common had been built a

<sup>1</sup> The first arrival of the "Sirius" and "Great Western" at New York was on April 23, 1838. Nineteen years earlier, the "Savannah" made a single experimental trip.

"sidewalk," which, as a much-frequented promenade, was called "The Lovers' Chase."

The domestic life of Sumner's friends underwent changes. Cleveland and Felton were now both married. The former was living at "Pine Bank," near Jamaica Pond, and the latter in a new house he had built at Cambridge. Captain R. B. Forbes was embarking for China to make another fortune. Hillard met with one of the saddest of bereavements, — the loss of an only child. Young William Story had passed from College to Law School, and was making his first essays in sculpture, — the busts of his father and a classmate. The "Five of Clubs," now four only, — Felton, Cleveland, Hillard, Longfellow, — kept up their reunions, always commemorating at firesides and in feasts the loved member whose seat was vacant; and there were many callers at "Number Four" Court Street, who inquired eagerly for his health, progress, and the time of his return.

One or another of Sumner's correspondents wrote to him of these public or private affairs, and never did a young man enjoy tidings from home more than he. He was interested in all that concerned his friends. The events of their marriage and the birth of their children drew from him cordial and delicate congratulation, and he was quick to send his sympathy in bereavement. The families of his friends reciprocated this unfailing interest, and kept him in faithful remembrance. Mrs. Story and Mrs. Greenleaf regarded him like an absent son; and the wives of others, whose age was near his own, felt for him a sisterly affection.

His most constant correspondent was Hillard, who, in frequent and well-filled letters, kept him informed of all that was passing among friends, in courts, at "Number Four," in book-making, in society, and at Cambridge. Greenleaf wrote of the Law School and of politics. Story wrote of cases heard or decided by the Supreme Court, and of his labors as professor and author. Cleveland and Felton remembered him with many letters, full of affection, each detailing his studies, and the latter reporting also the incidents of college life. Lieber invoked his good offices with publishers and critics. Among correspondents who wrote with less frequency were Longfellow, Mr. Daveis, Luther S. Cushing (who wrote concerning "The Jurist"), Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lawrence, Richard Fletcher, Willard Phillips, and Benjamin Rand; and, after their return from Europe, Mr. Ticknor and Dr. Shattuck.

His letters to Judge Story and Hillard were read by other intimate friends, and his experiences became quite generally known in Boston and Cambridge. Americans returning from Europe reported his success in English society. His speech at Newcastle, which was read in a Boston newspaper, was much commended. His social career abroad attracted attention at home, and his return was awaited with unusual interest. The general opinion and expectation concerning him may be best gathered from the letters written to him at the time. One cannot fail to notice, even beneath their assurances of confidence to the contrary, serious apprehensions that his rich draughts of foreign life would give him a distaste for professional work.

Cleveland wrote, May 12, 1838 : —

"We feel a deep interest in you; your success delights us, your adventures and descriptions entertain us, and your feelings command our sympathies as much as if you were our brother. We feel the same pride and concern for you as we should for 'one of the family;' and when one of your nice long letters comes, we feel that we have got a treasure indeed."

Again, Aug. 22 : —

"A letter from you, dear Sumner, is before me, — a spring to exertion, a stimulus to ambition, and a source of real, unalloyed pleasure. I am delighted to hear of your great advantages in English society. . . . You have a very catholic spirit, which most men want. There is a heartiness in every thing which you do that seems to bear upon it the stamp of sterling. Now, I am perfectly thankful that you are circulating in British society as you are; for I know that a few such men as you will do more towards opening the eyes and the hearts of the best portion of the English than any number of books. . . . Write to me as often as you can. You do not know how much good your letters do me; they excite me to renewed exertion. Dear man! Do you not feel that you are undergoing a sort of apotheosis? Enjoy it, and profit by it; for it will be a source of happiness to you as long as you live. Some of your friends are prophesying misery for you when you come home; but I do not. On the contrary, what real solid satisfaction would you have, if you were not coming home? With such a field for ambition and usefulness as you have open before you here, can you fail to be happy? Write to me soon. I think, if you could see what an event it is here when your letters come, you would love to write to us. Adieu, my dear fellow: and God bless you!"

Again, Jan. 6, 1839 : —

"This day, you are doubly remembered, — it being your birthday; the happiest, I doubt not, you have ever passed, — happy, I am sure, in the pre-

ent; and may I not add, dear Charley, that it is happy in the future? I am sure you are destined to a happy career, if you will only open your soul to welcome the sunshine which is ready to be poured upon it. . . . We all have our destinies; and yours is grand. Live up to it! Reverence the powers God has given you. Cultivate, expand, and exercise them; and you will be happy. God bless you, my dear fellow! and, when your next birthday comes, may you find yourself as happy as you are now. I speak of your next with no common interest, because I hope and believe you will keep it with us. Oh, a happy gathering will we have!"

Mrs. C. wrote April 30, 1838:—

"I never meet any of your friends, dear Sumner, that you are not enthusiastically remembered. In all the pleasant meetings where you were seen, we think 'of the friend who once welcomed us, too.' Surely, your right ear must burn very hot sometimes."

Felton wrote, July 19 (his wedding-day):—

"There are not many men in this wide world to whom I should write on my wedding-day. . . . You have heard of the dinner Cleveland gave the 'Five of Clubs.' We drank your health in full bumpers, and had a superb time, I assure you. Longfellow and I returned to Cambridge at ten, and agreed that the day must be noted with white chalk. . . . Excuse this rambling, my dear Charley, and take my writing at all as a proof of the warm affection with which I regard you."

Again, Nov. 5:—

"I had the 'Five of Clubs,' the other day; and we drank your health in the first bumper. Indeed, this is our standing libation at the beginning of a feast. I hope you do not forget us in your wanderings. I am growing more and more attached to that excellent institution; and I devoutly trust we may carry it forward to old age. We have formed a design of catching you, immediately on your arrival, and conveying you to some place of security,—say, Pine Bank,—where we shall probably keep you three or four weeks, giving day by day the history of your adventures, before any other person has the least opportunity of hearing a word. I have amused myself with imagining you shooting grouse, accompanied by a sporting parson. Is it possible you killed any thing on purpose? Did you think of Mr. Winkle? Did you remember Mr. Tupman's shooting a partridge by accident? That unfortunate rabbit will haunt you as long as you live, if you are indeed guilty of his blood. I think we must have a series of papers after the manner of Pickwick, describing the adventures of the Club; and it is plain that you must be the travelling committee, to say nothing of being our great oracle on matters of sport."

Again, Jan. 23, 1839:—

"You can hardly imagine the joy your friends feel at the brilliant reception you have had in England. They have no forebodings of evil from all

this. On the contrary, they have the most entire confidence in the firmness of your character and the goodness of your heart; and they anticipate your return with the richest treasures from the Old World, with your best tastes increased, your knowledge enlarged, your resolution to do good in your generation strengthened, and with such social and intellectual reminiscences as shall be the delight of all your future life. . . . By the way, there are hints current that you will become a Cantab. Is it so? I hope it is!"

Hillard wrote, July 23, 1838:—

"Think you that you will be content to sit in your chair in a little room, — No. 4 Court Street, Boston. — and issue writs and fill up deeds, after having drunk so deeply of the delicious draught of London social life? But I do you injustice in asking the question."

Again, Aug. 11:—

"The general feeling among your friends is one of great pleasure at your happiness and success, with a feeling of gratification, too, that the young men of our country have so favorable a representative abroad. All express themselves warmly upon this subject. There is no scandal and no disparaging remark; no one apprehends that your residence abroad will impair the simplicity of your character or the freshness of your mind, or lead you to look with distaste upon your own country and its institutions. Every one knows that you are too much of a man for that. But there is a general apprehension that you will find it very difficult, after what you have seen and enjoyed, to come back to the drudgery and petty details of the practice of the law; and as I have sat during these hot days, fagging in the office, I have had the same thought come into my own mind. Indeed, with your powers and attainments and industry, I wish you could come back to some higher, nobler, and more genial occupation than that of practice, and take your station among us as a writer, a teacher, a thinker. There is something belittling in the practice of the law; but its philosophy and spirit are ennobling and expanding. I don't know, and could not pronounce, in what particular function or vocation I should like to have you appear; but I want to have the community benefited by the rich stores of study and observation you will have brought back with you. For my own part, the delight I take in you, in your progress, in your success, in your present happiness, is the sunniest and brightest spot upon my path. You are ever present in my thoughts; and if I could only see you once a week and talk of its events with you, I should be entirely happy."

Again, Oct. 7:—

"I do assure you that successive bulletins of your successful and victorious progress give me a thrill of pleasure. I am not surprised at your success. The English are a warm-hearted and hospitable people when they give their confidence. They are so overrun with adventurers that they treat with suspicion and coldness any one who presents himself in a questionable shape, any one who has the ear-marks of an adventurer, and whom they suspect

of designs against their daughters or their purses. But a modest, intelligent, well-educated, and well-bred young man is always sure of a frank and kind reception. So much for the class to which you belong; but you have recommendations peculiar to yourself, which insure you a proportionate reception. You have a great fund of knowledge, and of that kind of knowledge most valuable in England, and it lies accessible and within your grasp; and your manners are very well calculated for the meridian of England. Besides you have the charm of youth, which adds the beauty of promise to the beauty of fulfilment. I should have laid a wager without hesitation before you went, that you would be better received than any young man who has ever gone there; and I say this without meaning to flatter you, for our best men do not usually go there till they have ceased to be young; and as I said before, other things alike, a young man is received with more *empressement* than a middle-aged one."

Mrs. Samuel Lawrence wrote, May 12, 1838:—

"I will not say with how much regret I found my Saturday evenings broken up. I think we enjoyed them so much that I trust the memory of them will induce a renewal at some future day. Then we shall have the extra pleasure of hearing your feats of valor and adventure. Your anticipations, you say, great as they were, were fully realized on landing in France. I think you peculiarly fitted to enjoy travelling. All is novelty and freshness, and with your energy, ardor, and untiring perseverance no information will be left unattained, and no rational pleasure unsought. You have my best wishes that nothing may occur to mar this enjoyment."

Dr. Palfrey wrote, Sept. 25:—

"You are, I will not say an enviable, but certainly a very fortunate, man; and are thus another illustration of the connection between good luck and good conduct."

Governor Everett wrote, May 20, 1839:—

"I rejoice, my dear Sir, to hear from all quarters, public and private, of your great success abroad. I consider the country as under obligations to you for the favorable impression of our means of education and our institutions generally, which must be produced by the specimen of early scholarship and extraordinary attainment you have exhibited. Take care of your health; stay abroad till your eye is tired of seeing and your ear of hearing, and then come back and give your country the benefit of your observation and rare opportunities of improvement."

Dr. Lieber wrote, Oct. 9, 1838:—

"Greenleaf runs up and down the coast of the Atlantic like an anxious hen, while you, a young duck, swim lustily on the ocean. He is very much afraid you will become too *principled* and too *unprecedented*."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to Sumner's letters, in which he expressed a strong preference on some points for the French judicial procedure.



Again, Jan. 8, 1839: —

"A happy New Year to you, my dear Sumner. May you see, learn, and live as much in 1839 as you have in 1838! I suppose that is about the best a friend can wish you. May you enjoy good health, and thus be capable to receive *Europe*; and may you do this, that you may return to your own country and become one of the many links by which God unites period to period, — an agent in his vast plans for the development of civilization, and in the great mental exchange of the moving nations of the earth. The task before you is great and noble. Your mind, your soul, has early been consecrated to become one of the priests in the sacred temple of truth and humanity, of right and pure liberty. Fulfil, then, your destiny, and be conscious of an august calling. Be a true citizen by being a noble man."

Mr. Daveis wrote, Jan. 18: —

"But I must not exhaust my whole sheet on one topic, though you invited it. It is no less interesting to you and your friends what is to be the chance for you when you get home. And can there be any question about it? The only practical point will be whether you will bring yourself down to the work. If your head can bear the transition, you will have no difficulty. You will only have to contend with the embarrassment of your riches."

Joseph R. Ingersoll wrote, April 22: —

"It has given me great delight to learn, as I have learned from various sources, how distinguished has been your reception and how agreeable your career abroad. As long as gentlemen like yourself and Mr. Webster are the representatives of the country, we are perfectly safe in the belief that we shall gain largely in reputation, and in the hope that we may at length persuade the most reluctant out of their prejudices against us."

John O. Sargent wrote, May 8: —

"Your visit has almost tempted me to envy you, for it has been flattering to a degree beyond any thing you had reason to expect, — the most flattering probably enjoyed by any American since time began."

Professor Greenleaf wrote, Sept. 7, 1838: —

"It is a long time since I received a line from you; but the Judge kindly hands me all yours to him, and once in a while I see one of Hillard's; so that I am kept acquainted with most of what befalls you, and am enabled to rejoice with the rest of your friends in the singular felicity of your travels. It seems to us hardly credible that one of our circle should so suddenly and, as it were, by magic be spirited away into the first society in England, and enabled to give us, with all the freshness of daily incidents, the sayings and doings of the giants of the legal and political world with whom he is so familiar. We think it a piece of rare good fortune for you; and, to whisper you another truth, we deem ourselves fortunate to have sent them so good a specimen of New England and of the law. See all you can, and profit by all you see. See *quite*

*through* the Jacobinism and Radicalism and atheism of modern Europe, and all its other isms, and come home a sound and liberal conservative, as God made you; neither bigoted to the old because it is such, nor passionately in love with the striking novelties of the new. You are daily acquiring a vast intellectual and moral power, to be wielded on your return. Our earnest desire is to have you occupy an additional professor's chair, with Judge Story and myself, bringing into our institution all that power and all the affluence of your mind, to bear upon the great and increasing number of young men who come to us for instruction in constitutional and municipal law. Our responsibilities to our country are great, for the influence we thus indirectly exert upon her institutions; but we meet them with alacrity and the courage of honest and conscientious men. We want the aid of a yoke-fellow who is both an accomplished civilian and a sound common lawyer, versed in both systems, but addicted exclusively to neither; a liberal, enlightened, and yet practical jurist, and sound in constitutional law. Need I say that no man fills this space in our eyes like yourself? So make all your acquisitions, my dear friend, bear on this subject; keep always in mind that you are to occupy an additional chair with us, as our colleague in the great and honorable work, practising also in the courts in the more important causes, and in due time hasten home to the station we are quietly endeavoring to prepare for you "<sup>1</sup>

Again, Jan. 18, 1839: —

"When you ask me if we do *still* think it would have been better for you to have stayed at home, you put a difficult question. You have indeed seen 'a bright page' of human life, and with most extraordinary good fortune. It will be worth to you more or less, as you may choose. I do not yet regret the step you took. If you can return to us and to our habits of business, as if you had not left New England, bringing your great acquisitions in Europe into active service at home, — as I trust with confidence you will do, — the gain will be clear and decisive; and I think you will find no difficulty in resuming your place in the profession. We must give you an early retainer, that you may go soon into court and make your own arguments, instead of writing them for others to gain fame with."

Again, May 17: —

"Can you still remember so humble and quiet a spot as Dane Hall? Scarcely a day passes, I assure you, that I am not in some way reminded of you, — whether it be by visible traces in the library or by a sense of the want of your society; and when in the city I meet your brother Henry, as I frequently do, it is almost like the sight of yourself returned. . . . Of myself I have nothing to say. My life passes without events, — except hearing recitations, giving lectures, and studying law. I am growing older, yet not graver, but rather more buoyant, — holding cheerfulness a religious duty, and

<sup>1</sup> In Jan., 1839, Judge Story said in conversation that he and Greenleaf should try to have Sumner in the Law School soon after his return; that the wish which lay nearest and dearest to his heart was to leave the Law School in good hands, and that he desired to have Sumner and Hillard succeed himself and Greenleaf.

cultivating charity with all men. My wife is rather more an invalid than when you left us, but loves you yet, and sends her affectionate regards. May the Lord preserve you, and bring you back in safety in His own good time!"

Judge Story wrote, Aug. 11, 1838:—

"I have received all your letters, and have devoured them with unspeakable delight. All the family have heard them read aloud, and all join in their expressions of pleasure. You are now exactly where I should wish you to be, among the educated, the literary, the noble, and, though last not least, the learned of England, of good old England, our motherland,—God bless her! Your sketches of the Bar and Bench are deeply interesting to me, and so full that I think I can see them in my mind's eye. I must return my thanks to Mr. Justice Vaughan for his kindness to you; it has gratified me beyond measure, not merely as a proof of his liberal friendship, but of his acuteness and tact in the discovery of character. It is a just homage to your own merits. Your Old Bailey speech was capital, and hit by stating sound truths in the right way.

"Oh, for the coronation! the coronation! and you in your Court-dress! We all shouted hurrah! and Mrs. Story was so gratified by your letter, that she almost determined to write to thank you for it. I do it now as her proxy. . . .

"I envy you all your literary talk and literary friends, but still more your judicial friends of the Bar and Bench. What you state of their rank in the profession is exactly what I had supposed, either from reading the Reports, or from rumors abroad.<sup>1</sup>

Again, Jan. 16, 1839:—

"Your sketches of the judges have been deeply interesting to me; and I look for the residue of the portraits with increased curiosity. I am truly glad to find that I had not greatly mistaken the relative rank and character of them. . . . How I should have rejoiced to be with you in your travels through England on the summer Circuit, and in your delightful visits to Lord Brougham, Lord Wharnccliffe, Earl Fitzwilliam, and the Earl of Leicester! Oh, for a month at Holkham, among the books and manuscripts of Lord Coke! What a treat to gaze upon the books handled by so eminent a man, three centuries ago!"

<sup>1</sup> For remainder of letter, see Story's "Life and Letters," Vol. II. pp. 297-300.

## CHAPTER XVII.

LONDON AGAIN.—CHARACTERS OF JUDGES.—OXFORD.—CAMBRIDGE.—  
NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER, 1838.—AGE, 27.

---

## LETTERS.

---

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD, BOSTON.

LONDON, Nov. 4, 1838.

MY DEAR HILLARD, — I do not delay one moment to acknowledge the receipt of your touching letter, communicating the intelligence of the death of your dear child.<sup>1</sup> Would that these lines could go to you as swiftly as my sympathy! I sorrow with you from the bottom of my heart, and I fear that the lightsome letters which I have written latterly, all unconscious of your bereavement, may have seemed to flout your grief. I have been rejoicing while you have been sad; I have been passing, with joy lighting my steps, from one pleasant abode to another, while you have been sitting still in the house of mourning. Would that I could have shaken to you some of the superflux of happiness which has been my lot, and received upon my abler shoulders something of that burden under which I fear you may faint! I opened your letter this morning, by the faint light of dawn, on my arrival from Holkham, — after a long night's journey. I knew, of course, the familiar hand, and hurriedly broke the seal to get those tidings of my friends, which, amidst all that has befallen me, come like refreshing airs. I pitied you and your wife; but rejoiced when I read that she bore her loss with calmness. It is hardly for me to whisper consolation to you. Though not unconscious of sorrow myself, I have never yet felt such a bereavement as yours; I cannot, therefore, speak with the authority of suffering. But I can well imagine that, even to you, desolate as you are, there may be society of the richest kind in the cherished image of that dear creature, whose body has been taken from you, — in the recollection of his expanding faculties, his tender smiles, and, above all, his unsullied purity of soul. Think of him where he is, his own pure spirit mingling with the greatness and goodness that have been called away before him, nor finding aught purer or more

<sup>1</sup> Hillard's only child, a boy of two years, died after a brief illness the previous September.

acceptable than itself. And has he not escaped toils and trials, which would perhaps — if he had lived to encounter them — have made him mourn that he was born? These are stale topics, which will not, I fear, reach the depths of your sorrow. Let me, however, urge you to renounce, as a false indulgence, what I would call the luxury of grief. Think with gladness that God has cast such a sunbeam across your path, though for a short time, and followed by clouds and darkness; and be consoled by calling to mind the present bliss of your boy, and your own sterling performance of the duties of a father. . . . I feel ashamed almost to have written what I have; it is all so tame, and commonplace, and unsatisfactory. But you have poured out your heart in that most beautiful letter; and I could not rest easy till I had tendered you my sympathy in that way and language which, for the moment, has seemed most appropriate.

Let me know that you are calm and happy, and believe me, with new ardor,

Affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

---

TO JUDGE STORY, CAMBRIDGE.

LONDON, Nov. 4, 1838.

MY DEAR JUDGE, — Once more in London, this mighty concentration of human energies, wishes, disappointments, joys, and sorrows! Its vastness is inconceivable and untold. I last wrote you from Wentworth House, the proud seat of Lord Fitzwilliam. Since then I have passed over a considerable tract of country, — have seen York Minster, so venerable for its antiquity, so rich in Gothic ornament, and perambulated the walls of that ancient city; visited Hull on the eastern coast of England, seen the brass statue of William III. on horseback, which adorns its principal square, crossed the broad Humber while a hurricane was blowing, and driven by the storm sought shelter for the first time in my life in the inside of the coach, — to my joy and astonishment found that I could bear the confinement without sickness, — and arrived at Boston. How I thrilled when I saw a guide-board on the road pointing “to Boston!” But I did not find that neat, trim, well-ordered place which I had always known under that name. They were engaged in their *caucuses* for municipal elections; and I was curious to go to the meetings of both parties. They were in different inns; the tables were covered with long pipes and mugs, and the village politicians were puffing and discussing and sipping their porter, in a style that would make a very good caricature print in the book illustrative of English manners and society, which I shall *not* write! I went to the venerable Guildhall; penetrated even to its kitchen, and inspected the spit, now rusty in these days of reform, on which for generations had revolved the meats that were to make glad the stomachs of the fathers of the town. From Boston went to Lynn, an ancient and commercial place of about fourteen thousand inhabitants, passing over the spot where King John lost his baggage, and over the Wash. . . .

Arrived at Holkham, the superb seat of Lord Leicester, better known as Mr. Coke. After four days at Holkham, where were Lords Spencer and Ebrington,<sup>1</sup> Edward Ellice,<sup>2</sup> &c., got into the mail which drives through Lord Leicester's park, rode inside all night, and this morning arrived in London. Now for Westminster Hall. Mr. Justice Vaughan is afraid there will be no room for me on the *full bench*, but still thinks I may sit between him and Lord Chief-Justice Tindal. This I resolutely decline. I will not sit on the bench. The Queen's counsel row is surely enough.

As ever, affectionately yours,

C. S.

P. S. You have received doubtless the edition by Maxwell of your "Equity Pleadings." He has received a very flattering note about it from Mr. Wigram, one of the leaders of the Chancery Bar.

---

#### TO JUDGE STORY.

LONDON, Nov. 16, 1838.

MY DEAR JUDGE, — It is mid-day, and yet I am writing by candlelight. Such is a London fog. I am knocked up by a cold, and have determined to avoid Westminster Hall to-day and to keep in the house, hoping to be well enough to dine with Bingham this evening.

The Attorney-General asked me, a few days ago, for some American references that would bear upon the case of *Stockdale v. Hansard*,<sup>3</sup> wherein the question arises whether the House of Commons could *privilege* a libellous publication. I have written him in reply, stating that no such question had yet risen among us; but that the matter of *contempts* had been discussed repeatedly in the United States, and have referred him to your "Commentaries on the Constitution" for the completest view of the subject. The Attorney further asked me to write to you, to ascertain if you were aware of any

<sup>1</sup> Lord Ebrington, second Earl of Fortescue, 1783-1861. He was M. P. for North Devon in 1838. He moved, in 1831, the address of confidence in Lord Grey's administration; was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland from April, 1839, to September, 1841. Sumner received kindly attentions from him during his visit to England in 1857.

<sup>2</sup> 1786-1863. He represented Coventry in Parliament from 1818 (except from 1826 to 1830) until his death; was, in 1830, joint Secretary of the Treasury, and the "Whip" of the Whigs in the House of Commons; and Secretary of War for a short time in Lord Melbourne's ministry. His first wife was the sister of Earl Grey, and his second the widow of the Earl of Leicester. He was much interested in French affairs, and was the partisan of Thiers. "Greville Memoirs," Chap. XXXII., Jan. 19, 1837. Sumner met him on his visit to England in 1857.

<sup>3</sup> This controversy is described at length in "Life of Lord Denman," Vol. II. pp. 36-62, 228-231. It disturbed permanently the relations of the Chief-Justice (Denman) and the Attorney-General (Campbell). The case is reported in Adolphus and Ellis's Reports, Vol. IX. pp. 1-243 (argued April 23, 24, and 25, and May 28, 1839, and opinions given May 31); and Vol. XI. pp. 253-300 (heard Jan. 11 and 27, 1840). Sumner referred to it in his speech of June 15, 1860, on the imprisonment of Thaddeus Hyatt, under an order of the Senate. Works, Vol. IV. p. 439.

authorities or discussions in the United States which would reflect light upon the question. . . .

Sir William Follett's grand reputation you well know. If the Tories should come into power, and he would accept the place, I think it more than probable that he could be Lord Chancellor. Sir Edward Sugden is on the shelf completely;<sup>1</sup> and the immoralities of Lord Lyndhurst render him not very agreeable to Sir Robert Peel. But I will not discuss these things now; I shall soon send you a "many-sheeter," or several letters, in which I will give you sketches of all the judges and lawyers, reporters, &c. I need not say that I now know nearly all, and with many have contracted relations of intimacy and familiarity which I have not with any member of the bar in America (except Greenleaf), between whom and myself there is the same disparity of age. All the serjeants and Queen's counsel I know; but of this hereafter. Mr. Burge has sent me his work on Colonial Law.<sup>2</sup> . . . Remember me as ever to your family, and believe me,

As ever, affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

---

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

LONDON, Nov. 16, 1838.

MY DEAR HILLARD, — . . . I am oppressed by the vastness and variety of this place. Put two Bostons, two New Yorks, two Philadelphias, and two Baltimores all together, and you may have an idea of London. There is no way in which one is more struck by its size than by seeing the variety and extent of its society. In all our towns a stranger would meet every day in society some of the persons, perhaps all, that he met yesterday. In London, one has an infinite variety. Take my case: I have been in town only a few days; I first dined at the Garrick Club, where was James Smith, giving in the most quiet way the social experiences of his long life; Poole, the author of "Paul Pry," sitting silently and tremblingly in a corner, beneath a fine painting of John Kemble; the editors of the "Times" and "Globe" laughing and dining together, not remembering the morning and evening severities in which they had indulged; Hayward, poor in health, taking a light dinner; Stephen Price sipping his gin and water, &c. Next I dined with Mr. Justice Vaughan and Lady St. John *en famille*; next with Baron Alderson, where we had Sir Gregory Lewin,<sup>3</sup> Sir Francis Palgrave,<sup>4</sup> Serjeant Talfourd, and Lockhart; next with the Lord Mayor at Guildhall;

<sup>1</sup> But he was afterwards Lord Chancellor as Lord St. Leonards.

<sup>2</sup> William Burge, author of "Commentaries on Colonial and Foreign Laws" and other treatises. He died in 1850, aged sixty-three.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Gregory A. Lewin died in 1845, aged fifty-one. He served in the navy from 1808 to 1818; then studied at Cambridge, and made choice of the law as his profession. He joined the Northern Circuit; and, in 1842, became Recorder of Doncaster. He wrote upon the Poor Laws. He accompanied Sumner to Oxford; arranged for his visit to the Thames Tunnel; and invited him to breakfast at 32 Upper Harley Street.

<sup>4</sup> 1788-1861. He wrote several books upon English history and antiquities, and was Deputy Keeper of her Majesty's Public Records.

next passed the day at Windsor Castle, the guest of the household, breakfasting and lunching with Lord Byron, Earl of Surrey, Hon. Colonel Cavendish, Murray, and Rich; next dined with Joseph Parkes, the great Radical and a most intelligent man, who thoroughly knows Lord Brougham; next with Mr. Senior, where were Count Pologne, Count Ravel, and Mr. Bellenden Ker; next with Mr. Serjeant D'Oyly, where were Mr. Justice Littledale, Mr. Serjeant Taddy, and Mr. Impey; and to-night, if my cold will let me go out, with Bingham,<sup>1</sup> the reporter, — a most able man, and friend of Jeremy Bentham, — to meet Austin and some of the philosophical Radicals; to-morrow with Talbot,<sup>2</sup> the son of Earl Talbot, to meet undoubtedly a Tory party; next day (being Sunday) to breakfast and pass the day with Roebuck, and to dine with Leader, the member for Westminster, to meet Lord Brougham and Roebuck; the next to dine with Sir Robert Inglis, the most distinguished Tory now in town; then with Sir Gregory Lewin; then with Cresswell, Theobald, Warren ("Diary of a Physician"), &c. I cannot content myself by a bare allusion to my dinner at Guildhall and to my day at Windsor. I was indebted for the honor of an invitation to Guildhall<sup>3</sup> to Lord Denman; and Sir Frederick Pollock was so kind as to take me in his carriage. Our cards of invitation said four o'clock for the dinner; but we were not seated till seven o'clock. I never saw any thing so antique and feudal. The hall was gloriously illuminated by gas, and the marble monuments of Lord Chatham, William Pitt, and Nelson added to the historic grandeur of the scene. I could hardly believe that I was not on the stage, partaking in some of the shallow banquets there served, when the herald, decked with ribbons, standing on an elevated place behind the Lord Mayor, proclaimed that "the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor to his guests, — lords, ladies, and gentlemen, all, — drank a cup of loving kindness." The effect of the scene was much enhanced by the presence of women decked in the richest style; among them was the Princess of Capua<sup>4</sup> (the famous Miss Penelope Smith), who has been married in so many countries, and who is the most queenly-looking woman I ever saw.

But my day at Windsor would furnish a most interesting chapter of chit-chat. I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance, at Lord Morpeth's table, of Mr. Rich,<sup>5</sup> the member for Knaresborough, and the author of the pamphlet, "What will the Peers do?" He is one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber of the Queen; or, as they are called under a virgin queen, gen-

<sup>1</sup> Peregrine Bingham, author of "Treatise on the Law of Infancy and Coverture." He invited Sumner to dine in Dec., 1838, at 34 Mecklenburgh Square; and on another occasion when Charles Austin was to be his guest.

<sup>2</sup> John Chetwynd Talbot, 1806-1852. He married a daughter of Lord Wharnccliffe, and was Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales, and Recorder of Windsor.

<sup>3</sup> In Sumner's address on Granville Sharp, Nov. 13, 1854, he said: "The marble bust of England's earliest Abolitionist was installed at Guildhall, home of metropolitan justice, pomp, and hospitality, in the precise spot where once had stood the bust of Nelson, — England's greatest admiral," &c. Works, Vol. III. p. 517.

<sup>4</sup> Miss Smith was an English girl, without fortune or rank, whose beauty won the heart of the Prince of Capua, one of the royal family of Naples.

<sup>5</sup> Henry Rich, youngest son of Admiral Thomas Rich.



lemen-in-waiting. He was kind enough to invite me to visit him at Windsor Castle, and obtained special permission from her Majesty to show me the private rooms. I went down to breakfast, where we had young Murray (the head of the household), Lord Surrey, &c. Lord Byron,<sup>1</sup> who you know was a captain in the navy, is a pleasant, rough fellow, who has not many of the smooth turns of the courtier. He came rushing into the room where we were, crying out, "This day is a real *sneezer*; it is a *rum* one indeed. Will her Majesty go out to-day?" Lord Surrey hoped she would not, unless she would ride at the "slapping pace" at which she went the day before, which was twenty miles in two hours. You understand that her suite accompany the Queen in her equestrian excursions. Lord Byron proposed to breakfast with us; but they told him that he must go upstairs and breakfast with "the gals,"—meaning the ladies of the bedchamber and maids of honor,—Countess of Albemarle, Lady Byron, Lady Littleton, Miss Cavendish, &c. The ladies of the household breakfast by themselves, and sometimes her Majesty comes in and joins them, though she generally breakfasts quite alone; the gentlemen of the household also breakfast by themselves. Very soon Lord Byron came bouncing down, saying, "Murray, 'the gals' say that there is nothing but stale eggs in the castle." Again the ladies sent a servant to Murray (who I have said is the head of the royal household), complaining that there was no Scotch marmalade. Murray said it was very strange, as a very short time ago he paid for seven hundred pots of it. You will understand that I mention these trivial occurrences to let you know in the simplest way what passed. Of the splendors of Windsor you have read a hundred times, and all your friends who have been abroad can recount them; but such little straws as I am blowing to you will give you indications of the mode of life and manners in the castle. After breakfast (it having been mentioned to the Queen that I had arrived), we went into the private apartments, which are never shown except during the Queen's absence. The table was spread for dinner, and the plate was rich and massive. I did not like the dining-room so well as Lord Leicester's, at Holkham, though it is more showy and brilliant. The drawing-rooms were quite rich. While wandering around with Mr. Rich and Lord Byron, we met the Duchess of Kent in her morning-dress,—a short, squab person,—who returned our profound obeisance with a gracious smile (you see I have caught the proper phrase). Some of the pictures at Windsor are very fine. I have never before seen any thing by Rubens that pleased me, or that I could tolerate (except, perhaps, a picture at Holkham). There is one room devoted to Rubens. They were kind enough to invite me to visit them again at the castle, and Murray told me that a horse would be at my disposal to ride in the park and see the Virginia water. . . .

I am in Westminster Hall every day, and have been most happy in renewing my acquaintance with the bench and bar after my absence in the country.

Believe me, ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

<sup>1</sup> George Anson Byron, who succeeded the poet in the peerage, was an admiral in the navy and an extra lord-in-waiting to the Queen. He died in 1868, at the age of seventy-nine.

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER, COLUMBIA, S. C.

LONDON, Nov. 16, 1838.

MY DEAR LIEBER, — . . . I arrived in London on Sunday. On Monday evening I submitted your book<sup>1</sup> to Colburn, and he declined it. I had spoken to Clark in Edinburgh, who published Story's "Conflict of Laws," but he also declined. From Colburn I went to Maxwell, — an intelligent and enterprising law-publisher, whom I knew very well, and who had just published Story's "Equity Pleadings" at my suggestion. He took your book, examined it, and declined it. But he was kind enough to put it into the hands of another publisher, who is not exactly in the law trade, and with whom I have concluded arrangements for the publication of both volumes of your work, — Mr. William Smith, of Fleet Street, an intelligent, gentlemanly person of about thirty-five years, whose appearance I like very much, more than that of Colburn or Longman. It will appear at Christmas (an edition of five hundred copies) in very good style. . . . On the publication of the English edition I will send a copy to Mr. Empson, the successor of Sir James Mackintosh as Professor of Law, whom I know, and who writes the juridical articles in the "Edinburgh," asking his acceptance of it, and stating that it is a work in which I have great confidence, and that I should be well pleased to see it reviewed in the "Edinburgh." I will do the same with Hayward, who writes the juridical articles in the "Quarterly," besides editing the "Law Magazine," and whom I know intimately. Perhaps I will send a copy to Lockhart, whom I have met several times. I will dispose of several other copies in the same manner, — one to a leading writer in the "London and Foreign Review."<sup>2</sup> The copy which you sent me has been out of my hands so much since I received it, that I have only found time to glance at it. It is very finely executed, and reads admirably. I still hold to the high opinion I have always expressed with regard to it, and to the highest expectations for your fame. I have authorized the publisher to omit on the title-page the phrase, "for the use of colleges and schools;" that limits the object of the book too much. I hope you will believe that I have done my best for you. On Jan. 1 I leave England for Germany. . . . How are politics? You have been in Boston among my friends: what say you now to my trip to Europe? Shall I be injured by it? Give me one of your long, closely-written letters.

Ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. One of my friends, Joseph Parkes, has bought and is reading a copy of your book. I will give a copy to the editors of the "Spectator" and "Globe."

<sup>1</sup> Political Ethics.

<sup>2</sup> In a letter to Dr. Lieber, Dec. 13, Sumner, writing of reviews of the "Political Ethics" which he hoped to obtain, refers to John Stuart Mill as "the most accomplished critic in that department in England."

TO MRS. JUDGE HOWE, CAMBRIDGE.

ATHENÆUM CLUB,<sup>1</sup> Nov. 22, 1838.

MY DEAR MRS. HOWE,<sup>2</sup>—I should be cold, indeed, did I not cordially acknowledge your kind letter, which I have received by your nephew, Edward Lyman. I often think of Cambridge and the quiet life I have led there, and the many good friends who, I hope, will not forget me during a protracted absence. The "Book Club" still exists. . . . We judge English authors better than the English themselves: all here are too near them. When I see the foppery of Bulwer every day, and hear his affected voice, should not that disenchant me from the spell of his composition? You, sitting in your rocking-chair and joining reading to your household duties, actually keep a better run of English literature than many — ay, than most — of the English themselves. London is so full, and teeming, and mighty, that it is next to impossible for anybody to do more than to attend to his own affairs and take care of himself. The magazines and reviews are not read here with half the avidity they are in America; and, when read, are not judged with the same dispassionate fairness. At the different clubs which I frequent, I find that I am generally the first person to take them up; and I have tried in vain at this club, where I now write, with a Lord of the Treasury snoring by my side, and where are all the literary men of London, to ascertain the authorship of an article in the last "Edinburgh Review." I have asked Mr. Hallam, Mr. Rogers, and numerous literary men and M. P.s; and cannot find out. In short, nobody cares for these things.

You see what a rambling letter I am writing, — if that can be called a letter which began as a note. I have been pleased to hear from your nephew the good reports of all your family. And so E—— is married, and gone to the West! All the world is getting married or engaged. I shall find myself alone of my class, — a sort of fossil remains of the bachelor species. All my friends have renounced celibacy, and rejoice in the pleasures of a house of their own, with a pretty wife, and mayhap some little prattlers. Said Barry Cornwall to me yesterday, while he held in his hand a lovely little boy: "Have you any such beautiful *pictures* as this?" What fine sentiment comes from married folks! And, indeed, a lovely child is a beautiful picture. I loved the poet more after he had put me that close question. His gentle countenance, which seemed all unequal to the energy which dictated "The Sea! the Sea!" was filled with joyful satisfaction and love; and he hugged the boy to his bosom. What a loss is that of Hillard! I pity him from the bottom of my heart. To lose such a lovely picture was a loss beyond rubies. I hope he bears it well . . . . Felton seems happy and contented in the house he has builded. He is happy by nature. . . .

Remember me to all who care any thing about me; and believe me,

As ever, affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

<sup>1</sup> The Athenæum Club (Pall Mall) was founded in 1824, by Sir Humphry Davy, Professor Faraday, Sir Francis Chantrey, Sir Walter Scott, Sir Henry Hallford, Thomas Moore, Richard Heber, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and John Wilson Croker. Among its earliest members was Samuel Rogers; and among those who frequented it most was Theodore Hook.

<sup>2</sup> *Ante*, Vol. I. pp. 164-166.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, Dec. 4, 1838.

DEAR HILLARD, — These magnificent clubs of London are to the town as country-seats, hall, park, house, or castle. Here are extended drawing-rooms, adorned in the choicest style with statuary and painting, and holding every thing that conduces most to comfort and luxury, with books, magazines, and papers all within call. Here also you may meet the best society of London. I have often met Hallam<sup>1</sup> at the Athenæum. I was standing the other day by the side of a pillar, so that I was not observed by him, when he first met Phillips,<sup>2</sup> — the barrister who visited America during the last summer; and he cried out, extending his hand at the same time: "Well, you are not tattooed, really!" Hallam is a plain, frank man, but is said to be occasionally quite testy and restless. Charles Babbage,<sup>3</sup> himself one of the most petulant men that ever lived, told me that Hallam once lay awake all night till four o'clock in the morning, hearing the chimes and the watchman's hourly annunciation of them. When he heard the cry, "Four o'clock, and a cloudy morning," he leaped from his bed, threw open his window, and, hailing the terrified watchman, cried out: "It's not four o'clock; it wants five minutes of it!" and, after this volley, at once fell asleep. At the same dinner last week, I met Hallam, Whewell, Babbage, Lyell,<sup>4</sup> Murchison,<sup>5</sup> Dr. Buckland, Sedgwick,<sup>6</sup> and one or two M. P.s. Hallam talked about Prescott's book, and praised it very much. He said that Lord Holland was in ecstasy about it; and that he was the most competent judge of it in England. Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone<sup>7</sup> — one of the most remarkable men in England — has read it with the greatest care; and he spoke of it to me with the highest praise.

I find myself in such a round of society that I hardly know of which dinner or reunion to write you. I have many more invitations than there are days in the week; and all from men eminent in literature, law, politics, or society. One of the most remarkable days that I have passed was Sunday before last, at Leader's<sup>8</sup> place, about six miles from town. I breakfasted with Roebuck, and then with him went to the member for Westminster. There were only Leader, Trelawney,<sup>9</sup> — author of "Adventures of a Younger Son," — Roebuck, Falconer, — late editor of the "Westminster Review," — and myself. We talked till midnight, meeting early at breakfast the next morning; and I did not leave Leader's till it was time for me to go to town to dress for dinner at Sir Robert Inglis's, — thus passing from the leader of the Radicals to one of the chiefs of the Tories. I have already written you that Roe-

<sup>1</sup> Henry Hallam, 1777-1859. He invited Sumner several times to dine with him, — once in company with Professor Whewell, — and expressed his regard by other attentions. Sumner met the historian again in London, in September, 1857.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Phillips.

<sup>3</sup> 1790-1871; the mathematician.

<sup>4</sup> Sir Charles Lyell, 1797-1875.

<sup>5</sup> Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, 1792-1871.

<sup>6</sup> Rev. Adam Sedgwick, 1785-.

<sup>7</sup> 1779-1859; noted for his official service in India, and his descriptive and historical writings upon that country.

<sup>8</sup> J. Temple Leader, M. P. for Westminster.

<sup>9</sup> Captain E. J. Trelawney.

buck is a person of great talent, force, and courage, with a quick, sharp, incisive manner of expressing himself. He speaks French beautifully, and quotes Ariosto with grace and propriety; is about thirty-four or thirty-five, and quite small; is rash, self-confident, and unassimilating. His party is himself; for he will brook no shadow of variance from his own opinions. Leader is twenty-six or twenty-seven, with gentle looks and manner and flaxen hair, and a finished education. I have seldom heard a finer French accent from English lips than from his; and his acquaintance with all Continental literature seems to be quite complete. I need not tell you that Trelawney is a most remarkable man. The terms of freedom and familiarity on which I found myself with all these — and, I may add, with a most extensive literary and legal circle that I meet — you may infer from the slight fact that they address me without any prefix, as “Sumner;” and I, of course, do the same with them. Sir William Follett always meets me on that footing. It was only night before last that I dined at his house. We had at table Sir Frederick Pollock, Serjeant Talfourd, Theodore Hook,<sup>1</sup> Charles Austin, — one of the cleverest, most enlightened, and agreeable men in London, — and Crowder, the Queen’s counsel. Talfourd<sup>2</sup> outdid himself; indeed, I have never seen him in such force. He and Pollock discussed the comparative merits of Demosthenes and Cicero; and Talfourd, with the earnestness which belongs to him, repeated one of Cicero’s glorious perorations. Pollock gave a long extract from Homer; and the author of “Ion,” with the frenzy of a poet, rolled out a whole strophe of one of the Greek dramatists. Theodore looked on in mute admiration, and then told some of his capital stories. As a story-teller he is unparalleled, but says little in general conversation. It is only when the ladies have retired, and there is room for something approaching license, that he is at his ease. He then dramatizes and brings before you Sir Charles Wetherell and the Duke of Cumberland, and whom he wishes. In his line he is first; but, as a contributor to the intellectual feast, he is of little value, — vastly inferior to Sydney Smith, whose humor makes your sides shake with laughter for weeks after you have listened to it. We left Follett at about half-past eleven o’clock; and Talfourd carried me to the “Garrick,” where we found Poole. Talfourd took his two glasses of *negus*, his grilled bone, and Welsh rare-bit; and both he and Poole entertained me by their reminiscences of Godwin.

<sup>1</sup> 1788–1844.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Noon Talfourd, 1795–1854. He entered Parliament in 1835, and the same year gave to the public his tragedy of “Ion.” His “Athenian Captive” followed in 1838. His “Copyright Act” distinguishes his Parliamentary career. In 1849, he was made a judge of the Common Pleas, and knighted. He died suddenly of apoplexy, while discharging his official duties. Talfourd invited Sumner to dine, Nov. 24, 1838, at his house, 56 Russell Square. In a note from Gloucester, April 1, 1840, he regrets that absence on the circuit will prevent his shaking Sumner’s hand again, but hopes to renew their acquaintance at no very distant period in the United States. They had interchanged friendly letters before Sumner went abroad. Talfourd, Jan. 4, 1837, acknowledging Sumner’s letter of Aug. 15, 1836, sent him two copies of “Ion,” — one for himself, and another for Dr. Channing, “your illustrious fellow-citizen, of whose writings I am a fervid admirer.” They had also a common friend in Thomas Brown, *ante*, Vol. I. p. 156.

While I listened late at night to these reminiscences, I did not expect the next evening to be sitting on the same sofa chatting with Godwin's daughter, Mrs. Shelley,<sup>1</sup> the author of "Frankenstein." I dined with Theobald,<sup>2</sup> whose legal writings you well know, and, stealing away from his drawing-rooms, repaired to Lady Morgan's.<sup>3</sup> Her Ladyship had particularly invited me to her party on this evening, saying, "Promise me that you will come on Sunday night, and I will have all the literary characters of London. I will trot them all out for your benefit." Accordingly, there were Sam Rogers, — just returned with renewed youth from Paris, — Kenyon, Hayward, Courtenay<sup>4</sup> (the M. P. and great London epicure), and his beautiful daughter; Westmacote Young, the retired actor, Young (Ubiquity), Mr. and Mrs. Yates, Quin, and Mrs. Shelley. We had excellent music. I talked a good deal with Mrs. Shelley. She was dressed in pure white, and seemed a nice and agreeable person, with great cleverness. She said the greatest happiness of a woman was to be the wife or mother of a distinguished man. I was not a little amused at an expression that broke from her unawares, she forgetting that I was an American. We were speaking of travellers who violated social ties, and published personal sketches, and she broke out, "Thank God! I have kept clear of those Americans." I did not seem to observe what she had said, and she soon atoned for it. Lady Morgan points every sentence with a phrase in French. She is now engaged upon a work on "Woman," which will be published in the spring.<sup>5</sup>

I have told you of one dinner with the Radicals; another was at Joseph Parkes's, where we had Dr. Bowring<sup>6</sup> (just returned from Egypt), Roebuck, Falconer, and myself. I was nearly dead with a cold, but I could not be insensible to the bold, searching conversation and the interesting discussions of the characters of public men and events. Brougham said last week to Roebuck: "They say there will be a contest between Durham and myself in the House of Lords. There will be no such thing. It were affectation in me not to *know* that I am a very great debater, and that Lord Durham is a very poor one; there can be therefore no *contest* between us." Brougham has two volumes in press, being a supplement to his volume on Natural Theology, in which, among other things, there is a dialogue between him and Lord Spencer, on Instinct.

<sup>1</sup> 1798-1851. She invited Sumner to tea, at her house in Park Street.

<sup>2</sup> William Theobald, author of "The Law of Principal and Surety."

<sup>3</sup> Lady Sydney Morgan, 1789-1859; daughter of Robert MacOwen, of the English stage; a native of Dublin, wife of Sir Thomas Charles Morgan, and author of poems, novels, and books of travel. Her writings were much read, and yielded a considerable income; but her style encountered much criticism. H. F. Chorley has left an account of her, — "Autobiography," Vol. I. p. 230. Sumner met her on his second visit to England, in 1857.

<sup>4</sup> Philip Courtenay; M. P. for Bridgewater; Queen's counsel on the Northern Circuit.

<sup>5</sup> Woman and her Master, — published in 1840.

<sup>6</sup> Sir John Bowring, 1792-1872; scholar, philologist, and writer upon political and commercial questions; the first editor of the "Westminster Review," and the friend and literary executor of Jeremy Bentham. He served in Parliament, 1835-1849; was Governor of Hong Kong, 1854-57; and became editor of the "Westminster Review" by the nomination of Bentham, but against the judgment of James Mill. "Autobiography of John Stuart Mill," p. 91.

I have been daily in Westminster Hall; at six o'clock, I go home to dress for dinner, and then the evening is devoted to society. Since the term was up, I have paid some visits which I have been long owing. I went to Hampstead, by invitation beforehand, to lunch with Joanna Baillie.<sup>1</sup> I place her next after Lord Brougham's mother. She is seventy-five, neat, tidy, delightful in her personal appearance; and in conversation, simple, interesting, and agreeable. She affected me in the same way as did Wordsworth. I thought that Providence should have brought them together as man and wife. We talked of Scott and Lockhart. Was it not strange that I should be put to inquire at a dozen doors in that village, to know where Miss Baillie lived? In my vexation, I told one person who lived within a stone's throw of what I afterwards found to be the simple roof of the poetess, that he did not know the residence of the greatest ornament of his town! Another morning was devoted to Carlyle.<sup>2</sup> His manners and conversation are as unformed as his style; and yet, withal, equally full of genius. In conversation, he piles thought upon thought and imagining upon imagining, till the erection seems about to topple down with its weight. He lives in great retirement, — I fear almost in poverty. To him, London and its mighty maze of society are nothing; neither he nor his writings are known. Young Milnes<sup>3</sup> (whose poems you have doubtless read) told me that nobody knew of his existence; though he, Milnes, entertained for him personally the greatest regard. Carlyle said the strangest thing in the history of literature was his recent receipt of fifty pounds from America, on account of

<sup>1</sup> Poet and dramatist, died in 1851, at the age of eighty-nine. Her home at Hampstead was, to the end of her life, frequented by eminent persons. Lord Jeffrey, who visited her in 1840, wrote that he found her "as fresh, natural, and amiable as ever; and as little like a Tragic Muse. Since old Mrs. Brougham's death, I do not know so nice an old woman." Among Sumner's autographs is Miss Baillie's note of Nov. 22, 1838, inviting him to visit her on the next Wednesday. Her sister, Agnes, died April 27, 1861, at the age of one hundred.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Carlyle, 1795—. He had, prior to 1839, published besides miscellaneous papers the "*Sartor Resartus*," and "*French Revolution*." His "*Burns*" had been read with great interest by Sumner when in College, *ante*, Vol. I., p. 50. The following was written to Sumner (the "newspaper fragment" referred to is Professor Andrews Norton's reply to George Ripley in a discussion concerning "*The Latest Form of Infidelity*"):—

CHELSEA, Feb. 14, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—Could you return this newspaper fragment of the Socinian Pope to Mr. Coolidge, lest I lose it in the interim? Doubtless, he and you would like to see the poison, now that you are fortified with the antidote. Here it is, strong as prussic acid in my hand for a week past. If I knew Mr. Coolidge's address, I would call for his lady and him, as it is my part to do. My wife has caught cold, and is not equal to any call beyond a few rods distant at present. We calculate on seeing you soon, and wish you always right well.

Yours very truly,

T. CARLYLE.

<sup>3</sup> Richard Monckton Milnes was born in 1809. He supported liberal measures as a Member of Parliament for Pontefract from 1837 to 1863, when he was raised to the peerage as Baron Houghton. His contributions to literature, in prose and poetry, have been miscellaneous. In 1875 he visited the United States. He is widely known for his genial qualities as host and friend. Sumner enjoyed his society on this first visit to England. They continued to be correspondents for some years afterwards, and renewed their personal intercourse in 1857.

his "French Revolution," which had never yielded him a farthing in Europe and probably never would. I am to meet Leigh Hunt at Carlyle's. Another morning I devoted to Mr. Babbage, breakfasting, seeing the calculating machine, and talking. He seemed to give me his confidence to a remarkable extent, and told me of his future plans, his disappointments, and his high ambition. His rage against the English Government is intense. He vowed that he would never make his machine for them. "No," said he, "not if Palmerston and Melbourne come on bended knees before me." He is a very able man. Another morning I went with my friend, Sir Gregory Lewin, to see the Tunnel. By the way, Sir Gregory has in his dining-room the original paintings by Reynolds of Dr. Johnson and Garrick, which have been perpetuated by so many thousand engravings. How strange it seems to me to sit at table and look upon such productions, so time-hallowed, and so full of the richest associations! You must see that I write blindly on; a mere word, which I chance to hit upon, suggesting the next topic. The word "associations" brings to my mind Westminster Abbey. Books and descriptions will not let one realize the sweeping interests of this hallowed place. . . . Cooper and Willis have harmed us not a little; and then some others of our countrymen, who have not been so extensively received in society as these two, and who have written nothing, have yet left impressions not the most agreeable. A friend told me yesterday what Rogers said the other day to him: "The Americans I have seen have been generally very agreeable and accomplished men; but there is too much of them: they take up too much of our time." This was delivered with the greatest gentleness. . . . Bulwer was here a few moments ago in his flash *falsetto* dress, with high-heel boots, a white great coat, and a flaming blue cravat. How different from Rogers who is sitting near me, reading the "North American;" or Hallam who is lolling in an easy chair; or Milman, — both absorbed in some of the last Reviews or Magazines.

## DECEMBER 5.

To-night my invitations were to dinner at Brougham's, Sir Robert Inglis's, Mr. Justice Littledale's, and Mr. Kenyon's; at the latter place to meet Rogers and Southey. I dined with Brougham, as his invitation came first, and hoped to be able to drop in at Inglis's and Kenyon's; but we sat so late at table that I could only reach Inglis's, and then get home at midnight, trusting to some future opportunity of meeting Southey and Rogers: the last, of course, I may see every day. To-morrow, I dine with the Political Economy Club, where I shall meet Senior, John Mill,<sup>1</sup> McCulloch,<sup>2</sup> Spring Rice, Lord Lansdowne, &c. On the next day I commence my pilgrimage to Oxford, where I pass four days, and those four are engaged: first, to Sir Charles Vaughan, at All Souls; second, to my friend Ingham, M. P., at Oriel; third, to Dr. Hampden, at Christ Church; fourth, to Wortley, at Merton. I then go to Cambridge, where my first day is engaged to

<sup>1</sup> John Stuart Mill, 1806-1873.

<sup>2</sup> John Ramsay McCulloch, 1789-1864; author of the "Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation."



Whewell, &c. A few days ago I received a most friendly and affectionate letter from Lord Morpeth, in which he enclosed a letter of introduction to the Countess of Granville,<sup>1</sup> now in Paris.

Sir Robert Inglis expressed himself to-night in terms of the highest admiration of Dr. Channing's "Texas," which is a good deal from such a churchman. I passed a very pleasant evening last week — till long past midnight — with Mr. and Mrs. Basil Montagu.<sup>2</sup> Mr. Montagu was full of Bacon, and told me it was said of him that in a quarrel with the keeper of a turnpike gate he would quote Bacon! He invited me to go with him to visit Bacon's mansion about twenty miles from London. Mrs. Montagu is a remarkable woman.

As ever yours,

C. S.

P. S. What will be my prospects at the bar on my return? Will they say I am spoiled? I have received a most friendly letter from Miss Edgeworth, expressing her regret that I did not visit her in Ireland, and inviting me there if I should ever visit Ireland again. I have missed a second invitation to meet Southey!

---

TO JUDGE STORY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, Dec. 5, 1838.

MY DEAR JUDGE, — I have long promised you an account of legal characters; and now I will redeem in part my pledge. There are some general things to be observed, first. I shall send you light sketches, in which you will find the chat of the bar, benches, and the dinner-table, and also the results of my observation of the subjects in court, on circuit, in Westminster Hall, and in society.

Most of the judges go to the court in the morning on horseback, with a groom on another horse behind; and they are notorious as being very poor

<sup>1</sup> Lady Granville (Henrietta Elizabeth) was the wife of Lord Granville, then English Ambassador at Paris. She and her sister, Georgiana, who was Lord Morpeth's mother, were the daughters of the fifth earl of Devonshire. Lord Granville died in 1846, and Lady Granville in 1862. His son is a distinguished statesman.

<sup>2</sup> Basil Montagu, 1770–1851. He was educated at Cambridge, and called to the bar in 1798. He made the Law of Bankruptcy, both in practice and as a writer, his specialty in the profession. He co-operated with Romilly in the movement to abolish capital executions for minor offences, and was active in the Temperance reform. He was an enthusiastic student of Bacon, editing the works, and writing the life of the philosopher. His edition was the text of Macaulay's famous article in the "Edinburgh Review." His daughter married Bryan Waller Procter, who, as an author, adopted the pseudonym of "Barry Cornwall," and died in 1874, at the age of eighty-seven. Adelaide Anne Procter, 1825–1864, was Mr. Procter's daughter. Sumner made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Montagu, through Mr. Parkes. They were charmed with him, and ever after regarded him with a tenderness like that of parents. Mrs. Montagu predicted even then his future eminence. His relations to them and to the Procters have been touched upon by James T. Fields, in a paper contributed to "Harper's Magazine," Nov., 1875, pp. 777–796; and afterwards reprinted in a volume entitled "Barry Cornwall and some of his Friends," pp. 9, 47, 65, 101. Sumner was one of the guests, in 1859, at a dinner given by Mr. Procter to Hawthorne; at which were present Mr. Fields, Kinglake, and Leigh Hunt.

riders, — though the fate of Twysden has been latterly unknown.<sup>1</sup> In the winter the court opens at ten o'clock; and they continue sitting till between four and five, — often till seven. Between one and two, they leave the bench and retire to their room, where they eat a sandwich and drink a glass of wine from a phial; this takes five or ten minutes only. The judges have not separate seats, as with us; but all sit on one long, red-cushioned seat, — which may with propriety be called the *bench*, in contradistinction to the *chair*, which is the seat of a professor. I shall begin with the common law, and, of course, with the Queen's Bench.

You know Lord Denman<sup>2</sup> intellectually better than I; but you do not know his person, his voice, his manner, his tone, — all every inch the judge. He sits the admired impersonation of the law. He is tall and well-made, with a justice-like countenance: his voice and the gravity of his manner, and the generous feeling with which he castigates every thing departing from the strictest line of right conduct, remind me of Greenleaf more than of any other man I have ever known. I wish you could have listened to Lord D., as I did on the circuit, when he sentenced some of the vicious and profligate wretches brought before him. His noble indignation at crime showed itself so naturally and simply that all our bosoms were warmed by it; and I think his words must have gone like iron into even the stony hearts of the prisoners. And yet I have seen this constitutional warmth find vent on occasions when it should have been restrained: it was directed against the Attorney-General,<sup>3</sup> who was pressing for delay in a certain matter with a pertinacity rather peculiar to him. Lord D. has, to a remarkable degree, the respect of the bar; though they very generally agree that he is quite an ordinary lawyer. He is honest as the stars, and is willing to be guided by the superior legal learning of Patteson. In conversation he is gentle and

<sup>1</sup> Lord Shaftesbury, as Lord Chancellor in 1673, undertook to restore the judicial cavalcade, and went mounted from the Strand to Westminster Hall. Judge Twysden, having more gravity than equestrian skill, fell from his horse on the route. He declared that no Lord Chancellor should ever make him mount on horseback again. Campbell's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," Vol. IV. pp. 174, 175.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Denman, 1779–1854, *ante*, Vol. I. p. 330. He was taught as a child by Mrs. Barbauld; studied at Cambridge; entered Parliament in 1818; was counsel with Brougham for Queen Caroline; became Attorney-General in 1830, and Lord Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench in 1832; was created a peer, in 1834, with the title of Baron Denman. He resigned his office of Chief-Justice in 1850. His love of humanity was a conspicuous feature of his public life. In Parliament he was a determined opponent of slavery and the slave trade. His appointment as Chief-Justice was promoted by Brougham. "Life of Lord Denman," Vol. I. p. 318; Brougham's "Autobiography," Vol. III. p. 220. He invited Sumner to a dinner at Guildhall, and several times welcomed him at his own house in Portland Place. He wrote to Mr. Justice Coleridge, in Oct., 1841: "Did Patteson tell you that Story had sent me, through Sumner, a complete approbation of our proceedings *in re* Stockdale? — the more valuable because he is entirely opposed to a decision of ours of much less importance, — *Devaux v. Salvador* [a marine insurance case]. I was not aware of his having sent us any work of his; but in answer to Sumner's question, how he could best repay English hospitality, I said: 'Come again, and bring Story.'" — "Life of Lord Denman," Vol. II. p. 88. See Lord Denman's letter to Sumner in Story's "Life," Vol. II. p. 379.

<sup>3</sup> Campbell.

bland; I have never seen him excited. His son, who will be the future Lord Denman, is what is here called a nice person.<sup>1</sup>

Littledale<sup>2</sup> is rather advanced in life; I should call him seventy. He has the reputation of great book-learning; but he seems deficient in readiness or force, both on the bench and in society. I heard old Justice Allan Park say that Littledale could never get a conviction in a case where there was any appeal to the feelings. He has not sat *in banc* this term, but has held the Bail Court. He has but one child, — the wife of Mr. Coventry,<sup>3</sup> whose various legal labors you know very well.

Patteson<sup>4</sup> is the ablest lawyer on the Queen's Bench, — some say the first in all the courts. As I have already written you, he is unfortunately deaf, to such a degree as to impair his usefulness, though by no means to prevent his participating in the labors of the bench. He is deeply read, and has his learning at command. His language is not smooth and easy, either in conversation or on the bench; but it is always significant, and to the purpose. In person he is rather short and stout, and with a countenance that seems to me heavy and gross; though I find that many of the bar think of it quite otherwise. I heard Warren<sup>5</sup> — author of "Diary of a Physician," &c. — say that it was one of the loveliest faces he ever looked upon: perhaps he saw and admired the character of the man in his countenance. I have heard many express themselves about him with the greatest fondness. He has a very handsome daughter.

Williams<sup>6</sup> — commonly called "Johnny," or "Little Johnny" Williams — is short in person. He was the ancient associate of Brougham in the Queen's case, and was made a judge by his Lordship. He has the reputation of being a good classical scholar; though I do not remember ever observing, either in his conversation or judgments, any particular marks of the attainments attributed to him. Indeed, I have always thought him dull: he certainly is an ordinary lawyer, and has very little legal talent. He seemed often in inextricable confusion on the circuit. He is famous for very early rising, and for falling asleep in company. I have seen him fall asleep at the head of his own table; and they tell a story that Brougham once made a dinner, in order to give Williams an opportunity of meeting some persons who would furnish him some valuable materials for a motion he was

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Denman, the present peer, was born in 1805. He was Marshal during his father's service on the bench. George, fourth son of Lord Denman, became a judge of the Common Pleas in 1872.

<sup>2</sup> *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 333.

<sup>3</sup> Thomas Coventry. He invited Sumner, on different occasions, to dine with him at 5 Tavistock Square.

<sup>4</sup> *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 333.

<sup>5</sup> Samuel Warren, 1807-1877; author of "The Introduction to Law Studies," and "Ten Thousand a Year;" and member of Parliament for Midhurst, 1856-57.

<sup>6</sup> John Williams, 1777-1846. He was from his youth distinguished for his excellence in classical studies; assisted Brougham and Denman in the defence of Queen Caroline; attacked in Parliament the delay of business in Chancery under Lord Eldon; became a baron of the Exchequer in 1834, and was transferred the same year to the King's Bench. See reference to him in "Life of Lord Denman," Vol. I. p. 128; Vol. II. pp. 13, 14, 170, 171.

about to make in the House of Commons; but before they arrived at that stage of the dinner when the conversation was to be opened, Williams was nodding. I will, however, do him the justice to add that I once dined in company with him at Cresswell's, when he continued awake during all the time.

Coleridge<sup>1</sup> is the junior of the Queen's Bench, and a moderate Tory, who was appointed by Sir Robert Peel. He never had a large business at the bar, but has pleased everybody on the bench. I believe him to be a man of learning, and of the highest honor, — in personal appearance quite agreeable, and in accomplishments inferior to nobody on the bench. As the junior judge, it devolves upon him to read the reports of the evidence on all motions for a new trial. I have never met him in society, — the only judge I have not. His mother has lately deceased.

Turn next to the Common Pleas. There is, first, Lord Chief-Justice Tindal.<sup>2</sup> He sits bent over his desk in court, taking notes constantly, — occasionally interposing a question, but in the most quiet manner. His eyes are large and rolling; in stature he is rather short. His learning, patience, and fidelity are of the highest order. He is one of the few judges who study their causes on their return home. His manner is singularly bland and gentle, and is, perhaps, deficient in decision and occasional sternness. Serjeant Wilde is said to exercise a very great influence over him; indeed, scandal attributes to him some of "the power behind the throne greater than the throne." Upon Tindal devolves the decision of all interlocutory matters in his court, — the other judges seldom interposing with regard to them, or, indeed, appearing to interest themselves about them. He is one of the kindest men that ever lived.

Next to Tindal is old James Allan Park,<sup>3</sup> the oldest judge on the bench, and who, it is reported, is now at the point of death. He has been some fifty-eight years at the bar and on the bench; is a staunch Tory, and a believer in the divinity of *wigs*. He dislikes Campbell, the Attorney-General; interrupts counsel very much, and has some of the petulance of age. There are a thousand amusing stories about him, which the lawyers tell at dinner to illustrate his rather puritanical character.

Then comes Vaughan.<sup>4</sup> He became a serjeant some time in the last century, and was the youngest ever known. At one period his practice was

<sup>1</sup> John Taylor Coleridge, 1790-1876; nephew of the poet, Samuel T. He distanced his rivals at Oxford, winning the Chancellor's prizes for both the English and Latin essays. He achieved early success at the bar; was a judge of the King's Bench from 1835 until his resignation in 1858; contributed to the "*Quarterly Review*," and edited Blackstone's "*Commentaries*." In his retirement he was active in good works. See reference to him in "*Life of Lord Denman*," Vol. II. p. 14. His son, Baron (John Duke) Coleridge, having reached an eminence at the bar equalling if not surpassing his father's, was appointed Lord Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas in 1873, and made a peer in 1874.

<sup>2</sup> *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 334.

<sup>3</sup> 1763-1838. He was born in Edinburgh; published, in 1787, a work on "*The Law of Marine Insurance*;" was elected Recorder of Durham in 1802; and was a Judge of the Common Pleas, 1816-1838.

<sup>4</sup> *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 333.

greater, perhaps, than that of anybody ever known in the courts, — his income was some fifteen thousand pounds. About 1820 his leg was broken very badly by a cartman, who ran against him as he was driving in a gig. After being confined to his bed for three months, he at length appeared in court on the shoulders of his servants; had a hole cut in the desk before him for his leg; and, by permission of the court, addressed the jury sitting. His business at once returned to him. In 1820 he was made a judge, it is said at the bar, by the direct command of George IV., who was moved to it by his favorite physician, Sir Henry Hallford; which gave occasion to the saying in the bar-benches that “Vaughan was made a judge by *prescription*.” He is reputed to have the smallest possible allowance of law for a judge; but he abounds in native strength and sagacity, and in freedom of language. With him the labors of the judge cease the moment he quits the bench. I doubt if he ever looks into a cause at chambers. In his study he once showed me four guns, and told me with great glee that, by sending a note to Serjeant Wilde, he persuaded him not to make any motions on a certain day, and got the Court of Common Pleas adjourned at twelve o’clock; he at once went fifteen miles into the country, and before four o’clock had shot four brace of pheasants, — the learned judge sitting on horseback when he fired, as from his lameness he was unable to walk. He is fond of Shakspeare, and often have we interchanged notes during a long argument from Follett or Wilde (while I was sitting by the side of the latter in the Serjeants’ row), the burden of which has been some turn or expression from the great bard, — the crowd supposing he was actively taking minutes of the argument, while he was inditing something pleasant for me, to which I never failed to reply. His present wife when young was eminently beautiful, so that Sir Thomas Lawrence used her portrait in some imaginary pieces. He has several children, one of whom — his eldest son — graduated at the University with distinguished honor, and has recently been called to the bar: I think him a young man full of promise. Vaughan, though not a man of book-learning himself, respects it in others. I once sat with him in chambers in a matter where one of the young Chittys appeared; at first the judge inclined against the barrister and his authorities, but he said in a way that I saw gave no little pleasure, “Mr. Chitty, I have a great respect for your opinion.”

Bosanquet<sup>1</sup> you well know as a reporter. As a judge he seems dry and reserved, sitting on the extreme left, and apparently taking so little interest in the causes, that his qualities as a judge seem to be all *negative*. You do not hear him talked of by the bar, nor meet him in society. Lord Denman told me that he went his first circuit as judge in company with Bosanquet, who taught his Lordship how to wear his robes, and which of the various robes to assume on certain days.

Next is Coltman,<sup>2</sup> whose appointment astonished everybody, and is said

<sup>1</sup> John Bernard Bosanquet, 1773–1847. He was called to the bar in 1800, and associated as reporter with Sir Christopher Fuller; was Counsel of the East India Company, and of the Bank of England; became a judge of the Common Pleas in 1830, resigning in 1842.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Coltman, 1781–1849; a judge of the Common Pleas from 1837 until his death. Sumner was invited at different times to dine at his house, 6 Hyde Park Gardens.

to have been a job of Brougham. He was of the Northern circuit, and a friend of Brougham. He is a dull man; but as honest and good-natured as the day. I have seen him perplexed in the extreme, both before a jury and *in banc*, by the arguments of counsel. He is truly amiable, and is much of a liberal. Lady Coltman is a sister of Duckworth, the Chancery barrister. At Coltman's at dinner, I saw young Wortley hand down Lady Coltman, though there were at table Baron Parke, Vaughan, and Sir Edward Curry. This was strictly correct according to the Heralds' books, as the son of a peer takes precedence of knights, whatever may be their respective ages; but it shocked my notions of propriety.

Dec. 14, 1838.

Poor Allan Park is dead; and everybody is speculating about his successor. The Solicitor-General will be the man.<sup>1</sup> I dined last night with Serjeant Wilde, and it was amusing to see the *coquetry* between him, Talfourd, Bompas, and Hill, with regard to the successor. I came up yesterday from Oxford, where I have passed four delightful days. I was installed by Sir Charles Vaughan as an honorary *Fellow* of All Souls.

I have now given you the Queen's Bench and the Common Pleas judges. I shall follow this with the barons of the Exchequer; and then with a view of the common law bar. Afterwards you may expect something about the Chancery Bar and Admiralty. I have read Sir Mathew Hale's MS. on the Admiralty, and find it to be a complete treatise on the subject, which contains nothing new to you, but which, nevertheless, I think you ought to be acquainted with, as it is a scientific discussion of the subject by one of the master minds of the common law. The spirit with which it is written, as regards the common law, you may conceive from the way in which he speaks of the two jurisdictions together. He says, "The suitor is sent to Admiralty on an incidental point out of the common law courts, — "Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne." Through the kindness of Sir Robert Inglis I have been enabled to have a copy taken, which will cost about eight pounds. . . .

As ever, affectionately,

C. S.

---

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

ALL SOULS, OXFORD, Dec. 11, 1838.

DEAR HILLARD, — Look at the picture<sup>2</sup> of this venerable place; in the sketch of All Souls, and between two lofty towers, you will see the room where I am installed, in the enjoyment of the pleasing delusion that I am a *Fellow* of this peculiar institution. All this I owe to Sir Charles Vaughan, who is in residence now. How musically these chimes fall upon my ear! The clock strikes in one venerable tower, and the notes are echoed round.

<sup>1</sup> Park died Dec. 8. Thomas Erskine (not Rolfe) was appointed, Jan. 9, 1839, his successor. Rolfe was appointed a baron of the Exchequer in Nov., 1839. *Post*, p. 52.

<sup>2</sup> Vignette at the top of the sheet.

The bells sound for prayer; and you hear all varieties of peals, from the imperious notes of "Great Tom," to the softer strains of Magdalen and Merton, —

"Answering temples with obedient sound  
Peal to the night, and moan sad music round."

But your own imagination will supply you with the natural emotions incident to this place. While here I have seen most of the heads of houses and the tutors, and have derived much knowledge with regard to the system of study and the points of police.<sup>1</sup> Some of the tutors have been so kind as to write out abstracts of the studies, and particularly of the system of examination for degrees: I hope I may be able to do some good with this information on my return. The minutes of the expenses I have been furnished with; and I have established relations here which will enable me at any time to command any information on the subject, which our friends may desire. I have been charmed to find that there is a *bona fide* system of examination for degrees, so that an idler and a dunce cannot get the academic laurel. I was much struck by the gentlemanly appearance of all the students; they were not rough, but all seemed, if I may so say, of gentle blood: these things, however, I will explain at home.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, Dec. 14, 1838.

I came up from Oxford, after a most delightful residence, to dine with Serjeant Wilde, and go down to Cambridge to-day, starting in a few minutes. I already have engagements which will absorb the four days I purpose devoting to this place. From Cambridge I shall pass to Milton Park, to spend Christmas or some of its holidays with Lord Fitzwilliam.

It is now a year since I left America. How much I have seen in that time, and what ample stores I have laid by of delightful reminiscence and of liberal instruction! Thankful am I that I was able to conceive my present plan of travel, and, though contrary to the advice of dear friends, to put it in execution before I had grown indifferent to these things; and while, with the freshness of comparative youth, I could enter into the spirit of all that I see. But now I begin to turn my thoughts to the future. Tell me how I shall find myself on my return; what I can do in my profession; what will be expected of me; what difficulties I shall encounter; and what aids enjoy. Write me of these things; and if you write immediately on receipt of this (if it goes by the steamer), I shall get the answer before I leave London. I have seen some Boston papers, and how petty, inconceivably petty, did that tempest strife at your last election seem! I saw the various summonses to party meetings, and the split in the ranks of the Whigs, occasioned by Mr. Bond.<sup>2</sup> I could hardly believe that honest men, of elevated views, could have taken the smallest interest in such affairs.

<sup>1</sup> The warden of Merton College, and Lady Carmichael, invited him for dinner on Dec. 10.

<sup>2</sup> Reference to a controversy in the nomination of members of the Legislature, which grew out of legislation on the liquor question.

Tom Thumb's "pint-pot" always seemed larger than the stage of these transactions does to me at this distance, amidst the world-absorbing affairs which occupy the great metropolis.

I am obliged, on account of my Cambridge engagements, to lose a most interesting dinner to meet Fonblanque, Black, and all the liberal *press gang*; also to meet Lord Durham. I shall, however, see the latter before I leave. I am sorry that I cannot write by this steamer to Longfellow, whose letter I have, and Greenleaf's also, and Felton's.

As ever, yours affectionately,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. You may receive this on my birthday.

---

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

MILTON PARK, Dec. 25, 1838.

A merry Christmas to you, dear Hillard! This morning greeting I send with the winter winds across the Atlantic. It will not reach you till long after this day; but I hope that it will find you happy, — not forgetful of your great loss, but remembering it with manly grief, and endeavoring in the undoubted present bliss of your dear boy to catch a reflected ray for yourself. I am passing my Christmas week with Lord Fitzwilliam, in one of the large country-houses of old England. I have already written you about Wentworth House. The place where I now am is older and smaller; in America, however, it would be vast. The house is Elizabethan. Here I have been enjoying fox-hunting, to the imminent danger of my limbs and neck; that they still remain intact is a miracle. His Lordship's hounds are among the finest in the kingdom, and his huntsman is reputed the best. There are about eighty couples; the expense of keeping them is about five thousand pounds a year. In his stables there are some fifty or sixty hunters that are only used with the hounds, and of course are unemployed during the summer. The exertion of a day's sport is so great that a horse does not go out more than once in a week. I think I have never participated in any thing more exciting than this exercise. The history of my exploits will confirm this. The morning after my arrival I mounted, at half-past nine o'clock, a beautiful hunter, and rode with Lord Milton about six miles to the place of meeting. There were the hounds and huntsmen and whippers-in, and about eighty horsemen, — the noblemen and gentry and clergy of the neighborhood, all beautifully mounted, and the greater part in red coats, leather breeches, and white top-boots. The hounds were sent into the cover, and it was a grand sight to see so many handsome dogs, all of a size, and all washed before coming out, rushing into the underwood to start the fox. We were unfortunate in not getting a scent immediately, and rode from cover to cover; but soon the cry was raised "Tally-ho!" — the horn was blown — the dogs barked — the horsemen rallied — the hounds scented their way through the cover on the trail of the fox, and then started in full run. I had originally intended only to ride to cover to see them throw off, and then make my



way home, believing myself unequal to the probable run; but the chase commenced, and I was in the midst of it; and, being excellently mounted, nearly at the head of it. Never did I see such a scamper; and never did it enter into my head that horses could be pushed to such speed in such places. We dashed through and over bushes, leaping broad ditches, splashing in brooks and mud, and passing over fences as so many imaginary lines. My first fence I shall not readily forget. I was near Lord Milton, who was mounted on a thoroughbred horse. He cleared a fence before him. My horse pawed the ground and neighed. I gave him the rein, and he cleared the fence: as I was up in the air for one moment, how was I startled to look down and see that there was not only a fence but a *düch*! He cleared the ditch too. I have said it was my first experiment. I lost my balance, was thrown to the very ears of the horse, but in some way or other contrived to work myself back to the saddle without touching the ground (*vide* some of the hunting pictures of leaps, &c.). How I got back I cannot tell; but I did regain my seat, and my horse was at a run in a moment. All this, you will understand, passed in less time by far than it will take to read this account. One moment we were in a scamper through a ploughed field, another over a beautiful pasture, and another winding through the devious paths of a wood. I think I may say that in no single day of my life did I ever take so much exercise. I have said that I mounted at nine and a half o'clock. It wanted twenty minutes of five when I finally dismounted, not having been out of the saddle more than thirty seconds during all this time, and then only to change my horse, taking a fresh one from a groom who was in attendance. During much of this time we were on a full run.

The next day had its incidents. The place of meeting for the hounds was about fourteen miles from the house. Our horses were previously led thither by grooms, and we rode there in a carriage and four, with outriders, and took our horses fresh. This day I met with a fall. The country was very rough, and the fences often quite stiff and high. I rode among the foremost, and in going over a fence and a brook together, came to the ground. My horse cleared them both; and I cleared him, for I went directly over his head. Of course he started off, but was soon caught by Milton and a parson, who had already made the leap successfully. I should not fail to commemorate the feats of the clergymen, as they illustrate the position of this body in England. The best and hardest rider in this part of the country is reputed to be a clergyman; and there was not a day that I was out that I did not see three or four persons rejoicing in the style of "Reverend," and distinguishable from the rest of the *habitués* by wearing a black instead of a red coat. They were among the foremost in every field, and cleared fences with great ease. Once we came to a very stiff rail fence; and, as the hounds were not in full cry, there was a general stop to see how the different horses and riders would take it. Many were afraid, and several horses refused it. Soon, however, the Rev. Mr. Nash, a clergyman of some fifty years, came across the field; and the cry was raised, 'Hurrah for Nash! now for Nash!' I need not say that he went over it easily. It was the Rev. Mr. Nash who caught my horse. Change the scene

one moment, and imagine Mr. Greenwood or Dr. Lyman Beecher riding at a rail fence, and some thirty or forty persons looking on and shouting, "Hurrah for Greenwood! Hurrah for Beecher!" None of the clergymen who were out were young men; they were all more than forty-five, if not fifty. They mingled in all the light conversation of the field, — one of them told a story which I would not venture to trust to this sheet, — and they were addressed by all with the utmost familiarity. I did not hear one of them addressed by the title of "Mr.," except by myself, though most of the company were fifteen or twenty years younger than themselves. These little things will reveal to you more than several pages of dissertation. Every day that I was out it rained, — the first day incessantly, — and yet I was perfectly unconscious of it, so interested did I become in the sport. Indeed, sportsmen rather wish a rain, because it makes the ground soft. We generally got home about five o'clock; and I will give you the history of the rest of the day, that you may see how time passes in one of the largest houses in England. Dinner was early, because the sportsmen returned fatigued, and without having tasted a morsel of food since an early breakfast. So, after our return, we only had time to dress; and at five and a half o'clock assembled in the library, from which we went in to dinner. For three days I was the only guest here, — during the last four we have had Professor Whewell, — so that I can describe to you what was simply the family establishment. One day I observed that there were only nine of us at table, and there were thirteen servants in attendance. Of course the service is entirely of silver. You have, in proper succession, soup, fish, venison, and the large English dishes, besides a profusion of French *entrées*, with ice-cream and an ample dessert, — Madeira, Sherry, Claret, Port, and Champagne. We do not sit long at table; but return to the library, — which opens into two or three drawing-rooms, and is itself used as the principal one, — where we find the ladies already at their embroidery, and also coffee. Conversation goes languidly. The boys are sleepy, and Lord Fitzwilliam is serious and melancholy; and very soon I am glad to kill off an hour or so by a game at cards. Sometimes his Lordship plays; at other times he slowly peruses the last volume of Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella." About eleven o'clock I am glad to retire to my chamber, which is a very large apartment, with two large oriel windows looking out upon the lawn where the deer are feeding. There I find a glowing fire; and in one of the various easy chairs sit and muse while the fire burns, or resort to the pen, ink, and paper, which are carefully placed on the table near me.

I have given you an off-hand sketch of English fox-hunting. I was excited and interested by it, I confess; I should like to enjoy it more, and have pressing invitations to continue my visit or renew it at some future period. But I have moralized much upon it, and have been made melancholy by seeing the time and money that are lavished on this sport, and observing the utter unproductiveness of the lives of those who are most earnestly engaged in it, — like my Lord's family, whose mornings are devoted to it, and whose evenings are rounded by a sleep.

I should not forget to tell you that in the library, where we pass our even-

ings, is the immortal picture of Edmund Burke, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; that which has been perpetuated by so many engravings. The artist Osgood has taken a copy of this picture for Governor Everett, which is pronounced very good indeed.

I have given you some of my experience in fox-hunting. Change we our story. When I last wrote I had been enjoying Oxford. On my way to Milton I passed four or five days at Cambridge, — deeply interesting and instructive, — during which I saw most of the persons eminent at the university, and visited the various colleges. Dined with Whewell,<sup>1</sup> and met a large company; next day dined in hall at Trinity, and then repaired to the Combination room of the Fellows; next day again in hall at Trinity, and went to what is here called “a wine party,” at one of the tutor’s; afterwards, at ten or eleven o’clock in the evening, had supper at young Lord Napier’s,<sup>2</sup> an undergraduate; next day dined in hall with the Fellows of Caius;<sup>3</sup> breakfasted with Whewell, Henslow, and Peacock.<sup>4</sup> So you will see I met all kinds and degrees of persons, and saw every variety of social entertainment. Oxford is more striking as a whole, but less so in its individual features. I am delighted to find that there is much study done here; and that the examinations for degrees are serious, so that it is impossible for one who is entirely lazy or stupid to obtain a degree.

#### ATHENÆUM CLUB, Dec. 28, 1838.

Again in town and in this glorious apartment, where I look upon the busts of Milton and Shakspeare, of Locke and Burke, of Bacon and Newton! It was not long since I saw Bulwer writing here; and when he threw down the pen he had been using, the thought crossed my mind to appropriate it, and make my fortune by selling it to some of his absurd admirers in America. But I let the goose-quill sleep. What a different person I have just been conversing with for three hours or more! — Basil Montagu; one of the sweetest men, with honeyed discourse, that I ever met. His mind is running over with beautiful images and with boundless illustration and allusion. He has known as bosom friends Mackintosh, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Lord Eldon; and he pours out his heart, as I freely mention their names, like water. He has just published a charming little book, entitled, “Essays and Selections;” and he has given me a copy, in which he has written my name, “with the affectionate good wishes of Basil Montagu.” I have been amused at what was told me to-night with regard to my admission to the Athenæum. I am an Honorary Member, admitted as a “foreigner of distinction,” — a title which it made me shrink to see applied to my name. But it seems I was nominated last July, and rejected, as was said, by the vote of Croker, whereat Milman was in great anger. Croker’s objection was that I was

<sup>1</sup> William Whewell, D.D., 1795–1866; master of Trinity College, and author of scientific works.

<sup>2</sup> Francis Napier, born in 1819; a diplomatist; Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, 1857–58.

<sup>3</sup> By the invitation of A. Thurtell.

<sup>4</sup> George Peacock, 1790–1858; Professor of Mathematics.

not known as the author of any book! Everybody is laughing at Willis's sketch, in a late "New York Mirror," of Lord Durham. Marryat says that when Willis "looked over his spoon, one *spoon* looked over *another*." Lady Blessington says it is all false, as also does Fonblanque, who was at the dinner. I have seen Disraeli. . . . Captain Marryat has returned full of blood and fury. He will probably write a book; if he does, he will show us no mercy. He says there is nobody in Congress worth any thing but Webster and Adams. Miss Martineau is diligently engaged on her novel,<sup>1</sup> which will be published in February or March. She has been exerting herself very much, and seems confident of no ordinary success. If she succeeds, she intends to follow it up by others.

I left off my sketch at Milton without giving you my Christmas Day. In the forenoon, Whewell and I went to the Minster at Peterborough, where the church service is chanted. In the afternoon I read some of the manuscripts of Burke; after dinner, there were about thirty musicians who came from Peterborough, and in the hall alternately played and sang. Quite early the family retired; but Milton, in a distant wing of the house, had provided what he called a "jollification" on my account. What passed there I could easier tell than write. I got to bed before the cock crew. Hunting songs and stories abounded. I prize much all the opportunities I have had of mingling in the sports and social enjoyments of the young men; because, on these occasions, I see them as they are without reserve, and thus learn their real characters.

I have been trying to get a review in the "Edinburgh" of Sparks's "Life of Washington;" and a person of no little literary eminence,<sup>2</sup> the bosom friend of Lord Brougham, has written me that he will do it if Brougham does not do it himself. I have strong reason to believe that his Lordship will undertake it, and, if he does, his late efforts give us assurance what we may expect.

Your trouble about the loss<sup>3</sup> of the letters is superfluous. I care nothing about their loss; it is their possible existence out of the hands of friends that troubles me. You see that I write with winged speed, literally as fast as my pen can shed its ink, without premeditation or care, in the confidence of bosom friendship, and with the freedom which is its result. Therefore I shudder at the thought of a stranger seeing my letters, particularly the kind of stranger into whose hands a lost letter might fall. Excuse this ponderous letter, and believe me,

As ever, yours,

C. S.

<sup>1</sup> Deenbrook.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. William Shepherd.

<sup>3</sup> Sumner had been informed by Hillard of the loss of two of his letters from England, by a friend to whom they had been lent.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—WARWICK.—LONDON.—CHARACTERS OF JUDGES  
AND LAWYERS.—AUTHORS.—SOCIETY.—JANUARY, 1839, TO MARCH,  
1839.—AGE, 28.

---

LETTERS.

---

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD, BOSTON.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, Jan. 6, 1839.

DEAR HILLARD,— My birthday in the birthplace of Shakspeare! During the forenoon I have wandered round this little town, in company with my kind host. I have been into the low room in the ancient building where Shakspeare is said to have first seen the light. I asked the old woman who occupies the house, and lives by the dole which is allowed by all strangers for the satisfaction of seeing the interesting apartment, whether she had ever read the works of Shakspeare. She said that she had “seen some of the volumes;” but that her neighbor Jenkins, or some such name, had read nearly all his writings! This woman and Shakspeare’s room have been commemorated by Washington Irving. I ventured to press her still farther, by asking if she had ever read Irving’s account of his visit. She had seen the book but once, — and that was while a traveller, to whom the copy belonged, went from the house to his inn and back again, — and yet she grew eloquent about the mighty Bard and the American who had rendered such gentle homage to his memory. The room is pencilled over by names, among which you will see those of many Americans. I think that I need not disclaim having added mine to the list: you will not suspect me of it. The church is an interesting old English church, which stands on the banks of the Avon. The yard is full of grave-stones, which are overshadowed by numerous trees. I walked round the church many times in the rain, and stood for some time looking into the rippling water which flowed hard by. The monument of Shakspeare is in the chancel. There I read the inscription beneath his effigy, and those never-to-be-forgotten lines, in which he pronounces his malediction on any one who should “move his bones.” That inscription is more potent to protect his tomb from desecration than coffin of iron or constant guard of watchers. Who could move those bones, with the curse of Shakspeare invoked upon

him? This has been a stormy day, and I have hardly seen Stratford aright; for the associations of the place seem to harmonize with a soft, sunshiny day. It is something, however, to walk about the streets, which are so hallowed by the memory of that master mind.

It is now my birthday; I am twenty-eight years old; and my host, Mr. E. Flower, — in whose cottage, on the skirts of the town, I am staying, — was astonished at hearing my age. He had supposed me at least thirty-five, — perhaps forty! But time goes on apace; and I shall soon be even at that long-est goal. I have now deserted London for a short excursion to several places in the country which I have not yet seen. I have just left Warwick, where I passed two days with Mr. Collins,<sup>1</sup> the M. P. for the borough. Of course, I visited Kenilworth and Warwick Castles. The first, you know, is a ruin; but it is very extensive, being the largest ruin I have yet seen, — larger than Glastonbury Abbey, where old Dunstan made the Devil cry out, by an unceremonious pinch of the nose. Warwick is beautiful in its position, its towers, its court-yard, and its paintings. After the very ample experience I have had of English country-places, it did not strike me so much as it has some Americans. It is not so large as Wentworth, nor so comfortable and magnificent — the two combined — as Holkham, nor so splendid as Chatsworth; and it has nothing which will compare with the feudal entrance and hall of Raby Castle, nor any room equal to the drawing-room of Auckland Castle; but still, it seems almost perfect in its way. The towers and walls are commanding; the rooms are elegant, and have a beautiful prospect across the Avon, which washes the foot of the precipitous rock on which the castle stands: some of the paintings are divine. There is a "Loyola," by Rubens, which undoes all the bad impressions left on my mind by that artist, after his infamous productions in the Louvre. The Warwick Vase is in the centre of the greenhouse.

LONDON, Jan. 12

After leaving Stratford, I went, amid rain and gusts of wind beneath which ships were then sinking on the coast, to Birmingham. Here I saw Mrs. Tuckerman's brother-in-law, — Mr. Francis, — who treated me very kindly, though I was unable to stay to enjoy his attentions; Mr. Wills,<sup>2</sup> author of the new book on "Circumstantial Evidence;" Scholefield, M. P.,<sup>3</sup> &c.: but my visit was quite hurried, as I was obliged by my engagements to hasten back to town. We have heard of the dreadful loss of the packets. I had written several letters, which were on board those ill-fated ships, and which will perhaps never reach their destination. To you I had written a very long letter, — partly dated, I think, from Milton Park,<sup>4</sup> and giving an account of my adventures in fox-hunting with Lord Fitzwilliam; one also to Dr. Palfrey, enclosing a letter interesting to him, which I received from Sir

<sup>1</sup> William Collins, a resident of Warwick.

<sup>2</sup> William Wills, author of "Essay on the Principles of Circumstantial Evidence," published in Feb., 1838. He died in 1860.

<sup>3</sup> Joshua Scholefield, representing Birmingham.

<sup>4</sup> Letter not lost, *ante*, Vol. II. p. 31.

David Brewster; others to Longfellow, to Cleveland, to Mrs. Ticknor, to Mr. Fletcher, and to my mother. I wish you would do me the favor to let me know the fate of these letters. The article on Horace, in the last number but one of the "Quarterly Review,"<sup>1</sup> is by Milman. Poor man, he is now in great distress, on account of the illness of a dear child. The article in the last number, on "Railroads,"<sup>2</sup> which contains the ridiculous remarks on the United States, is by Sir Francis Head; and the political article<sup>3</sup> at the end is by Croker. I have just read an article on Lockhart's "Scott," written by Cooper, in the "Knickerbocker," which was lent me by Barry Cornwall. I think it capital. I see none of Cooper's faults; and I think a proper castigation is applied to the vulgar minds of Scott and Lockhart. Indeed, the nearer I approach the circle of these men the less disposed do I find myself to like them. Scott is not *sans reproche*; and Lockhart seems without a friend. Of course, I see the latter often. Sometimes we shake hands when we meet, and sometimes not. When last I saw him, he gave me a radiant smile.

Since I last wrote I have, as before, been in a constant succession of parties of different kinds. Some of the most interesting to you have been with Senior, Talfourd, and Lord Durham. At Senior's I met most of the Radical M. P.s; Morrison, the rich banker; Grote and his wife; Joseph Hume (I sat next to Joseph); Villiers; Dr. Bowring; Tooke, &c. At Talfourd's we had Dr. Hawtrey, the Head-Master of Eton; Maule; Harness; Hayward; and Browning, the author of "Paracelsus." Talfourd told some good stories of Charles Lamb. It seems that Lamb was a confirmed drunkard, who got drunk in the morning, and on beer. Talfourd and he once started for a morning walk. The first pot-house they came to was a new one, and Lamb would stop in order to make acquaintance with its landlord; the next was an old one, and here he stopped to greet his old friend Boniface: and so he had an excuse for stopping at all they passed, until finally the author of "Elia" was soundly drunk. But his heroic devotion to his sister is above all praise. All about that, and much else concerning Charles Lamb, can only be revealed after her death. She was insane, and killed her mother. Lamb would not abandon her to the mad-house, but made himself her keeper, and lived with her, retired from the world. Talfourd's first acquaintance with Sir William Follett was while the latter was a student, or just after his call to the bar, in getting him released one morning from the watchman, who had arrested Follett in the act of scaling the walls of the Temple. At Lord Durham's<sup>4</sup> we had

<sup>1</sup> Oct. 1838, Vol. LXII. pp. 287-332, "Life and Writings of Horace." The article, enlarged and revised, became the "Life of Horace," prefixed to Milman's exquisite edition of the Latin poet, which was published in 1849, with a dedication to his friend, Lord Lansdowne.

<sup>2</sup> Jan. 1839, Vol. LXIII. pp. 1-60, "Railroads in Ireland."

<sup>3</sup> Jan. 1839, Vol. LXIII. pp. 223-277, "Political Affairs."

<sup>4</sup> John George Lambton, 1792-1840. He became Baron Durham in 1828, and Earl of Durham in 1833. He was sent on a special mission to Russia in 1833, and was an ambassador to that country in 1836; was sent to Canada in 1838 as Governor-General, with extraordinary powers, at the time of the Rebellion. See sketch in Brougham's "Autobiogra-

an interesting party. There were Sir Edward Codrington;<sup>1</sup> Sir William Molesworth;<sup>2</sup> Charles Buller;<sup>3</sup> Joseph Parkes; Ward,<sup>4</sup> son of "Tremaine" Ward, and M. P., whose motion on Irish affairs nearly upset the ministry; Charles Austin (the first lawyer in England, *me judice*); Gibbon Wakefield;<sup>5</sup> Stanley, M. P. (not Lord); and Miss Martineau, who seemed surprised to meet me there. His Lordship is remarkable in personal appearance, — slender, upright, with an open countenance, coal-black hair and eyes. He is very frank in the expression of his opinions, and uses good language, without being fluent. There is also a slight tremulousness in his voice, which is not a little strange in one so long accustomed to public affairs. In language and thought he does not lack boldness. We were at a round table *à la Française*, and I sat between Buller and Lord Durham. His Lordship said that all the Canadian politicians — Papineau and all — were petty men; and that he should like nothing better than to have them all recalled, and to be allowed to deal with them. To one accustomed to politics on the broad stage of Europe, provincial actors seemed weak and paltry. I ventured to ask him what truth there was in the present reports with regard to the hostile intentions of Russia towards England. "Not a word of truth," said he; "I will give you leave to call me *idiot*, if there is a word of truth." You know he was ambassador at the court of St. Petersburg for a long time. He said that Russia was full of friendly regard for England; and he pronounced Urquhart,<sup>6</sup> who is now going about the kingdom preaching against Russia, "a mad-man." With regard to Lockhart, he expressed himself in terms not less distinct. He said that he had never seen him; but, from all that he had heard of him, he thought him one of the greatest blackguards in England. I happened to tell a story that I had heard from Lord Brougham: he looked me in the eye, and asked my authority for it. I replied: "Lord Brougham; I had it from his own lips." — "Did you ever verify it?" was the short but significant reply. I have selected these little things, because they at once reveal in a few words his opinions with regard to some distinguished per-

phy," Vol. III. p. 335. Lord D. wrote to Joseph Parkes, asking him to bring Sumner to dine at Cleveland Row.

<sup>1</sup> 1770-1851; admiral; distinguished at Trafalgar and Navarino.

<sup>2</sup> 1810-1855; member of Parliament; colleague of John Austin on a commission of inquiry into the administration of the government of Malta, and, in 1855, Secretary of the Colonies. At the suggestion of George Grote, he edited the works of Thomas Hobbes. He was associated with John Stuart Mill in editing the "Westminster Review;" and was a friend of Mr. Grote, in whose "Personal Life," prepared by Mrs. Grote, he is frequently mentioned.

<sup>3</sup> 1806-1848; distinguished as a member of Parliament by his advocacy of the repeal of the corn-laws, and contributor to the "Edinburgh" and "Westminster" Reviews.

<sup>4</sup> Henry George Ward, 1708-1860. He represented Sheffield in Parliament; was Minister Plenipotentiary for acknowledging the Mexican Republic; and was appointed Governor of the Ionian Islands, 1849-1855, and of Ceylon, 1855-1860. His father, Robert Plumer Ward, who died in 1846, was the author of three novels, — "Tremaine," "De Vere," and "De Clifford;" and of works on international law and other subjects.

<sup>5</sup> Edward Gibbon Wakefield, 1796-1862. He was an author of books on colonial questions, and private secretary of the Earl of Durham in Canada in 1839. He died in New Zealand, with whose interests he had become identified.

<sup>6</sup> David Urquhart, 1805-1877; M. P. for Stafford in 1847.



sons, and illustrate his frankness. Another subject was discussed with a freedom which could not have been found, I will venture to say, at the table of any other nobleman in the kingdom. The question was started whether, in the event of a demise of the crown, the present king of Hanover would be permitted to ascend the throne. Lord Durham was the only person in all the company who thought he would be. Sir Edward Codrington said: "For one, I would be damned if I would permit him to *land*!" Conversation went quietly on, without any striking display of any kind. Lady Durham and her eldest daughter, Lady Mary, were at the table. The table and its service reminded me of Paris more than most dinners in London, — except that one never sees silver plate on the Continent; but the cooking and the procession of dishes were Parisian. His Lordship told me that he should be glad to adopt the Continental habit of having the gentlemen leave the table with the ladies, — a habit which he followed in Quebec, but which he must abandon in London; otherwise, they would charge him with a desire to save his wine! After dinner, the young ladies — his second daughter joined us in the drawing-room — sang and played on the harp. The Countess told me she was glad to get away from a Canadian winter. Among the projects for the improvement of the province committed to his charge, Lord D. mentioned that he wished to have Goat Island blown up by gunpowder, in order to unite the Canadian and American Falls of Niagara, and thus give *unity* to the whole! His Lordship's house is a very good one, and in some of its rooms reminds one of a country-place. I passed an hour with him one forenoon in conversation: he is strongly liberal, but a monarchist. He would abolish the corn-laws, grant the vote by ballot, an extension of the suffrage, and triennial Parliaments; but he would not touch primogeniture, — the worst thing in England. On this subject I had no little conversation with him, — not to say an argument. I regard him, however, as honest and sincere in his opinions, and, as such, a most valuable leader of the Liberal party. He possesses courage, considerable acquirements, and a capacity for receiving information from others. I need not say that he has none of the great attributes of Brougham, — his intense activity, his various learning, his infinite command of language. He regrets very much that he could not visit the United States. Those of his suite who did, seem to have been well pleased. Gibbon Wakefield is going to write an article, pamphlet, or book, entitled "*Six Days in the United States.*" Calhoun made a great impression on Buller, and also on Mr. Phillips. Both of them speak of him as the most striking public man they have ever met, — remarkable for his ease, simplicity, and the readiness with which he unfolded himself. Buller says that Van Buren had the handsomest shoes and stockings he ever saw! I do not know if I have ever written you about Charles Austin. He is a more animated speaker than Follett, — perhaps not so smooth and gentle; neither is he, I think, so ready and instinctively sagacious in a law argument: and yet he is powerful here, and is immeasurably before Follett in accomplishments and liberality of view. He is a fine scholar, and deeply versed in English literature and the British Constitution.

JAN. 16, 1839.

This London is socially a bewitching place. Last evening I first dined with Booth, a Chancery barrister; then went to Rogers's, where was a small party, — Mrs. Marcet, Mrs. Austin, Miss Martineau, Mr. and Mrs. Lyell, Mr. and Mrs. Wedgewood, Harness,<sup>1</sup> and Milman. We talked and drank tea, and looked at the beautiful pictures, the original editions of Milton and Spenser, and listened to the old man eloquent (I say eloquent indeed); and so the time passed. This morning I spent chatting with Hayward about law, literature, and society; then walked with Whewell, and afterwards dined with Bellenden Ker.<sup>2</sup> And the dinner! it is to be spoken of always. There was a small company: our host and his wife, — one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen; Courtenay,<sup>3</sup> M. P., and his beautiful daughter; Eastlake, the accomplished artist; and Lord Brougham. Then the house was a little gem. It is in Regent's Park, removed from the bustle of town. The door-panels of the drawing-room are copies of some of the first masters; and the room is hung round with attractive paintings, and adorned with some of the finest curiosities of art. The dining-room is painted in imitation of a room of Pompeii. You may not know that Courtenay is the great epicure of London. His taste in matters of the table is reputed to be unerring, and his judgment of wines incontrovertible. With him a dinner is the putting in practice of a great science. I need not add, that the host and intimate friend of such a guest gave us a simple but choice dinner. My wonder at Brougham rises anew. To-night he has displayed the knowledge of the artist and the gastronomer. He criticised the ornaments of the drawing-room and the dining-room like a *connoisseur*, and discussed subtle points of cookery with the same earnestness with which he emancipated the West India slaves and abolished rotten boroughs. Calling for a second plate of soup, he said that there was "a thought too much of the flavor of wine;" but that it was very good. He told how he secured good steaks, by personally going into the kitchen and watching over his cook, to see that he did not spoil them by pepper and horse-radish, — the last being enough to make a man go mad. I called his attention to the woodcock story, of which I have already written you, and he told me that the epigram which I have sent you under his Lordship's name was written by the Bishop of Durham, and that it was the best of all offered. The Marquis of Wellesley wrote a Latin one, of which he has promised to give me a copy; it is not, however, "lapidary," being too long. Brougham told me that his own Greek epigram was the worst of all. You will see an allusion to this story in a note in the last "Quarterly Review," to which I first called Chantrey's attention. I have spoken of Courtenay as the great gastronomer; I shall not neglect to add that he is as good a scholar as epicure. When we were speaking of Greek epi-

<sup>1</sup> Rev. William Harness.

<sup>2</sup> H. Bellenden Ker was a conveyancer; was a friend of Lord Brougham, and passed the later years of his life at Cannes, in France, where he died, about 1870. Sumner was his guest at dinner on different occasions, at 27 Park Road, Regent's Park.

<sup>3</sup> Philip Courtenay; Queen's counsel, belonging to the Northern Circuit. Sumner dined with him at 23 Montague Street, Russell Square.

grams, he and Brougham alternately quoted to me several, which were circulating in English society, written by Alderson and Williams; and when I quoted an out-of-the-way line from Juvenal, Courtenay at once gave the next one. Indeed, in the fine English society you will be struck by this thoroughness of classical education, which makes a Latin or Greek epigram a choice morsel even for a dainty epicure. Strange union that in Brougham! I have met few men who seemed such critics of food. Courtenay had been in Germany; and Brougham said to Miss C., "I understand you have been flirting with the King of Bavaria, and that he gave you a great entertainment." "Nothing," said the father, "but a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, with some *negus* and punch." "Punch!" said Brougham, with an oath, "that's not so bad a thing." His Lordship was kind enough to take me home in his carriage; and as we drove along, some three miles, we talked gravely of Washington and Sparks and Dr. Bowditch. I hope to induce him to write an article on Sparks's "Washington" in the "Edinburgh." He had seen Bowditch's "Laplace" only last week, and was filled with admiration of it. He asked me, in his name, to present a copy of his forthcoming book to Dr. B.'s family, and to let them know the impression their father's labors had made upon his mind. I was happy in being able to tell him something of Dr. B., of whose life and place of residence he was entirely ignorant. Lord Brougham is not agreeable at dinner. He is, however, more interesting than any person I have met. He has not the airy graces and flow of Jeffrey, the piercing humor of Sydney Smith, the dramatic power of Theodore Hook, or the correct tone of Charles Austin; but he has a power, a fulness of information and physical spirits, which make him more commanding than all! His great character and his predominating voice, with his high social and intellectual qualities, conspire to give him such an influence as to destroy the equilibrium, so to speak, of the table. He is often a usurper, and we are all resolved into listeners, instead of partakers in the conversational banquet; and I think that all are ill at ease. Brougham abused Miss Martineau most heartily. He thought that she excelled in stories, and in nothing else; and that she was "a great ass" for pronouncing so dogmatically on questions of policy and government. He exhorted me to write a book on England, to revenge my country of Basil Hall! To-morrow I breakfast with Rogers.<sup>1</sup>

JAN. 23, 1889.

I see, by casting my eyes back, that I commenced the last sheet in praise of London. I feel in a mood quite the reverse to-day, and have so felt for several days. I again have a dismal cold. Give me the freezing, crystal weather of New England, rather than these murky, foggy days, freighted with disease and death. Three cruel colds in the space of two months, — the worst that have ever befallen me — admonish me to hasten nearer to the sun. I shall be off for Italy. But you will be glad to hear of the poet of this fair country. I believe I have often written you about Rogers. Of

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Rogers, 1763-1855. From 1802 until his death he lived in St. James Place, London, looking into the Green Park. His courtesy and hospitality have been commemorated by many visitors from the United States.

course, I have seen him frequently in society; never did I like him till I enjoyed his kindness at breakfast. As a converser Rogers is *unique*. The world, or report, has not given him credit enough for his great and peculiar powers in this line. He is terse, epigrammatic, dry, infinitely to the point, full of wisdom, of sarcasm, and cold humor. He says the most ill-natured things, and does the best. He came up to me at Miss Martineau's, where there was a little party of very clever people, and said: "Mr. Sumner, it is a great piece of benevolence in you to come here." Determined not to be drawn into a slur upon my host, I replied: "Yes, Mr. Rogers, of benevolence to myself." As we were coming away, Rogers, Harness, Babbage, and myself were walking together down the narrow street in which Miss M. lives, when the poet said: "Who but the Martineau could have drawn us into such a hole?" And yet I doubt not he has a sincere liking for Miss M.; for I have met her at his house, and he afterwards spoke of her with the greatest kindness. His various sayings that are reported about town, and his conversation as I had caught it at evening parties, had impressed me with a great admiration of his powers, but with a positive dislike. I love frankness and truth. But his society at breakfast has almost obliterated my first impressions. We were alone; and he showed all those wonderful paintings, and we talked till far into the afternoon. I have seldom enjoyed myself more; it was a luxury, in such rooms, to listen to such a man, before whom the society of the last quarter of a century had all passed, — he alone unchanged; to talk, with such a poet, of poetry and poets, of Wordsworth and Southey and Scott; and to hear his opinions, which were given with a childlike simplicity and frankness. I must confess his great kindness to me. He asked my acceptance of the new edition of his poems, and said: "I shall be happy to see any friend of yours, morning, noon, or night;" and all his kindness was purely volunteer, for my acquaintance with him grew from simply meeting him in society. He inquired after Mrs. Newton<sup>1</sup> with most friendly interest, and showed me a little present he had received from her, which he seemed to prize much. I shall write to her, to let her know the good friends she has left behind. Rogers is a friend of Wordsworth; but thinks he has written too much, and without sufficient *limae labor*. He says it takes him ten times as long to write a sentence of prose as it does Wordsworth one of poetry; and, in illustration, he showed me a thought in Wordsworth's last work,<sup>2</sup> — dedicated to Rogers, — on the saying of the monk who had sat before the beautiful pictures so long and seen so many changes, that he felt tempted to say, "We are the *shadows*, and they the *substance*."<sup>3</sup> This same story you will find in a note to the "Italy." Rogers wrote his note ten times over before he was satisfied with it; Wordsworth's verse was published almost as it first left his pen. Look at the two.

<sup>1</sup> *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 186.

<sup>2</sup> *Yarrow Revisited*, and other Poems, 1835.

<sup>3</sup> "They are in truth the Substance, we the Shadows," — from Wordsworth's "Lines suggested by a portrait from the pencil of F. Stone."

"I am sometimes inclined to think that we and not they are the shadows," — Rogers's "Italy," note 241.

You have often heard of Rogers's house. It is not large; but the few rooms — two drawing-rooms and a dining-room only — are filled with the most costly paintings, all from some of the great galleries of Italy or elsewhere, most of which cost five or ten thousand dollars apiece. I should think there were about thirty in all: perhaps you will not see in the world another such collection in so small a space. There was a little painting by Raphael, about a foot square, of the Saviour praying in the Garden, brimful of thought and expression, which the old man said he should like to have in his chamber when dying. There were masterpieces by Titian, Correggio, Caracci, Guido, Paul Veronese, Rubens, Barochio, Giotto, and Reynolds. He pointed out the picture of an armed knight, which Walter Scott always admired. His portfolios were full of the most valuable original drawings. There were all Flaxman's illustrations of Homer and the Tragedians, as they left the pencil of the great artist. Indeed, he said that he could occupy me for a month, and invited me to come and breakfast with him any morning that I chose, sending him word the night before.

From one poet I will pass to another, — Barry Cornwall. You remember Willis's sketch. He wrote for the public, and to make an interesting letter. I need not say that my object is to give you and my friends truthful notions of those in whom you feel an interest. Mr. Procter — for you know that is the real name of Barry Cornwall — is about forty-two or forty-five, and is a conveyancer by profession. His days are spent in the toilsome study of abstracts of titles; and when I saw him last Sunday, at his house, he was poring over one which press of business had compelled him to take home. He is a small, thin man, with a very dull countenance, in which, nevertheless, — knowing what he has written, — I can detect the "poetical frenzy." His manner is gentle and quiet, and his voice low. He thought if he could live life over again he would be a gardener. He spoke with bitterness of Lockhart, and concurred in Cooper's article on his "Life of Scott." He said that he himself had been soundly abused in "Blackwood" and the "Quarterly" for his "Life of Kean" and his editing "Willis," — though they had formerly administered a great deal of praise. He had not, however, read their articles; but spoke of them according to what he had heard. Mrs. Procter is a sweet person; she is the daughter of my friend, Mrs. Basil Montagu, and has much of her mother's information and intelligence. There is no place that I enjoy more than Basil Montagu's. He is simple in his habits, never dines out, or gives dinners. I step into his house, perhaps, after I have been dining out, at ten or eleven o'clock in the evening; and we talk till I am obliged to say "good morning," and not "good night." The Montagus have been intimate with more good and great people than anybody I know. Mackintosh, Coleridge, Parr, Wordsworth, Lamb, were all familiar at their fireside. Mr. Montagu is often pronounced a bore, because he perpetually quotes Bacon and the ancient English authors. But it is a pleasure to me to hear some of those noble sentences come almost mended from his beautiful flowing enunciation. Mrs. M. is one of the most remarkable women I have ever known. Dr. Parr always called Mr. Montagu by his Christian name,

*Rasil*; and his wife, "Basiliissa;" and their son, who was no favorite with him, "Basilisk." Mrs. M. told me an interesting story connected with Carlyle, which somewhat explains the singular style of his "French Revolution." This was written some time ago, with great labor, and put into the hands of a friend for perusal; while with him the greater part of it was accidentally destroyed. The friend at once offered the largest sum, by way of repairing the calamity, which any bookseller could have offered. This, of course, was refused; and Carlyle was quite dejected for a while. At last he re-commenced it, but, Mrs. M. supposes, had not the patience to go through it again in the same painstaking way as before; and in this way she accounts, to a certain extent, for the abrupt character which it has. I once spoke of Mr. Montagu to Talfourd as a person whom I liked very much, when the author of "Ion" said: "He is a humbug; he drinks no wine." Commend me to such humbugs!

Miss Martineau<sup>1</sup> I see pretty often. She has been consistently kind to me; and though circumstances have made me somewhat independent of her civilities, yet I feel grateful to her, and am glad to confess that I owe to her several attentions. She is much attached to our country and to many in it, and would be grieved to hear that her friends had fallen off from her. It was her misfortune to be so situated as to feel obliged to write a book.<sup>2</sup> I doubt if a person who has mingled in society in any country can write a book in the spirit of truth without giving great offence. That she wrote hers influenced only by a love of truth, I am persuaded. I have seen and heard nothing in London which should shake the confidence of any of her friends in her; and I say it without making allusions to persons or things, because I have understood that some reports to the contrary have reached America. You may take my authority for what it is worth. I will only add that I have often conversed with her about America and Americans. Her novel called "Deerbrook" is nearly finished. It is entirely fiction. She seems to have great confidence in it, and esteems it her best production. If it is successful, she will become a novelist.

You will doubtless read the last "Tait's Magazine." It contains the first of a series of articles by De Quincey on Wordsworth. Poor De Quincey had a small fortune of eight or nine thousand pounds, which he has lost or spent; and now he lets his pen for hire. You know his article on Coleridge: Wordsworth's turn has now come. At the close of his article, he alludes to a killing neglect which he once received from the poet, and which embittered his peace. I know the facts, which are not given. De Quincey married some humble country-girl in the neighborhood of Wordsworth; she was of good character, but not of that rank in which W. moved. The family of the latter never made her acquaintance or showed her any civilities, though

<sup>1</sup> 1802-76. Sumner visited Miss Martineau at Ambleside in 1857. She became quite impatient in later life with him and with all who maintained, as he did, the liability of England for the escape of the rebel cruisers in our civil war, — a liability which was found to exist by the award at Geneva.

<sup>2</sup> "Society in America," published in 1837, and "Retrospect of Western Travel," published in 1838.

living comparatively in the same neighborhood. "Hinc illæ lacrymæ." When you now read De Quincey's lamentations you may better understand them.

A few evenings ago I dined with Hallam. He is a person of plain manners, rather robust, and wears a steel watch-guard over his waistcoat. He is neither fluent nor brilliant in conversation; but is sensible, frank, and unaffected. After dinner we discussed the merits of the different British historians, — Gibbon, Hume, and Robertson. Of course, Gibbon was placed foremost. There was a party at Hallam's after dinner; but I went from that to a ball at Hume's, — Joe Hume's.<sup>1</sup> You doubtless imagine that this Radical, who for twenty years has been crying out "retrenchment," is an ill-dressed, slovenly fellow, without a whole coat in his wardrobe. Imagine a thick-set, broad-faced, well-dressed Scotchman, who has no fear of laughter or ridicule. I know few persons whom I have always seen dressed in better taste or looking more like a gentleman.

I have already written you of Lady Morgan. Her Ladyship, you know, is a fierce Democrat. She was in the midst of professions of democracy during a morning call, when the knocker resounded — as these English knockers do — over the house; and her niece, who was sitting at the window of the drawing-room, announced the cab and tiger of the Marquis of Douro,<sup>2</sup> the eldest son of the Duke of Wellington. Lady Morgan at once straightened herself in her seat, assumed a queenly air, and, when the noble lord entered, received him with no little dignity. I was presented to his Lordship as a "very distinguished American," who had been fêted by all the nobility of England! So you will see her Ladyship was determined to make the most of her visitors. We bowed, — that is, Lord Douro and myself, — and conversation went on. He is about forty, and appears to be a pleasant, good-natured, and rather clever person, looking very much like the great Duke.

A far different person from Lady Morgan is Mrs. Shelley. I passed an evening with her recently. She is sensible, agreeable, and clever. There were Italians and French at her house, and she entertained us all in our respective languages. She seemed to speak both French and Italian quite gracefully. You have doubtless read some of Mrs. Marcet's<sup>3</sup> productions. I have met her repeatedly, and received from her several kind attentions. She is the most ladylike and motherly of all the tribe of authoresses that I have met. Mrs. Austin I have seen frequently, and recently passed an evening at her house. She is a fine person, — tall, well-filled, with a bright countenance slightly inclined to be red. She has two daughters who have just entered society. She is engaged in translating the "History of the Popes," that was reviewed some time ago by Milman in the "Quarterly," which she says will be the most important and valuable of the works she has

<sup>1</sup> Sumner was invited, at different times, to dine with Mr. Hume at Bryanstone Square.

<sup>2</sup> He was born in 1807, and succeeded to the dukedom on the death of his father, in 1852.

<sup>3</sup> Jane Haldimand Marcet, 1785-1858. She endeavored to simplify science by stating the principles of chemistry and political economy in the form of "Conversations." "Every girl," said Macaulay, "who has read Mrs. Marcet's little dialogues on political economy could teach Montague or Walpole many lessons in finance." — "Essay on Milton."

presented to the public. She is desirous of reaping some advantage from its publication in America, and hopes to make some arrangement with a publisher to receive the sheets and reprint them. I have this very day received a letter from Sir David Brewster, expressing a similar wish. He is preparing a very valuable "Life of Newton," in two or three octavo volumes,<sup>1</sup> which will contain most important extracts from the family papers in the possession of the Earl of Portsmouth, to all of which he has had access. This "Life" will throw great light upon Newton's religious opinions, and will prove him, under his own hand, to have been a Unitarian. I hope that we shall pass a law responsive to the British International Copyright Bill. Do write me about this measure, and what its chances are.

You have read the "Retrospective Review." I am indebted to it for much pleasure and instruction. What was my gratification, a short time since, while dining with Parkes, to find that it was gotten up and carried on by my friends. The nominal editor was Southern, now Secretary of Legation at Madrid; but its chief supporters were Parkes and Charles Austin and Montagu. It was established by the Radicals, to show that they were at least not ignorant of literature. Parkes wrote the articles on the prose writings of Milton. He is a subscriber to the "North American," and has been much pleased with the article in a late number (for July, I think) on Milton. He thinks it the best essay on Milton ever written, and is anxious to know who is the author. I have felt ashamed that I cannot tell. Do not fail to let me know.<sup>2</sup>

JAN. 27, 1839.

Among the persons whom I have seen since I wrote the foregoing pages have been Leigh Hunt<sup>3</sup> and Thomas Campbell.<sup>4</sup> I yesterday morning saw Leigh Hunt, on the introduction of Carlyle. He lives far from town,—in Chelsea,—in a humble house, with uncarpeted entry and stairs. He lives more simply, I think, than any person I have visited in England; but he possesses a palace of a mind. He is truly brilliant in conversation, and the little notes of his which I have seen are very striking. He is of about the middle size, with iron-gray hair parted in the middle, and suffered to grow quite long. Longfellow has seen him, I think, and he will tell you about him. I believe I have already described to you Carlyle. I met Campbell at a dinner which Colburn,<sup>5</sup> the publisher, gave me last evening. There were Campbell, Jerdan,<sup>6</sup> and some six or eight of the small fry—the minims—of literature, all guilty of print. Campbell is upwards of sixty. He is rather short and stout, and has not the air of a gentleman. He takes brandy and water instead of wine. He did not get to throwing decanters or their stoppers; though when he left (which was sufficiently early) his steps did not

<sup>1</sup> Published in 1855.

<sup>2</sup> July, 1838, Vol. XLVII. pp. 56-73. By Ralph Waldo Emerson.

<sup>3</sup> 1784-1859.

<sup>4</sup> 1777-1844.

<sup>5</sup> Henry Colburn died in 1855. His residence was at 13 Great Marlborough Street.

<sup>6</sup> William Jerdan, born 1782, for thirty-four years editor of the "London Literary Gazette."



appear very steady. He does not think of visiting America; but he said that he should be willing to be there without a penny in his pocket, and he would simply say, "I am Tom Campbell." He enforces most all that he says by an oath. His brother, as he informed me, married a daughter of Patrick Henry. He told some stories that were none of the purest, with a good deal of humor. Jerdan you well know as the editor of the "Literary Gazette." He is a tall, vulgar Scotchman, who annoyed me by proposing my health in a long rigmarole speech. He has a good deal of humor. Of the rest at table I have not time to write you. A diary has just been brought to light, kept by the vicar of the church at Stratford-on-Avon during the time of Shakspeare, and in which the name of Shakspeare is several times mentioned. What is said of him I do not know. One of our guests to-night was Dr. Severn, in whose hands the manuscript has been placed, and who will edit it.

You will doubtless read the "Edinburgh Review" just published, and the brilliant article by Lord Brougham on "Foreign Relations."<sup>1</sup> Admire, I pray you, the epigram by Johnny Williams on Napoleon. After reading it, I took down the "Greek Anthology," and compared it with the famous one on Themistocles and with several others, and I must say that I think Williams's the best; it is a wonderful feat in the Greek language. Lord B. repeated it to me at table, before it appeared in print. I have also heard Baron Parke repeat it. Williams is said to know "Virgil" and several other classics by heart. In society he is very dull; but he does write beautiful Greek. Lord Brougham's work will not be published till next week. It is on Natural Theology, in two volumes, and embraces an analysis of Cuvier, Newton's "Principia," and Laplace's "Mécanique Céleste." I saw him in his study yesterday; he had a printer's devil on one side and his private secretary on the other. *Mirabile dictu*, he did not use an oath! He thanked me for Rev. Dr. Young's discourse on Dr. Bowditch, which I had given him some days before, and said that it was very good,—just what was wanted. (I received two copies of Young's discourse, —one I gave to Lord B., the other to Sir David Brewster.) He told me that he had received a long letter of eight pages from his mother, giving him an account of the late tremendous hurricane that had passed over Brougham Hall; that the letter was a capital one, and that every line contained a fact. Truly his Lordship is a wonderful man; and, I am disposed to believe, the most eloquent one in English history. I think I have already told you that Earl Grey said to Lord Wharndcliffe, on the evening of B.'s speech on the Reform Bill, that it was the greatest speech he ever heard in his life; and his life covered the period of Pitt and Fox. In this judgment Lord W. concurred. Mr. Rogers has told me that Sir Robert Peel said he never knew what eloquence was till he heard B.'s speech on the abolition of slavery in the West Indies. Do not listen to the articles and the reports that Lord B. is no speaker. He is most eloquent; and his voice,

<sup>1</sup> Jan., 1839, Vol. LXVIII., pp. 495-537, — "Foreign Relations of Great Britain." The epigram is given in a note to page 508, where it was first made public.

as I heard it in the Lords six months ago, still rings in my ear. And yet I cannot pardon his gross want of propriety in conversation. Think of the language I heard him use about O'Connell. He called him "a damned thief."

You will also read the article on Prescott in the "Edinburgh." It is written by somebody who understands the subject, and who praises with great discrimination. Some of my friends suppose that it is done by John Allen,<sup>1</sup> the friend of Lord Holland. Mr. Hallam, however, thought it was not by him, but by a Spaniard who is in England. I shall undoubtedly be able to let you know by my next letter. Mr. Ford, the writer of the Spanish articles in the "Quarterly," has undertaken to review Prescott's book for that journal: whether his article will be ready for the next number I cannot tell. Prescott ought to be happy in his honorable fame. His publisher, Bentley, is about to publish a second edition in two volumes; and he told me that he regarded the work as the most important he had ever published, and as one that would carry his humble name to posterity. Think of Bentley astride the shoulders of Prescott on the journey to posterity! Milman told me he thought it the greatest work that had yet proceeded from America. Mr. Whishaw, who is now blind, and who was the bosom friend of Sir Samuel Romilly, has had it read to him, and says that Lord Holland calls it the most important historical work since Gibbon. I have heard Hallam speak of it repeatedly, and Harness and Rogers and a great many others whom I might mention, if I had more time and I thought you had more patience.

Bulwer has two novels in preparation — one nearly completed — and is also engaged on the last two volumes of his "History of Greece." This work seems to have been a failure. I see this flash novelist often: we pass each other in the drawing-room, and even sit on the same sofa; but we have never spoken.

I could not live through two London winters; the fogs are horrid. I met Theodore Hook last evening, and poured out my complaints. "You are right," said he; "our atmosphere is nothing but pea-soup."

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

<sup>1</sup> M. D., 1770-1843; an inmate of Holland House for more than forty years; a contributor to the "Edinburgh Review" on subjects relating to English, French, and Spanish history and the British Constitution; and author of "Inquiry into the Rise and Growth of the Royal Prerogative in England." Sydney Smith introduced him to Lord Holland, who had asked "if he could recommend any clever young Scotch medical man to accompany him to Spain." — "Sydney Smith's Memoir," by Lady Holland, Chap. II. Lady Holland treated him quite uncereemoniously, — according to Macaulay, "like a negro slave." — Trevelyan's "Life of Macaulay," Vol. I. Chap. IV. Allen was not a believer in the Christian religion, and on this subject gave a tone to the conversation of Holland House. — Greville's "Memoirs," Chap. XXX., Dec. 16, 1835.

## TO HIS BROTHER HORACE, AGED FOURTEEN.

LONDON, Jan. 20, 1889.

DEAR HORACE.—I have now before me your letter of Oct. 15. It is quite short; but has pleased me, because it is correctly written; and I have read it over and over several times. It will be well to accustom yourself to habits of composition, as, in this way, you will learn to write with facility and correctness. I need not enlarge to a boy of your age and disposition on the vast importance of this accomplishment. One of my highest pleasures on my return to Boston will consist in finding you and Mary and Julia all lovers of knowledge and truth, — all anxious to employ every moment in storing the mind, and in doing something useful. Remember, that if you lose time now you can never regain it. You will, I fear, think me a dull preacher, and will dread my letters as much as the minister's sermon; but I cannot take my pen to write any of you without, forthwith, falling into this vein. It may be irksome to you now to confine yourself to study, and to read my exhortations; but I believe, if we both live, you will thank me hereafter.

The mountains which you see in the vignette on this sheet are the far-famed "Grampian Hills," where the father of young Norval "fed his flocks, — a frugal swain." I have walked at the foot of these very mountains, and have seen the shepherds tending their sheep. To one shepherd are sometimes committed eight hundred or a thousand sheep. For miles and miles there are no fences, and the shepherd permits his flock to roam about in search of food during the day; but at night, with the assistance of a dog, calls them all together and shuts them in a fold. He takes his position on a rock or some elevated place, raises his staff and makes a signal to his dog, who is trained to this duty, and who at once scampers to the most distant sheep and drives them to the shepherd. I once walked for a mile with one of these men, while he was driving his flock before him. You suppose, I dare say, that shepherds are very fine-looking men, because they always appear so in pictures; but I hardly know a dirtier set. They are dressed in old clothes, and perhaps are smoking dirty pipes. Instead of a crook, which you see represented in pictures, they have nothing but a rough stick or staff, and they look like the laziest of human beings; for they sit or stand in the open field, or on the side of the mountain, a whole day, simply watching the motions of their flock. I have seen shepherds on the plains of Normandy, on the beautiful downs of the south of England, where are the wondrous ruins of Stonehenge, and on the hills of Scotland, — and all have been alike mean looking. All our ideas of these people have been borrowed from books, and particularly from poetry and pictures. My account may serve to disenchant you of some of your notions with regard to them.

Jan. 27. I have only time to say good-by, my dear Horace, and to renew my exhortations to you to be good and studious. When you next write direct to the care of Draper & Co., Paris. Give my love to mother and all the family.

Ever your affectionate brother,

CHAS.

## TO PROFESSOR SIMON GREENLEAF, CAMBRIDGE.

LONDON, Jan. 21, 1839.

DEAR GREENLEAF, — Your good long letter, and Mrs. Greenleaf's enclosed, came in due season. You know how thankful I am to hear of you and from you, and how I rejoice that the Law School still flourishes as it should, under the auspices of my friends. Often "my heart untravelled fondly turns" to those old haunts. How will they seem on my return? How will all my friends seem? And, last and heaviest question, how shall I seem to them? Those clients I once had, — those duties I once rejoiced in, — where are they? Shall I find them again? As I draw nearer the day of my return, I feel sincerely anxious with regard to the future. I think of that tide — whose flood I declined to take — which might have floated me on to fortune, — that is, to worldly success; and I fear I have lost it for ever. And yet I know that I have gained, in the highest point of view, immeasurably more than I have lost. I have seen men, society, and courts, in a way that is permitted to few of my age in any country; and I feel that I have not lost my love of native land, or my sense of duty or the knowledge of what it behooves me to do. Tell me, as my friend, what I must prepare to do on my return, and how to set to work, — for to *work* I shall go at once.

On a recent excursion to Birmingham, I received a good deal of kind attention from Mr. Wills, author of the new work on "Circumstantial Evidence." He has presented me with a copy of his book, and we have since corresponded on the subject of it. While with him I mentioned that I had a learned friend, Professor Greenleaf, who was engaged on a work on the "Law of Evidence." Mr. Wills at once asked me to take charge of a copy of his book for your acceptance with his compliments. Wills is not a barrister, but an attorney. He is about forty-eight or fifty, and is a very unassuming, good-natured, quiet person, who has devoted not a little time to this work. I wish you would write a review of it in the "Jurist."

In conversation yesterday with Burge, the author of the huge book on the "Conflict of Laws," he lamented that there was no good work on the *principles* of the law of evidence. I at once told him that Professor Greenleaf had such a one in preparation. Mr. Burge told me to encourage you to the completion of your task, and also to say to you from him not to publish till you had thoroughly examined Menochius ("De Presumptionibus") and Mascardus ("De Probationibus"), — the latter particularly. Burge is quite a black-letter, folio man, who overlays his arguments with numerous authorities and recondite learning. He deserves great praise for his devotion to the subject which he has illustrated with such learning and to such extent. He has a great admiration for Judge Story. Starkie<sup>1</sup> has a third edition of his "Evidence" in press. He has lost his wife, and is in much affliction. Poor Chitty<sup>2</sup> is badly off. He has now some weakness — an affection of the spine, I believe — which prevents his walking; so he is rolled about in a chair. He has had an immense business, and an iron constitution; but both have departed.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Starkie, 1782-1840.

<sup>2</sup> Joseph Chitty, 1776-1841; author of treatises on "Pleading," "Criminal Law," &c.

. . . . At present he confines himself entirely to giving opinions on cases *stated*. Nobody sees him; and in this mighty human whirlpool he is literally unregarded and unknown. A few evenings since I dined in company with Lord Langdale, and took occasion to let him know that his sentiments concerning professional conduct had been regarded in America as a valuable contribution to the cause of professional morals. He appeared truly gratified. His Lordship is a liberal-minded man who takes an interest in jurisprudence. He regretted to find that in the State of New York they had so far adopted the English Chancery rules. He thinks we ought to abolish the distinction between Equity and Law as soon as possible.<sup>1</sup> Story's "Equity Pleading" is making its way; and Maxwell stands prepared to publish the second edition of the "Jurisprudence" as soon as he receives it. The "Bailments" has just been republished, with a most complimentary preface, — a preface full of warm admiration of the author. Kind regards to Mrs. Greenleaf, and thanks for her letter.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

---

TO PROFESSOR WILLIAM WHEWELL, LONDON.

2 VIGO STREET, JAN. 23, 1839.

DEAR MR. WHEWELL, — I am so knocked up with a cold that I shall not venture to your dinner to-day. Give me my own crystal weather, rather than your murky, foggy days, — freighted with colds, catarrhs, and death. I have caught three dismal colds in the space of six weeks; all which is a monition to me to run away, and get nearer to the sun. I shall, however, be in town when you return to wind up the Geological year, and hope to have the pleasure of again seeing you. Let me thank you now for your kindness, and assure you of the great pleasure it will always give me to think of the intercourse I have been so fortunate as to enjoy with you, and to cherish the hope of renewing it by welcoming you or any of your friends to America.

Believe me ever very sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

---

TO JUDGE STORY.

LONDON, JAN. 23, 1839.

MY DEAR JUDGE, — In my notes about the judges, I broke off without giving you the barons of the Exchequer. The successor of Allan Park has at last been appointed; it is the Right Honorable T. Erskine, the Chief Judge of the Bankruptcy Court.<sup>2</sup> It so happened that I dined in company with

<sup>1</sup> The distinction has been abolished in New York and many other States, but is still retained in Massachusetts.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Erskine, 1788-1864. He became Chief-Justice of the Court of Review in Bankruptcy in 1831, and a judge of the Common Pleas, Jan. 9, 1839, — resigning the latter office in 1844, on account of ill health.

Mr. Erskine at Baron Alderson's the day of his appointment. He is a very quiet, modest, and gentlemanly person; and these qualities, united to the great name he bears (he is the second son of *the* Erskine), make his appointment quite acceptable to the bar,—though they do not generally regard him as an addition to the strength of the bench; and his promotion does not devolve more business upon rising juniors, as would that of a prominent leader. Baron Parke, however, thinks his services will be valuable, and regards the appointment as an excellent one. Being the son of a Lord, and with the prefix of "Honorable," he will not be knighted, as the other judges are.

Passing to the Exchequer, we have, first, the Lord Chief-Baron, — Abinger.<sup>1</sup> You know his wonderful success at the bar,—confessedly the greatest advocate of his time, yet never eloquent, and supposed by all to be the most competent person possible for the bench; and in this opinion all would have persevered, *nisi regnasset*. He is the great failure of Westminster Hall. To his own incompetency he added last term a jealousy of Barons Alderson and Parke. He wants the judicial capacity: he was so old before he reached the bench that he could not assume new habits. I should, however, do him injustice, if I did not tell you that Mr. Maule — one of the first lawyers in Westminster Hall — told me that he was mending; that he had given up all idea of competing with Parke and Alderson in technical learning and subtlety, and seemed now to aim directly at the common sense of a case, — a habit quite valuable in a judge supported by such learned associates. In person Lord Abinger is large and rather full, or round: he is the largest judge on the bench. He has become a thorough Tory; and in society, I think, is cold and reserved. Brougham says that Scarlett was once speaking of Laplace's "*Mécanique Céleste*" at Holland House as a very easy matter; Brougham told him he could not read it, and doubted if he could do a sum in algebraical addition. One was put, and the future Lord Abinger failed; and, as Lord B. said, he did not know so much about it as a "pot-house boy." It was reported in Westminster Hall that arrangements were recently attempted to procure his retirement in favor of his son-in-law, the Attorney-General; but unsuccessfully.

Baron Parke<sup>2</sup> is the senior *puisse* judge. He is about fifty-six years old; is rather above the common size, quite erect, and with eyes the brightest I ever saw. He is always dressed with great care, and in the evening wears a blue coat and bright buttons, — which is also the dress of Lord Abinger and several other judges. He is a man of society, and succeeds to a remarkable extent in uniting a devotion to this with great attention to his elevated judicial duties. He is also not a little conceited and vain. Lady Parke is a person of remarkable personal attractions for her

<sup>1</sup> James Scarlett was born in Jamaica, in 1769; called to the bar in 1791; made Attorney-General in 1827; Chief-Baron of the Exchequer in Dec., 1834, and a peer the next month, as Baron Abinger. He presided in the Exchequer until his death in 1844. His failure as a judge was hardly less conspicuous than his success at the bar. Lord Brougham has given a sketch of him in his "*Autobiography*," Vol. III. Chap. xxviii.

<sup>2</sup> *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 321.

years. They have a daughter who goes with them into society, who is quite pretty. All have the reputation of being very fond of the highest society. You know Baron Parke from the books, as well as I. I think the profession place him at the head of the bench; the only two to be compared with him are Alderson and Patteson. Alderson is hasty and crotchety. Parke is also open, in some degree, to the same objection. He is not what you would call fluent on the bench; though there is no particular want of words. I think he could not have been eloquent at the bar. He is evidently a well-read *lawyer*; and yet he is not a *jurist*. You will understand my meaning. I know of but one *jurist* in Westminster Hall; and that is Charles Austin, — brother of John, — of whom I will speak by-and-by. I dined in company with Baron Parke a few days ago; and he told me he had just been reading your “Bailments,” which has been republished here.

Next is Baron Alderson.<sup>1</sup> He and Baron Parke were both of the Northern Circuit, which has given more judges than any other to Westminster Hall. Abinger, Parke, Alderson, Tindal, Coltman, Williams, and one other, — I forget which, — were all of this circuit. I have written you so much and often about Alderson that I have little to add. Like Parke, he is a Tory; I have heard them both called “bitter Tories.” He has not the air and manner of Parke. Indeed, he is *gauche*, and abrupt and uneven in his voice. He is an excellent scholar; and when at Cambridge he carried away at the same time the highest classical and mathematical prizes of the University, — a conjunction that has very rarely occurred. He is now about fifty, has light hair, and a high forehead. I have heard from him a higher display of the judicial talent than from any other judge in England. The bar, however, think him often unsafe. Some dislike him on account of his Toryism, others from pique and imagined personal coldness or insult. I think that he has more enemies — or, rather, more who call him hard names — than any other judge in Westminster Hall. Lady Alderson is a modest, quiet person, with a young family; she is the sister of Lady Gifford, — the dowager of the late Lord Gifford. It was to Baron Alderson that I was indebted for an introduction to the latter lady, and also to the Bishop of Durham.<sup>2</sup> Lockhart seems to be quite a friend of Alderson. I have always met him when I have been at the Baron’s. Alderson has a good deal of dry humor. It was he who said, on Brougham being made Lord Chancellor: “If his Lordship knew a *little law*, he would know a *little* of every thing.”

Of the other two barons of the Exchequer I literally know nothing. Baron Gurney<sup>3</sup> is old, and appears infirm. I never meet him or hear of him in society. On the bench he is always silent, and indeed is dead weight.

<sup>1</sup> *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 362.

<sup>2</sup> The Bishop — Dr. Maltby — was at one time the private tutor of Alderson.

<sup>3</sup> John Gurney, 1768–1845. He was called to the bar in 1793; assisted Erskine in the trials of Hardy and Horne Tooke; became, after a long training at the bar, a baron of the Exchequer in 1832, and resigned in 1845. His son, Russell Gurney, has been Recorder of London, and was, in 1871, a commissioner on behalf of Great Britain under the Treaty of Washington.

Baron Bolland<sup>1</sup> was taken ill shortly after my arrival, was obliged to give up his circuit, and has just resigned with his pension, — giving the Government a certificate of his being incurably incapacitated for service. This is a generous feature of the English Constitution, allowing a valuable public servant to retire with a pension after fifteen years of hard service, and at any time before, on the registration of a proper certificate of his incapacity. Of course, the bar are busy in speculating who will be the new baron. The place has been offered to Rolfe, the Solicitor-General; but he has declined it. It is supposed that Maule will have it.<sup>2</sup>

From the judges I pass to the leading members of the bar. In the courts of common law, the Attorney-General, Sir William Follett, and Serjeant Wilde stand first. Charles Austin's practice lies chiefly before committees of Parliament.

Sir John Campbell,<sup>3</sup> the Attorney-General, is a Scotchman by birth. He is now about fifty-eight. He has been a laborious, plodding man, and has succeeded by dint of industry and strong natural powers, unadorned by any of the graces. He has a marked Scotch accent still. He is a very powerful lawyer; but his manner is harsh and coarse, without delicacy or refinement. I think he is not much liked at the bar; though all bow to his powers. They call him "Jack Campbell." We pronounce his name wrong in America. All the letters, including the *b*, are pronounced; thus, Campbell, and not *Camell*, as we say. He was astonished when I told him that his "Reports" had been republished in America; and I thought he was not a little gratified. He has been quite kind to me, both in town and country. I visited him at Duddingstone House, and have received many civilities from him in London.

Sir William Follett<sup>4</sup> is truly a lovable person; and one great secret of his early success has been his amiability. He is about forty-two, and is still youthful in manners and conduct. As a speaker he is fluent, clear, and dis-

<sup>1</sup> William Bolland, 1772-1840. He was called to the bar in 1801, became a judge of the Exchequer in 1829, and resigned in 1839. He was more versed in common law than in other departments. He delighted in old books and coins, and generally in whatever was ancient and rare.

<sup>2</sup> Bolland resigned in Jan., 1839; Maule, who was appointed in his place in March, was transferred to the Common Pleas in November.

<sup>3</sup> John Campbell, 1781-1861; *ante*, Vol. I. p. 332. He was called to the bar in 1806, appointed Solicitor-General and knighted in 1832; was Attorney-General, with a brief interval, from 1834 to 1841; a parliamentary leader from 1830 to 1841, when he was made a peer, and Lord Chancellor of Ireland. From 1846 to 1850 he was a member of the Cabinet; became Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench, succeeding Lord Denman, in 1850, and was Lord Chancellor from 1859 until his death. Beyond his own country he is most widely known as the author of the "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," and of the "Lives of the Chief-Justices." Lord Denman, when resigning as Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench, was much averse to the appointment of Lord Campbell as his successor. "Life of Lord Denman," Vol. II. pp. 228-231. Some of Lord Campbell's notes, inviting Sumner to be his guest, are preserved; also a note thanking him for information in relation to commitments by Congress and the State Legislatures being questioned in the courts, — probably with reference to the case of *Stockdale v. Hansard*. Sumner met Lord Campbell in London in 1857, and visited him the same year at his seat, Hartridge House.

<sup>4</sup> *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 332.



tinct, with a beautiful and harmonious voice. He seems to have a genius for law: when it comes to the stating a law point and its argument, he is at home, and goes on without let or hindrance, or any apparent exertion. His business is immense; and he receives many briefs which he hardly reads before he rises in court. His income is probably fifteen thousand pounds. Strange thing in the history of the bar, he is equally successful in the House of Commons, where I have heard them call for "Follett, Follett!" and here he shows a parliamentary eloquence of no common kind, and also wins by his attractive manner. He is the great favorite of the Tories, and, in the event of their return to power, would be Lord Chancellor, — a leap wonderful to take, but which, all seem to agree, would be allowed to him. In the event of the death of Sir Robert Peel, — such is the favor to him, — I think he might become the leader of the Tories in the Commons, if he would consent, which is not at all probable. I do not think his politics are founded on much knowledge. Circumstances have thrown him into the Tory ranks, where he will doubtless continue. He has little or no information out of his profession, — seems not to have read or thought much, and yet is always an agreeable companion. I feel an attachment for him, so gentle and kind have I always found him.

Serjeant Wilde<sup>1</sup> is different from both of these. He commenced as an attorney; and Mr. Justice Vaughan has told me that he has held more than a hundred briefs from him. After his entrance to the profession, he was guilty of one of those moral delinquencies which are so severely visited in England. I have heard the story, but have forgotten it. In some way, he took advantage of a trust relation, and purchased for himself. He was at once banished from the Circuit table.<sup>2</sup> A long life of laborious industry, attended by the greatest success, has not yet placed him in communion with the bar; and it is supposed that he can never hope for any of those offices by which talents and success like his are usually rewarded. I think it, however, not improbable that the Government, in their anxiety to avail themselves of his great powers, may forget the past; but society will not. He does not mingle with the bar, — or, if he does, it is with downcast eyes, and with a look which seems to show that he feels himself out of place. He is the most industrious person at the English bar, — being at his chambers often till two o'clock in the morning, and at work again by six o'clock. His arguments are all elaborated with the greatest care; and he comes to court with a minute of every case that can bear upon the matter in question. In the Common Pleas he is supreme, and is said to exercise a great influence

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Wilde, 1782-1855. At the bar, he was noted for his industry and fidelity to his clients. He was assistant counsel in the defence of Queen Caroline; entered Parliament in 1831, where he was the steady supporter of the Liberal party; became Solicitor-General in 1840, Attorney-General in 1841, Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas in 1846, and Lord Chancellor in 1850, — when he was raised to the peerage, with the title of Baron Truro. He retired from office in 1852. Sumner dined with him in Dec., 1838.

<sup>2</sup> Life of Lord Denman, Vol. I. p. 124, where the offence seems to be stated as one of a different character.

over Lord Chief-Justice Tindal. He once explained to me the secret of his success: he said that he thoroughly examined all his cases, and, if he saw that a case was bad, in the strongest language he advised its adjustment; if it was good, he made himself a perfect master of it. He is engaged in every cause in the Common Pleas. In person he is short and stout, and has a vulgar face. His voice is not agreeable; but his manner is singularly energetic and intense, — reminding me in this respect of Webster more than any other person at the English bar. If you take this into consideration in connection with his acknowledged talents and his persevering industry, you will not be at a loss to account for his great success. I have been told that he was once far from being fluent; but now he expresses himself with the greatest ease. His language has none of the charms of literature; but it is correct, expressive, and to the purpose. In manners, — to his friends, — he seems warm and affable. To me he has shown much volunteer kindness. I have conversed with him on some points of professional conduct, and found him entertaining very elevated views. He told me that he should never hesitate to cite a case that bore against him, if he thought the court and the opposite counsel were not aware of it at the moment.

In this connection I must speak of Charles Austin,<sup>1</sup> who is of the common

<sup>1</sup> The career of Charles Austin, to whom Sumner refers in his letters in terms of great admiration, is unique. He was a lawyer, but never a judge. His specialty in the profession did not connect his name with celebrated causes, and he retired from it so early that at the time of his death, — Dec. 21, 1874, at the age of seventy-five, — he had been almost forgotten by his generation. He never entered Parliament, — a body to which men of his character and tastes are usually attracted. He was not an author, writing neither books nor pamphlets, but only a few articles for Reviews, the subjects and dates of which he could not in his later life recall. His name finds no place in biographical dictionaries; but the biographies of John Stuart Mill and Lord Macaulay will save it from oblivion.

Charles Austin, the younger brother of John, was, while a student at Cambridge, the youthful champion of Jeremy Bentham's utilitarian philosophy. In a group of young men, several of whom achieved distinction, he was, in conversation and in the contests of the Union Debating Society, without a peer. Such is the testimony of one so purely intellectual as Mr. Mill. He "shone with great *éclat* as a man of intellect, and a brilliant orator and converser," "the really influential mind among these intellectual gladiators." "He continued, after leaving the University, to be by his conversation and personal ascendancy a leader among the same class of young men who had been his associates there." "The impression he gave us was that of boundless strength, together with talents which combined with such apparent force of will and character seemed capable of dominating the world. Those who knew him, whether friendly to him or not, always anticipated that he would play a conspicuous part in public life." "Autobiography" of J. S. Mill, pp. 76-79, 118, 124, 126.

At the University, Austin "certainly was the only man who ever succeeded in dominating Macaulay." "With his vigor and fervor," says the historian's biographer, "his depth of knowledge and breadth of humor, his close reasoning illustrated by an expansive imagination, set off as these gifts were by the advantage, at that period of life so irresistible, of some experience of the world at home and abroad, — Austin was indeed a king among his fellows." — Trevelyan's "Life of Lord Macaulay," Vol. I. Chap. II.; Vol. II. Chap. XIV.; "Edinburgh Review," April, 1876, p. 548.

The promises of Austin's youth were not fulfilled, though his professional success in a certain direction was remarkable. He became the leader of the Parliamentary bar in its most flourishing period, — that of great railway enterprises, — and his income, which was at its highest in 1847, has no parallel in the history of the profession. The fear

law bar, though he practises chiefly before Parliamentary committees. He has just sprung into an income of fifteen thousand pounds. He is about forty-two years old, and is a bachelor. He is the brother of John Austin. I think Charles Austin the only *jurist* at the English bar. It is only recently that he has arrived at his present position, and he has employed his time in liberal studies as well as upon the law. He was one of the editors of the "Retrospective Review." He is a fine speaker, — clear, distinct, intelligent. In conversation he is very interesting, full of knowledge, information, literature, and power of argument. In politics he is a decided, but rational, liberal. In the event of Lord Durham coming to power, or any more liberal government, he will be Attorney-General or Lord Chancellor. If he has health, there is a great future before him. He is admirably informed about America, and will probably visit us next summer. He will be glad to see you. I have heard him say that he thought you the first judge and jurist of the day. Take him all in all, and I cannot hesitate to place him before Follett. In my next I shall continue my sketch of the common law barristers, and then shall carry you before the Lord Chancellor.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

---

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

LONDON, Feb. 4, 1839.

DEAR HILLARD, — I wish you to do me the favor to send Brownson's tracts, and his Review for the first year, — in short all the publications that contain any thing of his philosophy, — to Rev. Professor Whewell, Athenæum Club, London. The latter is a friend of mine, and is now engaged on an extensive philosophical work.

In my last I wrote you that Prescott's book had been reviewed in the "Edinburgh." The author is Mr. Gayangos, a Spaniard and great friend of Lord Holland. He also wrote the article on the Moors in the "London and

of him brought him many briefs from clients, merely to prevent his appearance against them; and the story is told of his being asked, when riding in Hyde Park on one of the busiest days of the session, "What in the world are you doing here, Austin?" and his answering, "I am doing equal justice to all my clients." With health impaired, and surfeited, it is said, with success, he retired in 1848, at the age of forty-nine, to an estate in Suffolk, Brandeston Hall, Wickham Market; and from that time until his death lived a life of seclusion, — its monotony relieved only by neighborly offices, and by service as magistrate at the Quarter Sessions of East Suffolk. — "Pall Mall Budget," Jan. 2, 1875. Sumner writing to Mrs. Grote, Nov. 3, 1873, and referring to persons mentioned in her recent "Life" of her husband, said: "I was glad to read of Charles Austin, whose talk I always placed, as you do, foremost. Why does he not appear in Parliament?" Mrs. Grote calls him "the first of conversers." — "The Personal Life of George Grote," pp. 42, 139, 154, 155, 254. Greville speaks of him as a "lawyer, clever man, and Radical," ch. xviii. June 18, 1832. His characteristics and his habits in retirement are described in the "Fortnightly Review," March 1, 1875, Vol. XXIII. pp. 321-338. In our Civil War he took the side of the Government against the Rebellion.

Foreign Quarterly," for January. My friend, Henry Reeve,<sup>1</sup> the editor of this Review during the absence of John Kemble (now in Germany for his health), wished me to call Mr. Prescott's attention to the latter article. The note at page sixty or seventy about Prescott's book is written by Reeve. I have been pressing Reeve to review the work at length in his journal, and he would like to do so very much if he could find a competent critic. He has read the work with the greatest pleasure. I dined last evening with Edward Romilly<sup>2</sup> (the son of Sir Samuel): there were only Lord Lausdowne, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Hallam, Mr. Wickham, Mrs. Marcet, and myself; and the conversation turned upon this book. To-night I dined with Mr. Ord,<sup>3</sup> an old stager in Parliament, who fought under the leadership of Fox.

To-morrow Parliament meets. Through the kind interference of Lord Morpeth, I am to have a place to hear the Queen's speech; and the Speaker has given me the *entrée* of the House of Commons at all times.

Lord Brougham has given me his full-bottom Lord-Chancellor's wig,<sup>4</sup> in which he made his great speech on the Reform Bill. Such a wig costs twelve guineas; and then, the associations of it! In America it will be like Rabelais' gown.

Ever yours,

C. S.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

TRAVELLERS', Feb. 16, 1839.

DEAR HILLARD, — Perhaps this is my last greeting from London; and yet it is hard to tear myself away, so connected by friendship and by social ties have I become with this great circle; and I will not venture to write down the day when I shall leave. My last was a volume rather than a letter; and I have again such stores to communicate as to call for another volume. Parliament is now open, and I have been a constant attendant; but I will first tell you of its opening and of the speech of the Queen.<sup>5</sup> I was accommodated through the kindness of Lord Morpeth with a place at the bar, — perhaps it was the best place occupied by any person not in court dress. Behind me was the Prince Louis Bonaparte.<sup>6</sup> It was a splendid sight, as at the coronation, to watch the peeresses as they took their seats in full dress, resplendent with jewels and costly ornaments; and from the smallness of the room all were within a short distance. The room of the House of Lords is a little longer but not so wide as our College Chapel, at Cam-

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Reeve, who was born in 1813, was at one time the editor of the "Edinburgh Review," and has translated Tocqueville's "Democracy in America." He has been for some years Registrar of the Privy Council. Sumner dined with him in 1839, at Chapel Street, Belgrave Square; and, in 1857, breakfasted with him in company with the French princes. His recollections of Sumner are given, *ante*, Vol. I. p. 305.

<sup>2</sup> 1804-1870.

<sup>3</sup> William Ord.

<sup>4</sup> For many years kept at the Harvard Law School.

<sup>5</sup> Feb. 5, 1839. Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, Third Series, Vol. XLV. p. 2.

<sup>6</sup> Napoleon III., then an exile.

bridge. The Queen entered, attended by the great officers of state, with her heavy crown on her head, the great guns sounding, and the trumpets adding to the glow of the scene. She took her seat with sufficient dignity, and in an inaudible voice directed the Commons to be summoned. In the mean time, all eyes were directed to her. Her countenance was flushed, her hands moved on the golden arms of the throne, and her fingers twitched in her gloves. There she was, a Queen; but a Queen's nerves and heart are those of a woman, and she showed that little nervousness and restlessness which amply vindicated her sympathy with us all. And yet she bore herself well, and many, whose eyes were not as observing as you know mine are, did not note these pleasing tokens. I was glad to see them, more by far than if she had sat as if cut in alabaster. The Commons came in with a thundering rush, their Speaker at their head. Her Majesty then commenced reading her speech which had been previously handed to her by the Lord Chancellor. It was a quarter or a third through before she seemed to get her voice so that I could understand her. In the paragraph about Belgium, I first caught all that she said, and every word of the rest of her speech came to me in as silver accents as I have ever heard. You well know I had no predisposition to admire the Queen, or any thing that proceeds from her; but her reading has conquered my judgment. I was astonished and delighted. Her voice was sweet, and finely modulated, and she pronounced every word slowly and distinctly, with a just regard to its meaning. I think I have never heard any thing better read in my life than was her speech; and I could but respond to Lord Fitzwilliam's remark to me when the ceremony was over, "How beautifully she performs!" This was the first sovereign's speech he had ever heard. In the evening the Lords met for business, and the Lord Chancellor read the speech to the House: but how unlike that of the girl Queen was the reading of the learned Lord! You remember Wilkes's comparison: it is too unsavory, however, for this connection. In the evening's debate Brougham was wonderful. Lord Holland had placed me on the steps of the throne, so that I saw and heard with every advantage. Brougham spoke for an hour and a half or two hours. His topics were various, his spirits high, his mastery of every note in the wide music of the human voice complete, and his command of words the greatest I have ever known. Add then, the brimful house interrupting him with vociferous applause, and old Wellington nodding his head, and adding his cheer. You will read his speech, but the report is utterly inadequate. I have heard many say that they thought it the best speech in point of eloquence and effect they ever heard. The thunders he hurled at O'Connell seemed blasting, and the Tory benches, which were crowded to excess, almost rent the walls with their cheers. Then followed the funeral oration on Lord Norbury,<sup>1</sup> and —

"He changed his hand and checked his pride;"

his voice fell from its high invective to a funeral note, and we almost saw the lengthened train that followed the murdered nobleman to the tomb

<sup>1</sup> Earl Norbury was murdered in the demesne of his seat, Durrow Abbey, Jan. 3, 1839.

passing through the House. I will not carry this description farther; for I cannot give you such an idea as I could wish without taking more time than I have to spare. The next morning I was in Lord Brougham's study, and we were speaking of the debate. I suggested to him a blunder which the Duke of Wellington had committed in his speech, when he alluded to the case of Spain and Portugal as analogous to that of Canada and the United States; a blunder pregnant with the double error of fact and of the law of nations. Brougham said that I was right in the view I took. The report will not let you fully see, I think, the Duke's mistake; for it is quite curtailed. Brougham told me that I should have heard a good debate if Lansdowne had not spoken "so damned stupidly;" for, if he had said any thing worth replying to, Copley would have spoken. We then passed to other things, and spoke, as we often have before, of *versification*. I expressed to him my admiration of Johnny Williams's Epigram on Napoleon, and told him that I thought it compared well with that on Themistocles in the Anthology. He said the latter was very fine; that he thought, however, there were others in the Anthology better, but that the Marquis of Wellesley was of a different opinion on this point, and that the Marquis was a much higher authority than himself on these matters. He then repeated to me Williams's lines on the Apollo, and took up his pen and wrote them down for me without referring to any copy, and as fast as I write English.<sup>1</sup> I have the lines in Brougham's Greek autograph, and shall send them home. As I was leaving, he said: "You are still at 14 Vigo St.?" — "No," said I, "I was never there: it is No. 2." "Why," said he, with an oath, "I have got you down in my address book, No. 14." He has given me a standing invitation to see him in his study any morning before two o'clock. I wish that I could believe in Brougham. All who best know him distrust his word. He said to me that his mother had written to him several times making inquiries about me, and expressing a kind interest for me. If I could believe this, I should feel more gratified than by any notice or compliment I have received in England. To think that I am remembered by that venerable, good, and great woman, is a pleasure indeed.

I hardly know what dinner, or form of society, to describe to you. I have already sent you some account of almost every circle. Every day still brings its contribution of invitations, and proffered hospitality. This week, I have been obliged to decline three different invitations from the Marquis of Lansdowne, three from Samuel Rogers, one from Lord Langdale, Barry Cornwall, &c. One of the pleasantest dinners I ever enjoyed was with Mrs. Norton.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> They are among the autographs bequeathed by Sumner to the Library of Harvard College.

<sup>2</sup> Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Sheridan, poet and novelist, daughter of Thomas Sheridan, granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was born in 1808, and married, in 1827, to George Chapple Norton, the Recorder of Guildford, a union which ended unhappily. In 1836, she was accused of criminal intimacy with Lord Melbourne, then prime minister, who, however, prevailed in a suit brought by her husband. Greville's "Memoirs," Chap. XXI. May 11, 25, and June 27, 1836. She married, March 1, 1877, Sir William Stirling (Maxwell), author of works on Spanish history and literature, who was her junior by ten years, and died the June following. Sumner met her in 1857, and found her then "as beautiful as ever."

She now lives with her uncle, Mr. Charles Sheridan, who is a bachelor. We had a small company, — old Edward Ellice; Fonblanque, whose writings you so much admire; Hayward; Phipps, the brother of the Marquis Normanby; Lady Seymour, the sister of Mrs. Norton, and Lady Graham, the wife of Sir John Graham; and Mrs. Phipps. All of these are very clever people. Ellice is the person whose influence is said, more than that of all other men, to keep the present ministry in power. Fonblanque<sup>1</sup> is harsh looking, rough in voice and manner, but talks with the same knowledge and sententious brilliancy with which he writes. But the women were by far more remarkable than the men. I unhesitatingly say that they were the four most beautiful, clever, and accomplished women I have ever seen together. The beauty of Mrs. Norton has never been exaggerated. It is brilliant and refined. Her countenance is lighted by eyes of the intensest brightness, and her features are of the greatest regularity. There is something tropical in her look; it is so intensely bright and burning, with large dark eyes, dark hair, and Italian complexion. And her conversation is so pleasant and powerful without being masculine, or rather it is masculine without being mannish; there is the grace and ease of the woman with a strength and skill of which any man might well be proud. Mrs. Norton is about twenty-eight years old, and is, I believe, a grossly slandered woman. She has been a woman of fashion, and has received many attentions which doubtless she would have declined had she been brought up under the advice of a mother; but which we may not wonder she did not decline, circumstanced as she was. It will be enough for you, and I doubt not you will be happy to hear it of so remarkable and beautiful a woman, that I believe her entirely innocent of the grave charges that have been brought against her. I count her one of the brightest intellects I have ever met. I whisper in your ear what is not to be published abroad, that she is the unsaid author of a tract which has just been published on the "Infant Custody Bill," and purports to be by "Pearce Stevenson, Esq.," a *nom de guerre*. I think it is one of the most remarkable things from the pen of a woman. The world here does not suspect her, but supposes that the tract is the production of some grave barrister. It is one of the best discussions of a legislative matter I have ever read. I should have thought Mrs. Norton the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, if her sister, Lady Seymour,<sup>2</sup> had not been present. I think that Lady Seymour is generally considered the more beautiful. Her style of beauty is unlike Mrs. Norton's; her features are smaller, and her countenance lighter and more English. In any other drawing-room she would have been deemed quite clever and accomplished, but Mrs. Norton's claims to these last characteristics are so pre-eminent as

<sup>1</sup> Albany W. Fonblanque, 1797-1872; an early contributor to the "Westminster Review," editor of the "Examiner," — a weekly newspaper, — from 1823 to 1846, and appointed, in 1852, director of the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade. Greville thought him "a very agreeable man." "Memoirs," Chap. XXXI, March 12, 1836.

<sup>2</sup> Jane Georgiana, youngest daughter of Thomas Sheridan, was married, in 1830, to Edward Adolphus, — Lord Seymour, — who became Duke of Somerset on his father's death, in 1865.

to dwarf the talents and attainments of others of her sex who are by her side. Lady Seymour has no claim to literary distinction. The homage she receives is offered to her beauty, and her social position. Lady Graham is older than these; while Mrs. Phipps is younger. These two were only inferior in beauty to Mrs. Norton and Lady Seymour. In such society you may suppose the hours flew on rosy pinions. It was after midnight when we separated.

I will not tell you of dinners or parties with peers or others, who have no particular interest attached to them except a high social position; but come to an incident. At breakfast at Mr. Senior's, a few mornings after the Duke of Wellington's attack on our country, I met a person who was quite brilliant and clever in conversation, and who, in a manner almost rude, — well knowing that I was an American, — followed up the Duke's attack on our country. I never introduce American topics in conversation, but never shun them when introduced by others. I had a passage with him which was, for a moment, slightly unpleasant. I did not know who my opponent was. When we rose from the breakfast-table, he came to me very cordially, and said that he was to write a review of Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella" for the "Quarterly," and he should like to converse with me about the author, the book, its reception in America, and the style of review that would best please the author and our country. When he had said this, I knew that he was Mr. Ford.<sup>1</sup> I gave him my card, and he has since called upon me, and discussed the subject at great length. He is a high Tory, who frankly says that he detests republics, and likes the government of Austria better than that of any country, and should be pleased to see it established in England. He has passed several years in Spain, living in Granada, and has made Spanish history and literature a particular study. He married a daughter of the Earl of Essex, and has a very nice place near Exeter, which he has adorned with buildings in the Spanish style. I met him in the same frank way in which he had met me, and at once suggested to him that now was a fair occasion for the "Quarterly Review," in an article on Prescott, to make the *amende honorable* to America for its past conduct, and to present a criticism that should do not a little to banish some of the harsh feelings that still existed in the United States toward the Tory journal. He professed his willingness to do all this; and to this end consulted me most minutely, with pencil and paper in his hands, with regard to the points that he might urge. He was disposed to have a page or two of fun about Prescott's Americanisms, of which he says (and Milnes has also told me the same) there are about twenty, chiefly in the notes. To this I simply suggested: "Be sure that they are Americanisms, and not English words, the use of which is forgotten here but preserved with us; and consider if some of the words as *locate* (which I detest myself) are not fairly vindicated by their significance."

<sup>1</sup> Richard Ford, 1796-1858; author of "Handbook for Spain" and "Gatherings from Spain." He visited Spain in 1830, and lived in that country for several years. From 1836 to 1857 he was a contributor to the "Quarterly Review." His article on Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella" is in that Review for Jan., 1839, Vol. LXIV. p. 1-58. He proved to be a less friendly critic than Sumner had hoped.



He also wished to have a page of fun about American titles; and the text for this was the dedication to the *Hon.* William Prescott. "What right," he asked, "has Mr. Prescott to this title?" I confessed that there was a ridiculous prevalence of titles in America; but submitted that comment on them, in a grave article on Spanish history, would be out of place, and particularly it would be unjust to hang it upon Judge Prescott, whose merits richly deserved the title, and would have carried him without doubt to some equivalent distinction had he been born in England. I think he adopted my view. Wishing not to claim too much for Prescott, I said: "I presume you will rate his book as high as Watson's 'Philip,'" — though you know I place it infinitely before that. Ford promptly said: "I place it before Robertson, and I shall say so in my article." He then gave me a sketch of his article, which he will begin by a description of the tomb at Granada; and in the course of it serve the Tory purpose of his journal by a comparison between the Great Captain and the Duke of Wellington. He wished it to be known that, if it contained no humor or satire, it wouldn't be because he could not deal in those things; and carefully told me that he wrote the articles on Puckler Muskau,<sup>1</sup> and the Spanish Bull-Fight.<sup>2</sup> The article will be in the July number. Our acquaintance, which commenced in a harsh personal argument, ripened so that I received from Ford a cordial invitation to visit him at his country-place and enjoy his Spanish buildings. Emboldened by our conversation, I took the liberty of addressing him a long letter on what I thought would be the proper tone of the article, and suggesting to him some matters about American literature; to which I have a letter in reply. This I shall send to you; and you may give it to Prescott, if you see fit. It contains Ford's written opinion about his book, of which he may well be proud. Since seeing Ford I have met Pascual de Gayangos,<sup>3</sup> the author of the article in the "Edinburgh Review."<sup>4</sup> I met him at a dinner at Adolphus's, where also was Macaulay, just returned from Italy.<sup>5</sup> Gayangos, you know, is a Spaniard, and was Professor of Arabic at Madrid. He is a fine-looking person, with well-trimmed *moustaches*, and has married a talkative English wife. He is about forty, and has a proper Spanish gravity. We talked a great deal of Prescott's book; and he seemed never to tire in commending it. He voluntarily explained to me the reason for the absence of certain things in his article. As a foreigner, he was unwilling to commend the style which he admired, for fear of its being said that he was no judge of such things;

<sup>1</sup> Quarterly Review, July, 1837, Vol. LIX. pp. 134-164, — "Semilasso in Africa. By Prince Pückler Muskau."

<sup>2</sup> Quarterly Review, Oct., 1838, Vol. LXII. pp. 385-424, — "Spanish Bull-Feasts and Bull-Fights."

<sup>3</sup> He was born at Seville, in 1809; studied in Paris under Silvestre de Sacy; published in English a "History of the Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain;" translated into Spanish Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature;" and assisted Mr. Prescott in his historical researches. In a note of Feb. 22, 1839, he invited Sumner to breakfast with him at 1 Woburn Buildings, Tavistock Square, saying: "I will give you a scholar's cup of tea and plenty of literary resources to regale your sight with."

<sup>4</sup> Jan., 1839, Vol. LXVIII. pp. 376-405.

<sup>5</sup> He arrived in London early in February, having left for Italy the October previous

and he abstained from comparing it with any other English history on the same ground. He thought Prescott was too much in love with Isabella, and that his researches had stopped short with regard to the Moors. But Gayangos, perhaps, is too much in love with the Moors; he has devoted a great deal of time apparently to the study of their memorials, and is preparing something for publication with regard to them. He has been a great mouser in manuscripts, and says that he has some which would be very useful to Mr. Prescott, and which are entirely at his service. Among these is a collection of letters from the Great Captain. He has invited me to examine his treasures; but I fear that I shall fail in time.

At dinner Adolphus was as quiet as usual, — you know him as the friend of Scott, — and Macaulay was truly oppressive. I now understand Sydney Smith, who called Macaulay a tremendous machine for colloquial oppression. His memory is prodigious, surpassing any thing I have ever known, and he pours out its stores with an instructive but dinning prodigality. He passes from the minutest dates of English history or biography to a discussion of the comparative merits of different ancient orators, and gives you whole strophes from the dramatists at will. He can repeat every word of every article he has written, without prompting: but he has neither grace of body, face, nor voice; he is without intonation or variety; and he pours on like Horace's river, while we, poor rustics, foolishly think he will cease; and if you speak, he does not respond to what you say, but, while your last words are yet on your lips, takes up again his wondrous tale. He will not confess ignorance of any thing, though I verily believe that no man would ever have less occasion to make the confession. I have heard him called the most remarkable person of his age; and again the most overrated one. You will see that he has not left upon me an entirely agreeable impression; still I confess his great and magnificent attainments and powers.<sup>1</sup> I wish he had more address in using them, and more deference for others. It is uncertain what he will do; he is now to a certain extent independent, with thirty thousand pounds, the spoils of India, — and fifteen thousand pounds, the legacy of a recently deceased uncle. Ministers have tried to bring him into Parliament, and to induce him to take office; but he stipulates for a seat in the Cabinet, which they, foolishly I think, are unwilling to grant: there are reports that at Easter this arrangement will be brought about. It was nearly one o'clock at night when we separated. I have several times seen in society your correspondent, Taylor,<sup>2</sup> but without becoming acquainted. At Lady Davy's we were introduced. I at once told him that I had a near friend who had received a letter from him. He had received your letter, and wished me to say to you that he should be most happy to see you if you should ever visit England.

<sup>1</sup> Greville, in his "Memoirs," Chap. XXX., Feb. 9, 1836, gives a description of Macaulay's conversation at this time, not unlike Sumner's. But he adds a note, in 1850, saying that then Macaulay was "a marvellous, an unrivalled (in his way), and a delightful talker."

<sup>2</sup> Henry Taylor.

MARCH 1, 1839.

Since my last date, I have dined with Lord Brougham. We had Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Stuart De Rothesay,<sup>1</sup> Lord Denman, and Charles Phillips — of Irish eloquence. I should not forget Lady Brougham, — a large-featured, rather coarse-looking woman, — who of course presided at her own table. In the drawing-room, before we went down to dinner, appeared the daughter, the wretched representative of this great man. She is now seventeen, tall, and with features resembling her father's, even to the nose; but ill-health has set its mark upon her. She entered the room with short and careful steps, so as not to add to the palpitation of the heart with which she is afflicted, and in her motion very much reminded me of the appearance of a person who is carrying a vessel full of water which he is anxious not to spill. Her lips and cheeks are blue, which is caused by her strange disease, under the influence of which one of the bloods becomes stagnant in the system. It was one of the most melancholy sights I have for a long time beheld, and threw a gloom upon all present. I think I have never seen a woman in such apparent ill-health; and yet her father carries her to assemblies and parties, that she may see the world, thinking this may have a good effect upon her health; and one of the newspapers, chroniclers of fashion, has this day announced, as one of the youthful *débutantes* of the season in the world of fashion, "the Hon. Miss Brougham." To all who have seen her, such an announcement seems like hanging a garland over one who is dying. On entering the room, she sank on a divan in the centre, and her father came to her and kissed her. He loves her well, and watches her tenderly. When dinner was announced, he stood before his child, as if to intimate that she would not be handed down, and we passed on. She was not at table. In the dining-room are four beautiful marble busts of Pitt, Fox, Newton, and Lord Brougham's mother; also a beautiful piece of sculpture, — Mercury charming Argus to sleep. Lord Lyndhurst<sup>2</sup> has just returned from the Continent, where he has been for many months, so that this was my first meeting with him. Lord Brougham presented me in the quiet way in which this always takes place in English society, — "Mr. Sumner; one of our profession," — without saying of what country I was. We had been at table an hour or more before he was aware that I was an American. I alluded to America and Boston, and also to Lord Lyndhurst's relations there, with regard to whom Lord Brougham had inquired, when Lyndhurst said: "When were you in Boston?" "It is my native place," I replied. "Then we are fellow-townsmen," said he, with a most emphatic knock on the table, and something like an oath. He left Boston, he told me, when a year old. I was afterwards

<sup>1</sup> 1779-1845; grandson of the third Earl of Bute, and at one time English ambassador at Paris.

<sup>2</sup> John Singleton Copley, 1772-1863; son of the painter, and born in Boston, Mass.; entered Parliament in 1818; became Solicitor-General in 1819; was a prosecutor of Queen Caroline; became Attorney-General in 1824 and Master of the Rolls in 1826; was created Lord Chancellor and raised to the peerage as Baron Lyndhurst in 1827; resigned the great seal with a change of ministry, in 1830; was appointed Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer in 1831; Lord Chancellor again in 1834, and still again in 1841, and resigned the great seal in 1846. He was, during his life, devoted to the Tory or Conservative party.

betrayed by the frankness of his manner into saying the rudest thing I have to my knowledge uttered in England. Brougham asked me the meaning and etymology of the word "caucus." I told him that it was difficult to assign any etymology that was satisfactory; but the most approved one referred its origin to the very town where Lord Lyndhurst was born, and to the very period of his birth, — in this remark alluding to his *age*, which I was not justified in doing, especially as he wears a chestnut wig. Lord Brougham at once stopped me. "Yes," said he, "we know what period you refer to, — about 1798." "Somewhere in the latter part of that century," I replied, anxious to get out of the scrape as well as I could by such a generality. I was gratified by Lyndhurst's calling upon me a few days afterwards, because it showed that he had not been disturbed by my unintentional impertinence. The style of intercourse between Lyndhurst and Brougham, these two ex-Chancellors, was delightful. It was entirely familiar. "Copley, a glass of wine with you." He always called him "Copley." And pointing out an exquisite gold cup in the centre of the table, he said: "Copley, see what you would have had if you had supported the Reform Bill." It was a cup given to Lord Brougham by a penny subscription of the people of England. It was very amusing to hear them both join in abuse of O'Connell, while Charles Phillips entertained us with his Irish reminiscences of the "Agitator," and of his many barefaced lies. "A damned rascal," said Lyndhurst, while Brougham echoed the phrase, and did not let it lose an added epithet. This dinner was on Sunday. On the next Sunday I was invited by Lady Blessington<sup>1</sup> to meet these same persons; but I was engaged to dine at Lord Wharnccliffe's, and so did not get to her Ladyship's till about eleven o'clock. As I entered her brilliant drawing-room, she came forward to receive me with that bewitching manner and skilful flattery which still give her such influence. "Ah, Mr. Sumner," said she, "how sorry I am that you are so late! Two of your friends have just left us, — Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham; they have been pronouncing your *éloge*." She was, of course, the only lady present; and she was surrounded by D'Orsay, Bulwer, Disraeli, Duncombe, the Prince Napoleon, and two or three lords. Her house is a palace of Armida, about two miles from town. It once belonged to Wilberforce. The rooms are furnished in the most brilliant French style, and flame with costly silks, mirrored doors, bright lights, and golden ornaments. But Lady Blessington is the chief ornament. The world says she is about fifty-eight; by her own confession she must be over fifty, and yet she seems hardly forty: at times I might believe her twenty-five. She was dressed with the greatest care and richness. Her conversation was various, elegant, and sparkling, with here and there a freedom which seemed to mark her intercourse as confined to men. She has spoken with me on a former occasion about Willis, whom she still likes. She would have been happy to continue to invite him to her house, but she could

<sup>1</sup> Countess of Blessington, 1789–1849. She lived at Gore House, Kensington, from 1836 to April 14, 1849; and, being pressed by creditors, left for Paris, where she died, June 4, following. — "Autobiography of John F. Chorley," Vol. I. pp. 173–178.

find no persons who would meet him. She thought some of his little poems exquisite. Indeed, she spoke of him in a way that would please him. I did not venture to introduce his name, for fear of stepping on forbidden ground; but she volunteered to speak of him. Count d'Orsay<sup>1</sup> surpasses all my expectations. He is the divinity of dandies; in another age he would have passed into the court of the gods, and youths would have sacrificed to the God of Fashion. He is handsome, refined, gallant, and intelligent. I have seen notes or letters from him, both in French and English, which are some of the cleverest I have ever read; and in conversation, whether French or English, he is excessively brilliant. Barry Cornwall, who is very simple in his tastes and habits, thinks D'Orsay a very remarkable person. Both he and Lady Blessington offered me letters for Italy. Into the moral character of these persons I do not enter, for I know nothing. Lady Blessington is never received anywhere; but she has about her Lords Wellesley, Lyndhurst, Brougham, Durham, &c., and many others less known on our side of the sea. You may suppose that I made no advance to Bulwer<sup>2</sup> or Disraeli,<sup>3</sup> and we did not exchange words. An evening or two afterwards I sat opposite Bulwer at dinner. It was at my friend Milnes's, where we had a small but very pleasant company, — Bulwer, Macaulay, Hare<sup>4</sup> (called Italian Hare), O'Brien, and Monteith. I sat next to Macaulay, and opposite Bulwer; and I must confess that it was a relief from the incessant ringing of Macaulay's voice to hear Bulwer's lisping, slender, and effeminate tones. I liked Bulwer better than I wished. He talked with sense and correctness, though without brilliancy or force. His wife is on the point of publishing a novel, called "Cheveley; or, The Man of Honor," in which are made revelations with regard to her quarrels with her husband. She goes to the theatre, which is now echoing with the applause of his new play (the most successful one of the age, it is said), and attracts the attention of the whole house by her expressions of disapprobation.

There is some new evidence which tends to show that Francis was the author of "Junius." I find that most people here believe Sir Philip to be the man. That is Lord Lansdowne's opinion. He told me that it was a mistake to suppose that the late Lord Grenville knew any thing about the authorship. Lord Grenville had solemnly assured him that he was entirely ignorant with respect to it. You must observe that Channing's writings are making their way here. Lady Sidmouth<sup>5</sup> has been reading his sermons to her husband, and said: "I do not see any thing bad in Unitarianism." A

<sup>1</sup> 1801–52. He was an artist by profession, but was better known as a leader of fashion. In 1827 he married Lady Blessington's daughter, and became Lady Blessington's intimate friend and companion, living in her house.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Edward George Lytton Bulwer, 1816–78. He was raised to the peerage as Baron Lytton in 1866.

<sup>3</sup> Benjamin Disraeli, author and statesman, born in 1805, and twice Prime-Minister of England.

<sup>4</sup> Francis George Hare, 1786–1842; eldest brother of Augustus and Julius Hare.

<sup>5</sup> The second wife of Viscount Sidmouth (Henry Addington, Prime-Minister of George III. after Pitt's resignation). She was the only daughter of Lord Stowell, and died in 1842. Lord Sidmouth died two years later.

Tory peer, Lord Ashburnham, asked me if I knew "a Mr. Channing." His Lordship had been reading with great admiration the discourse on "Self-Culture." Among the opposite contacts which I have had, was meeting at dinner the Earl of Haddington, the last Tory Viceroy of Ireland; and the next morning, while at breakfast with Lord Morpeth, encountering Lord Ebrington (now Lord Fortescue), who has just been sent to Ireland by the present ministry. Two days before, I had met the last Whig Viceroy, the Marquis of Normanby, at Lord Durham's.

Let me acknowledge, in this already overgrown letter, the receipt of Felton's verses.<sup>1</sup> I first gave them to Lord Brougham, and have also sent them to Lord Leicester at Holkham; to Mr. Justice Williams, now on his circuit; and to the Bishop of Durham: so that they are in the hands of the best anthologists in the kingdom. I mentioned them one day at dinner to Sir Francis Chantrey;<sup>2</sup> and he prayed *oyer*, though he does not know a word of Greek. I have, accordingly, given him a copy. I do not know if I have ever spoken of Chantrey in my letters. He is an unlettered person, who was once a mere joiner, but has raised himself to a place in society, and to considerable affluence. He lives well, and moves in the highest circles. In personal appearance he is rather short and stout, without any refinement of manner; but he is one of the best-hearted men I have ever known. He has shown me the casts of all his works, and explained his views of his art. He gave me the history of his statue of Washington.<sup>3</sup> He requested West to furnish him with a sketch for that: the painter tried, and then delayed, and then despaired, till Chantrey undertook it himself. The covering which I have sometimes heard called a Roman *toga* is nothing but a cloak. Chantrey laughed at the idea of its being a *toga*, saying that he had never seen one; it was modelled from a cloak,—a present from Canova to Chantrey. This cloak was stolen by a servant of an inn where the sculptor was changing horses. I shall send you some of Sir Henry Halford's verses:<sup>4</sup> you know that he is one of the best Latin versifiers in England. They are a translation of Shakspeare's "To be, or not to be," &c., and of "Ay, but to die, and go we know not where."

I was requested to give my evidence as that of an expert upon a question of admiralty law, to be used before the High Court of Admiralty. On grounds which I specified, I declined to do this, but gave my opinion in writing at some length. It was a subject with which I was quite at home. I received a most complimentary letter, and a professional fee of two guineas enclosed, and was told that the case was settled. I promptly returned the fee.

<sup>1</sup> On "Chantrey's Woodcocks," *ante*, Vol. I. p. 378.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Francis Chantrey, 1781-1841. Among his works are "The Sleeping Children," in Lichfield Cathedral, and statues of William Pitt, Canning, and Washington.

<sup>3</sup> In the State House, at Boston.

<sup>4</sup> 1766-1844. He was the brother of Mr. Justice Vaughan and of Sir Charles R. Vaughan, and exchanged his family name for that of a relative, from whom he had inherited a large fortune. He was physician to four successive sovereigns,—George III., George IV., William IV., and Victoria. He was President of the College of Physicians from 1820 until his death. His professional income is said to have been ten thousand pounds a year. He practised Latin composition in prose and verse.

The delicacy with which the affair was managed by the English proctors<sup>1</sup> was admirable, — most unlike what I experienced in Paris, or what would happen, in *casu consimili*, in America. Tell Washington Allston that a brother artist of great distinction — Mr. Collins<sup>2</sup> — inquired after him in a most affectionate manner, and wished to be remembered to him. Southey told Collins that he thought some of Allston's poems were among the finest productions of modern times. Mr. and Mrs. Gally Knight are reading Prescott, and admire him very much. I know few people whose favorable judgment is more to be valued than his. I have spoken with Macaulay about an American edition of his works. He has received no communication from any publisher on the subject, and seemed to be coy and disinclined. He said they were trifles, full of mistakes, which he should rather see forgotten than preserved.<sup>3</sup> I have just heard that he has concluded a contract with a bookseller for his history of England. If this is so, farewell politics, — for a while at least. He is said to have all the history in his mind, for fifty or sixty years following the Revolution, so as to be able to write without referring to a book. Lord Brougham is revising his characters in the "Edinburgh Review" for publication in a volume.<sup>4</sup> The booksellers have offered him five hundred guineas!

Miss Martineau's novel of "Deerbrook" will be published in a few days. I have already, I believe, borne my testimony to her; I think she has been wronged in America. I have mingled in her society much, and have been happy to find her the uniform and consistent friend of our country, and much attached to many of its inhabitants. I am also glad to confess my obligations to her for much kindness. I have always found her heartily friendly. I should like to write you about Parliamentary orators, all of whom I have heard again and again.

Tell Felton I have not written him, because he will read this letter. I thank him for his Greek. Remember me to all my friends. You will get very few letters more from me; my whole time will be occupied. Besides, the books of travel will tell you about Italy. I have scores of letters to all sorts of people on my route, but am sated with society, and shall look at things.<sup>5</sup>

---

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.

TRAVELLERS' CLUB, March 5, 1889.

MY DEAR LIEBER, — Here goes a sheet after your own heart, — mammoth, and capable of holding an evening's chat. First, let me acknowledge and answer your letters, which are now open before me. Under date of Dec.

<sup>1</sup> Messrs. Crockett & Son.

<sup>2</sup> William Collins, 1787-1847. A memoir of this landscape painter has been written by his son, William Wilkie Collins, the novelist.

<sup>3</sup> An edition by Carey & Hart, of Philadelphia, was published in 1841, and preceded any English edition.

<sup>4</sup> Sketches of Statesmen of the Time of George the Third.

<sup>5</sup> For the remainder of this letter, which was continued March 9, see *post*, p. 77.

23, 1838, — that good, teeming year, so brimful of happiness and instruction for me, — you ask for a Life of William of Orange. The day I received your letter, I asked Hallam, whom I often see, if he knew of any Life of this great man. He did not; and, as his studies have turned his attention to the whole subject of modern literature, — you know his great work, now in press, on the “History of Literature,” — I think his answer quite decisive as to the non-existence of any such work; though not entirely so. He remarked that the Dutch were very unfortunate in having a language which is neglected by all the world; so that their writers are very little known. I have since inquired of Macaulay and of some other friends, but with the same want of success. I like the idea of the “Republican Plutarch” very much, — *macte*. I have not yet been able to make the inquiry you desire with regard to the Dutch word *wet* (law). Your next is dated Jan. 8. It is a capital letter, — full of friendship for me, and exhortations imposing upon me responsibilities to which I am all unequal. . . . Mr. Burge — the author of the great work on the “Conflict of Laws,” just published in four large volumes — has read your “Hermeneutics” in the “Jurist,” and likes it very much. He is the only exception I know to the rule I have above stated, that eminent English lawyers do not write books.<sup>1</sup> . . .

Ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

#### TO LORD MORPETH.<sup>2</sup>

2 VIGO STREET, March 5, 1859.

MY DEAR MORPETH, — . . . I have read with sorrow the intimations in this morning’s “Times,” with regard to certain alleged disturbances in the State of Maine;<sup>3</sup> which, that vehement journal supposes, must lead to some decisive measures, — even war on the part of your Government. There must be some great mistake. I hope you are not in possession of any intelligence which tends to confirm that article in the “Times.” Before I leave, I hope to discuss that subject with you. Peace, and amity, and love, are the proper

<sup>1</sup> The omitted parts of the letter relate chiefly to Sumner’s efforts to promote the success of Dr. Lieber’s “Political Ethics.”

<sup>2</sup> George William Frederick, seventh Earl of Carlisle, and Viscount Morpeth, 1802–1864. He was Chief Secretary of Ireland, 1835–1841; succeeded to the earldom on the death of his father in 1848, and was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1855–1858, and again, 1859–1864. He was one of the best of men, and one of the most popular viceroys that Ireland ever had. He never married, and was succeeded in the peerage by his brother, William George. In 1841–1842, he travelled in the United States, and gave his views of the country in a lecture, delivered at Leeds, Dec. 5, 1850, in which he said of Sumner: “I do not give up the notion of his becoming one of the historical men of his country.” This visit is referred to in “Life of Lord Denman,” Vol. II. p. 115. In 1854, he published “A Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters.” He was warmly attached to Sumner, followed his career with great interest, and remembered him in his will by some token of affection. He requested Sumner to sit for a portrait; and one taken in crayon in 1854, by William W. Story, was sent to him. Sumner was his guest at Castle Howard, in 1857.

<sup>3</sup> Relating to the North-eastern Boundary dispute, which was finally determined in 1842, by the Treaty of Washington.



watchwords of our two great countries. God grant that they may always be recognized as such!

I shall stay in London till after the arrival of the "Great Western," — say next Sunday, — in order to leave here with the freshest letters and intelligence from home.

Believe me ever very sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

---

TO JUDGE STORY.

TRAVELLERS', March 9, 1839.

MY DEAR JUDGE, — Let me hastily conclude the personal notices I have promised you of the Bench and Bar. I left off with Follett and Charles Austin. I wish to add, that I think Follett has a sort of intuitive perception of legal principles and reasoning, apparently almost without effort; whereas, Charles Austin, though quick, active, and brilliant, does not astonish one like Follett. I still think Austin, taking all things into consideration, the greater man, and one who will play a great part in his country, if he has health and life. After no little ado, Maule<sup>1</sup> has been appointed as Baron Bolland's successor. The appointment was just announced when I last wrote; but there were several impediments before it was perfected. Great opposition is said to have been made to it from various quarters, and particularly from two of the barons with whom he is now associated, — Alderson and Parke. The opposition was, however, overcome, and Baron Maule is now on the Circuit. It is difficult, as you well know, to anticipate the way in which the judicial function will be performed; but those who are best acquainted with Maule, and I concur with them, anticipate for him the highest eminence, — an equality at least with his great associates, if not a superiority over them. He is a very peculiar person, and is now about fifty-two. At Cambridge, he was a distinguished scholar both in the classics and mathematics, and is said to have kept up his acquaintance with these studies to this day. He is confessed, on all hands, to be the first commercial lawyer of England, and has been for some time the standing counsel of the Bank. He was the counsel against whom the court decided in *Devaux v. Salvador*. His attainments and high legal character make him, therefore, so far as they go, a most unexceptionable candidate for the bench; but his moral character in some respects renders him a strange person for a judge. . . . It was in his chambers that the fire originated which consumed, last winter, so valuable a part of the Temple. He lost his books, clothes, — literally every thing, — and escaped with only a shirt on his back. He has

<sup>1</sup> William Henry Maule, 1788-1858. He was remarkable at Cambridge for his mathematical powers. He made commercial law his specialty; was counsel of the Bank of England; was elected to Parliament, in 1837, for Carlisle; appointed a judge of the Exchequer in March, 1839, and of the Common Pleas in November of that year; he resigned in 1855, on account of ill-health; and was placed in the Privy Council, in which he served upon the Judicial Committee. Humor was one of his marked personal characteristics.

not been in the habit of expressing himself about the bench with any respect. He has said that he always took porter previous to an argument, "in order to bring his understanding down to a level with the judges." Still he has in him a great deal of good. His brother failed; and he generously gave up his two horses and groom, in order to devote his superfluous income to free his brother from his pecuniary liabilities, — a sacrifice which in England was not slight. One consideration which influenced the ministers in nominating Maule was that they felt secure of his seat in Parliament, — Carlow; but here they reckoned without their host: they have been defeated at Carlow, though I am assured that, on petition, they will eventually get the seat. I should add that in politics Maule is a Radical, or very near one.

Let me now finish what I have to say of the lawyers. I have already spoken of the Attorney-General, Follett, Wilde, and Charles Austin. In the next rank to these, but differing of course among themselves in talents and in business, are Sir Frederick Pollock, Talfourd, Alexander, Cresswell, Kelly, J. Jervis, Crowder, Erle, Bompas, Wightman, and perhaps some others.

Pollock<sup>1</sup> is deemed a great failure. He was the Tory Attorney-General, and must be provided for in some way if the Tories come into power. He has not succeeded in the House of Commons; and is dull, heavy, and, they say, often obtuse at the bar.<sup>2</sup> He has a smooth solemn voice, and on the Northern Circuit enjoyed, as you well know, great repute and business. In manners he is a gentleman, and I am indebted to him for much kindness.

Talfourd is a good declaimer, with a great deal of rhetoric and feeling. I cannot disguise that I have been disappointed in him. I know him very well, and have seen him at dinners, at clubs, in Parliament, and in courts.

Alexander and Cresswell are the two leaders of the Northern Circuit, — the former, a married man; the latter, a bachelor. Alexander has a good deal of business, which he manages very well, showing attention and fidelity. Lord Brougham once sneered at him, when talking with me, as "little Alexander." He is a thoroughly moral and conscientious person, and will not take a seat in Parliament, because it would be inconsistent with the performance of his professional duties. I think he inclines to Toryism; though he is very moderate. I have had much instructive conversation with him about professional conduct, with regard to which his notions are of the most elevated character. Cresswell<sup>3</sup> is a very quiet and agreeable person, and is

<sup>1</sup> Frederick Pollock, 1783-1870. He became the leader of the Northern Circuit; was appointed Attorney-General in 1834; was superseded with a change of administration, and reappointed in 1841; became Lord Chief-Baron of the Exchequer in 1844, and resigned in 1866. He represented Huntingdon in Parliament from 1831 to 1844; was twice married, and was the father of twenty-five children.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Denman, in a letter written on the bench while Pollock was arguing, said of him: "He bestows tediousness in a spirit of lavish prodigality." — "Life of Lord Denman," Vol. II. p. 11.

<sup>3</sup> Cresswell Cresswell, 1793-1863. He was called to the bar in 1819; became leader of the Northern Circuit; was a reporter, in association with Richard V. Barnewall, of cases in the King's Bench; represented Liverpool in Parliament; and was appointed a judge of the Common Pleas in 1842. Sumner dined with him at Fleming House, Old Brompton.

M. P. for Liverpool. He is a Tory; and is exclusively a lawyer, with very little interest in literature. His dinners have been among the handsomest that I have seen.

Kelly has a very large business . . . J. Jervis<sup>1</sup> is a good friend of mine, and the leader of the North Wales Circuit. He is an M. P., and inclines to ultra-Liberal opinions; indeed, he is a Radical. Crowder<sup>2</sup> is one of the leaders of the Western Circuit, and a very pleasant fellow, whom I know intimately. Erle<sup>3</sup> is also a leader of the Western. He is a learned and clear-headed man; M. P. for the town of Oxford. Had the ministry felt sure of his seat, he would probably have been made judge. He is sure of being raised to the bench, if the present Government continue in power. Erle is not far from fifty; but is recently married to a young and agreeable wife very little over twenty. Bompas is the senior leader of the Western. He has been made by Serjeant Wilde, who has dropped business upon him. He is a very amiable person, with red hair, or hair approaching to red, a round face, and large wide-open eyes. In arguments he is very earnest and noisy, sometimes confused. Chief-Justice Tindal was once asked "if he thought Bompas a *sound* lawyer." "That will depend," said the Chief-Justice, "upon whether *roaring* is an unsoundness."

Wightman<sup>4</sup> is not a Queen's counsel; but he has an immense business as junior. He is now about fifty-two. He is what is called the *devil* of the Attorney-General; that is, he gets up the Attorney's cases, and is his junior always. This relation is supposed to entitle him to a vacant *puisne* judgeship; and Wightman was talked of recently for this place. He is not in Parliament, and knows and cares nothing about politics. Somebody once asked him, "Wightman, are you Whig or Tory?" "Sir," was his reply, "I am neither Whig nor Tory; I am a special pleader."

I will now take a hasty look into the courts of Chancery. You know the reputation of the Chancellor.<sup>5</sup> It seems to grow daily; and Tories, Whigs, and Radicals with one accord praise him. And this praise is a just tribute to the singleness and devotion with which he gives himself to the judicial functions of his office. I doubt if he adds in any way to the political strength of the ministry. He seems on the wool-sack, as on the bench, intent on some deep matter, silent, almost dull and ruminating. On the bench he hears with the greatest patience, never interrupting counsel except

<sup>1</sup> John Jervis, 1802-1856. He was a reporter of cases in the Exchequer, and an author of books on "Coroners," and "Pleading;" represented Chester in Parliament; became Attorney-General in 1846; and Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas in 1850.

<sup>2</sup> *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 341.

<sup>3</sup> William Erle was born in 1793; was returned to Parliament by the city of Oxford in 1837; became a judge of the Common Pleas in 1844, and of the Queen's Bench in 1846; Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas in 1859, and resigned in 1866. See reference to him in "Life of Lord Denman," Vol. II. p. 171. Sumner was invited to dine with him in Dec., 1838.

<sup>4</sup> William Wightman, 1785-1863. He was a judge of the Queen's Bench from 1841 until his sudden death, while attending the Northern Circuit, at York. See reference to him in "Life of Lord Denman," Vol. II. p. 90.

<sup>5</sup> Lord Cottenham. *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 337.

to interpose some pertinent, searching question,—and this is done in the fewest words and most quiet way possible. He is said to be thinking of his law-cases at all times. Of course, he has no time for society. I have seen him at one dinner only; and there he looked as if he were still hearing an argument. He is about fifty-eight, and had a *seventh* child a few weeks ago. I heard Lord Langdale and some others laughing about it, saying it was the first child born to the great seal for more than a century. As a speaker in the Lords he is very dull.

I have already described the Vice-Chancellor<sup>1</sup> to you in former letters. He is sparkling, gay, and animated in conversation, with a fresh-looking countenance. He swims in cold water every morning, warm or cold though the weather be. Some barristers, who are not pleased with his judicial services, have hoped that he might some time get frozen or drowned. He is not regarded as a good judge.

Lord Langdale<sup>2</sup> I should have mentioned, of course, before the Vice-Chancellor. He is about fifty-five and of the size of Mr. Binney,<sup>3</sup> with a bald head, and with a voice which in conversation reminds me of Webster's; in manner frank, open, and warm. He has disappointed the bar. I have communicated to several barristers the opinion you have expressed about him; but they all say he is a failure,—and these, too, are some of his most intimate friends. I may mention Sutton Sharpe<sup>4</sup> and John Romilly, both of whom in politics coincide with Lord Langdale; but who said with regret that he had disappointed them as a judge. His decisions amount to nothing, they say, and he is irresolute in his judgment. His opposition to the Lord Chancellor's Bill, in 1836, which seemed so unaccountable to us in America, is accounted for here. It seems that he had submitted his own views to the Lord Chancellor, who, notwithstanding, introduced his own measure, which was defeated by the opposition of Lord Langdale.

Of the chancery barristers, Pemberton<sup>5</sup> is decidedly the best. He is a bachelor and a Tory. In manner he is not unlike Follett. He is about forty-five. In person he is rather short,—say of the size of Charles G. Loring.<sup>6</sup> After him come the Solicitor-General, Knight Bruce, Wigram, Jacob, Cooper, &c.

I should like to close this series of hasty sketches by some general comparison of the Bench and Bar in England and America; but the subject is so

<sup>1</sup> Sir Lancelot Shadwell, 1779–1850. He was elected to Parliament for Ripon in 1826; appointed Vice-Chancellor in 1827, and continued to hold the office until his death.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Bickersteth, 1783–1851. He changed from the profession of medicine to the law; became, in 1835, Master of the Rolls, a Privy Councillor, and a peer with the title of Baron Langdale; resigned in 1851, and died a few days after his resignation. Sumner dined with him in Feb. 1839, at 37 South Street.

<sup>3</sup> Horace Binney, *ante*, Vol. I. p. 125, note.

<sup>4</sup> An eminent chancery barrister; he died of apoplexy in 1843.

<sup>5</sup> Thomas Pemberton-Leigh, 1793–1867. He rose to eminence as an equity lawyer; sat in Parliament for the boroughs of Rye and Ripon; was raised to the peerage, in 1853, with the title of Baron Kingsdown. He assumed, in 1843, the additional surname of Leigh. See Brougham's opinion of Follett and Pemberton, *ante*, Vol. I. p. 351.

<sup>6</sup> *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 135.

extensive and my time is so limited that I am unwilling to enter upon it. I will, however, say that the English are better *artists* than we are, and understand their machinery better; of course, they despatch business quicker. There is often a style of argument before our Supreme Court at Washington which is superior to any thing I have heard here. I cannot agree with McDuffie, who, having heard a writ of right before the Court of Common Pleas, in which the Attorney-General, Talfourd, Follett, Wilde, Vaughan, Williams, &c. were counsel, went away saying that there are half a dozen lawyers in South Carolina who would have managed the cause better than these lawyers, the flower of the English bar; and as many judges who would have tried it better than the English Common Pleas. I will not quit the Bench and Bar, without speaking of the superior cordiality, friendliness, and good manners that prevail with them in England as compared with ours. They seem, indeed, a band of brothers. They are enabled to meet each other on a footing of familiarity, because all are gentlemen. The division of labor sets apart a select number, who have the recommendations, generally, of fortune or family, and invariably of education, and who confine themselves to the duties of a barrister. In social intercourse the judges always address each other familiarly by their surnames, without any prefix; and they address the barristers in the same way; and the barristers address each other in this style. Thus the young men just commencing their circuits addressed Taunton, the old Reporter, who was on his seventy-fifth circuit, simply as "Taunton." I believe I have already written you that I was received as a brother, and was treated with the same familiarity as the other barristers. Such a course will seem inconceivable in America, where we are starched by forms of our own. There would be more stiffness and formality at a dinner-party in Boston than at a table of English peers. I have been again and again where all were titled people about me, and I have heard nothing which denoted the title. The answer is plain "yes" or "no;" and you speak right on without the constant interjection of "Mr." or "My Lord," or "Sir": all this gives a grace and ease to intercourse which is quite inconceivable to those who have not enjoyed it. But I will not fatigue you with these things. I hope to talk about them upon my return, when I can see how the conclusions from my experience strike you.

The very day on which I received your letter of Jan. 16 from Washington, when I was sitting next to Lord Denman at dinner (it was at Lord Brougham's), I took the liberty of mentioning what you had written me about the case of *De Vaux v. Salvador*.<sup>1</sup> He told me that your judgment

<sup>1</sup> 4 Adolphus' and Ellis' Reports, p. 420. This was a case of marine insurance, in which the application of the maxim, *causa proxima non remota spectatur*, was considered. The case in which Judge Story's adverse opinion was given was *Peters v. Warren Insurance Company*, 3 Sumner's Reports, 389; s. c. 14 Peters' Reports, 99. Lord Denman, writing to Sumner, Feb. 27, 1839, said: "I am greatly obliged by your communication of Judge Story's opinion, which excites a great doubt of the justice of ours;" and again, Sept. 29, 1840, he said that if the point "should arise again, the case of *Peters v. The Warren Insurance Company* will, at least, neutralize the effect of our decision, and induce any of our courts to consider the question as an open one." "Life of Story," Vol. II. p. 379. Lord

made him doubt about their own; and he wished me to communicate to him exactly what you had written me. This I did; and I have his answer, written from the bench, which is among the letters I have sent to Hillard. He said the Queen's Bench decided as they did simply in the absence of authority. I did not mention to Lord D. your opinion about his judgment in the Parliamentary libel case,<sup>1</sup> because it is still *sub judice*. I have often been spoken with by the judges here about cases still *sub judice*; but you will appreciate the feeling which made me hesitate to introduce the subject myself. I have, however, communicated it to the Attorney-General. Ellis, the reporter, and a very able man, is gratified by your opinion in *De Vaux v. Salvador*. He says he always thought the court wrong; and, as reporter, he attended to the case very closely. Lord Lyndhurst was at Lord Brougham's dinner. You may understand that he does not keep the run of the law, from his remark that he did not know who the present reporters are.

I now leave England; and do you wonder it is with a beating heart? I have seen so much, enjoyed such great kindness, and formed so many friendships. The extent of my acquaintance you will appreciate from my letters. Farewell, dear England! I wish you more peace than I fear you can have.<sup>2</sup> And now for Italy!

As ever, affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

---

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

SATURDAY, March 9, 1839.<sup>3</sup>

MY DEAR HILLARD, — I have just got to my lodgings, after what I intend shall be my last evening in London, — that is, my last evening of society; and my heart is full almost to bursting. I am truly sad; for I have parted with so many kind and affectionate friends, and received so many hearty "God-bless yous!" that I must be of flint not to feel them. This morning

Denman refers to Judge Story's opinion adverse to the Queen's Bench in a letter to Mr. Justice Patteson, in Oct., 1840. "Life of Lord Denman," Vol. II. p. 88. See *ante*, Vol. II. p. 25, note. The authority of *Peters v. Warren Insurance Company* has been somewhat shaken by later American cases. *General Mutual Insurance Company v. Sherwood*, 14 Howard Reports, 351; *Mathews v. Howard Insurance Company*, 11 New York Reports, 9. See Sumner's reference to Lord Denman's letter to him concerning this case, in his oration on "The Scholar, the Jurist, the Artist, the Philanthropist." — Works, Vol. I. p. 269.

<sup>1</sup> *Stockdale v. Hansard*, *ante*, Vol. II. p. 13.

<sup>2</sup> A postscript of this letter contains an extended review of English politics, in which Sumner expressed the conviction that radical changes would soon be insisted upon by the people; particularly the abolition of primogeniture, the reduction of the great estates of the aristocracy, and the reform of representation in the House of Commons: resistance to such changes, he thought, would involve great social and political disturbances. "Lord Morpeth," he said, "once asked me where I should find myself, if I were an Englishman. I unhesitatingly replied: 'A moderate Radical, — much like the "Examiner" newspaper.'" The letter also refers to interviews with Leader, Sir William Molesworth, and George Grote, 1794-1871, — the last being described as "a most remarkable man, a scholar of great acquirements." Both Sir William and Mr. Grote entertained Sumner at dinner. The former gave him a book which had belonged to Dr. Parr.

<sup>3</sup> This is a continuation of the letter of Feb. 16 and March 1, *ante*, Vol. II. pp. 59, 66.

I whiled away with dear Lord Morpeth. We discussed politics; and he freely confided to me his views about the Cabinet, of which he is a member, and spoke of his own ambition and of the future before him, as to a bosom friend. I have dined with Lord Lansdowne, who received me, as he ever has, in the most friendly manner, and has assured me of the warmest welcome to his house if I should ever visit London again; and, since dinner, I have been to the Marquis of Northampton's. It was his first *soirée* as President of the Royal Society; and here I found all that is most distinguished in science, literature, and politics, and literally troops of friends. The London world here seemed to empty itself. The many invitations which I have received to tarry still longer I will not attribute entirely to personal feelings; but I know that I should do injustice to some, if I did not give credit to their professions. I was engaged to-night at two other places, — Hallam's and Hume's; but I have come away from Lord Northampton's sad and little disposed for any further society. This night snaps my relations with this great place, — so full of good, and great, and learned, and refined men. My reminiscences will be to me better than a fortune; to think of what I have seen and heard will be a source of pleasure, of which I cannot be deprived. Among the most gratifying testimonies which I have received is a sort of valedictory letter from Lord Denman. You will not think me vain, because I tell you of these things. I should not be doing justice to your friendship, if I did not by so doing enable you to share my satisfaction. I ought to be satisfied with what I have seen; for I have often been told — several times this very day — that I have seen more of England and of its society not only than any foreigner, but even than a native. As a stranger I have ranged over party lines; and have seen men of all the various *nuances*, and men of science and literature of every degree; and I have to reflect, as I have before told you, that I have not asked for an introduction since I have been in England. With Lord Morpeth I am intimate. He is thirty-eight, and yet he said to me: "You and I are about the same age." I find that I am generally supposed to be from thirty-five to forty. Ingham, who is much older himself, made a greater mistake.

After the long letter I have written, you can hardly expect any extended remarks on English and American society, as compared. It is probable that you will be able to make the comparison for yourself. I am almost afraid to do it, for fear of being misunderstood. In England, what is called society is better educated, more refined, and more civilized than what is called society in our country. You understand me to speak of society, — as society, — and not of individuals. I know *persons* in America who would be an ornament of any circle anywhere; but there is no *class* with us that will in the least degree compare with that vast circle which constitutes English society. The difference of education is very much against us. Everybody understands French, and Latin, and Greek, — everybody except Chantrey. Mrs. Jameson,<sup>1</sup> who likes America, said with great feeling that the resemblance and

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Anna Jameson, 1797-1860; author of "The Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art," and other works. She married in 1824, and accompanied her husband to Canada. A separation followed, and she returned to England. Sumner met her in Paris in 1857, or later.

the difference between England and America were startling; one moment she exclaimed, how like England! and the very next, how unlike! She compendiously said that England had further advanced in civilization. I would repeat this, if I did not fear being misunderstood. The true pride of America is in her middle and poorer classes, — in their general health and happiness, and freedom from poverty; in their facilities for being educated, and in the opportunities open to them of rising in the scale. Charles Buller was best pleased with all below the "silk-stocking classes." Seeing what I have in England, I am not surprised at this. I fear that I have been repeating what I have already written you. But you must pardon any such inadvertencies; for I write at snatches of time, and hardly remember what I have sent you before.<sup>1</sup>

---

TO LORD MORPETH.

SUNDAY EVENING, March 10, 1839.

MY DEAR MORPETH, — I have just received an invitation from Lord Holland<sup>2</sup> to dine with him on Wednesday next, and have accepted it. This added kindness I owe to you, I doubt not. Lord Holland's is the only house in England where I have not been, and where I have had a desire to go.

I parted with so many people yesterday who have been kind to me that I am quite sad. I seem to be quitting home and country a second time. You I have left with feelings of sincere regret; and believe me that I cherish for you an attachment which will make me ever observe your career with the interest of the strongest personal friendship. But I will say no more upon this.

As ever, your sincere friend,

CHAS. SUMNER.

---

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

WEDNESDAY, March 13.<sup>3</sup>

You would hardly suppose that, after what I had written, I should be again induced to venture out; but I could not resist an invitation from Lord Holland. I have just come from dining with him. There was a very pleasant party, — Rogers, Macaulay, Hallam, Milnes, Allen, Colonel Gurwood<sup>4</sup> (the editor of "Wellington's Despatches"), Sir Henry Ellis,<sup>5</sup> Lord Aberdeen, Lord Hatherton, and Lord Seaford. During a long evening a variety

<sup>1</sup> For continuation of letter on March 13, see below.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Richard Vassall Fox, 1773-1840, third Lord Holland, the nephew of Charles James Fox, was a Liberal statesman, a friend of scholars, and a kindly host. See sketch in Brougham's "Autobiography," Vol. III. p. 298. There is a reference to Lady Holland's career in "Life of Lord Denman," Vol. II. p. 119. Macaulay, a welcome and frequent guest at Holland House, commemorated its hospitality in the "Edinburgh Review," July, 1841.

<sup>3</sup> Continuation of previous letter, *ante*, Vol. II. p. 66.

<sup>4</sup> Colonel John Gurwood, 1791-1845; private secretary to the Duke of Wellington.

<sup>5</sup> 1777-1869; Librarian of the British Museum.



of subjects have been discussed, from the dramatists, ancient and modern, down to the outbreak on the Maine frontier, the news of which has just reached us. Macaulay was dinning, but more subdued than I have ever before seen him. That common expression "her" and "me" for, as some say, "she" and "I," was ingeniously discussed. Lord Holland defended the use of "her" and "me," as good idiomatic English, thus: "No one is handsomer than *her*," and "He is absent oftener than *me*." Lord Holland said that his uncle, C. J. Fox, had studied these points, and used these expressions. Macaulay was strong the other way, but was much struck by the authority of C. J. Fox. Lord Holland spoke with me a great deal about Prescott's book. He thought it one of the finest of the age, and an honor to the country; he had been astonished that the author had such command of manuscript materials; he said that the style was beautiful, and he could not commend it enough: if he should venture to make any criticism, it would be that Prescott was a little too *anti-Gallican*, and that he had not quite done justice to Louis XII. He said that he made the age about which he wrote stand forth as distinctly to us as that of Louis XIV. All who have read Edward Everett's message<sup>1</sup> about the Maine disturbances are much pleased with it, it compares so finely with the undignified, illiterate, and blustering document of Fairfield.<sup>2</sup> When I read the latter, I felt ashamed of my country. By the way, Lord Holland spoke kindly of Governor Everett, whom he called Dr. Everett, — he did not know that he was Governor. I had a great deal of conversation about George III. and Lord North. Lord Holland confirmed in conversation all that he had written to Sparks, and which has been printed; and further said that he could have furnished much more from the same letters which would have illustrated the bad temper and spirit of the king, but he thought it hardly becoming in a minister of the son of George III. to do more than he had done.

I have taken leave of Lord Brougham, who said, "O God! must you go?" If I should ever be able to visit England again, I should find many places where I might hope to be welcome. Lord and Lady Holland have warmly asked me to let them know when I come to London again, and Lord Lansdowne has done the same; and to-day I had a letter from Lord Leicester, inviting me and any friend of mine to Holkham, if I should ever visit England again. But I will not detail these civilities: I will only mention one of the most gratifying, — a personal call this morning from old Mr. Marshall (one of the richest men in England and the largest proprietor in the United States Bank, and the old Member of Parliament for Yorkshire, and as remarkable for moral worth and independence as for riches), who treated me like an old friend, thanked me for having visited him, and expressed a desire to see me or any of my friends hereafter. Consider the vast circle of younger people in which I have moved familiarly, and you may well imagine that I leave with regret. I count very little the meretricious compliments of Lady Blessington;<sup>3</sup> but

<sup>1</sup> As Governor of Massachusetts.

<sup>2</sup> Governor of Maine.

<sup>3</sup> "Lady Blessington presents her compliments to Mr. Charles Sumner, and regrets exceedingly that she was not aware that he was still a sojourner in London, as she would

I do value the testimony of a person like Mrs. Montagu, herself the friend of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Parr. Her letter to me, describing the character of Parr, I shall enclose. You will also find Lord Lansdowne's note herewith; in it, besides what is personal to myself, there is a profession of friendliness to our country that is interesting from such a source. Mrs. Montagu's kind language about me may show you that I am not yet entirely perverted by Europe; that I have not ceased to be American, — at least, that all of President Quincy's predictions have not come to pass.

Do you wonder that I quit England full of love and kindly feeling? I have found here attached friends; I have been familiar with poets and statesmen, with judges and men of fashion, with lawyers and writers, — and some of all these I claim as loved friends. I seem to have almost lost the capacity for further enjoyment in my travels, so much have I had in England. For all this I trust I am duly grateful. You will hear from me next in Paris; perhaps in Rome.

As ever, affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

MARCH 21, 1839.

P. S. The coach will soon take me to Canterbury; then Dover and Paris.

---

TO LORD MORPETH.

SHIP HOTEL, DOVER, March 22, 1839.

MY DEAR MORPETH, — I must send you one more arrow — no Parthian shaft — before I quit dear old England. I have to-day seen, perhaps for the last time, its green fields and one of its magnificent cathedrals. I have always told you that England is the *Italy* of an American. An Englishman sends his mind back, and finds nothing to rest upon before he gets to Rome; but we pause before your annals, and when in your country are impressed by its well-defined historical associations, and feel an awe not unlike that with which you would survey the Capitol. And can it be that we shall fight each other? I must confess that the last news from America has made me despond. I fear that both countries are too heady and well-conditioned to be kept out of a contest. I will not disguise from you, with whom I have ever dealt on the footing of entire frankness, that I have read a series of articles written by Mr. Rush, former Minister of the United States in London, distinctly recommending *war*, and abounding in the grossest insinuations against the national character of Great Britain. But I know the deep love to England which is borne by all the educated classes, and I do not think this will fail to exercise all its naturally healing influences. Still it is a dreadful thing

have joined her efforts to those of his numerous friends there to induce him to prolong his stay, and to render it more agreeable. Lady Blessington hopes to see Mr. C. Sumner on his return, and to renew an acquaintance which has left but one regret, and that is for its brevity.

"GORE HOUSE, March 12, 1839."

to entertain the idea of the possibility of such a war, the most fratricidal ever waged. My own heart is so bound up in England, while as to a first love I turn to my own country, that I cannot forbear writing you as I do. You can do much in your high place, and with your great influence, to avert such a calamity; and I shall always confidently look to you as one of the peace preservers. For myself, I hold all wars as unjust and un-Christian; and I should consider either country as committing a great crime that entered into war for the sordid purpose of securing a few more acres of land. But I will not trouble you more.

You know how thankful I am for all your kindness, and believe me, as ever,

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. Tell Macdonald that I visited Chichele's tomb with a most becoming respect, and thought of All Souls.

## CHAPTER XIX.

PARIS AGAIN.—MARCH TO APRIL, 1839.—AGE, 28.

CHANGING the plan of his journey, in which a visit to Germany was to follow his visit to England, Sumner turned towards Italy, and crossed the Channel, by way of Dover and Boulogne, on the night of March 22. During four weeks in Paris, he renewed his intercourse with friends<sup>1</sup> from whom he parted the year before; and was kindly received by Lord Granville, then British ambassador, to whom he had been commended by Lord Morpeth. He also saw much of Lord Brougham,<sup>2</sup> who was then making one of his frequent visits to that city.

He undertook at this time a patriotic service, which interfered with the pursuit of the special objects of his journey,—the defence of the American title to territory included in the “North-eastern Boundary” controversy between the United States and Great Britain. The friendly relations of the two countries were then disturbed, not only by the territorial dispute, but also by the affair of the “Caroline.” Partisans on both sides were indulging in recriminations and threats of hostilities. The State of Maine had erected forts along its frontier, and armed a civil *posse* to maintain possession of the disputed district. The controversy grew out of the uncertain language by which the treaty of 1783 defined the line between the two countries, as running “from the North-west angle of Nova Scotia; namely, that angle which

<sup>1</sup> At this, or during the latter part of his previous, visit to Paris, he made the acquaintance of Alexis de Tocqueville.

<sup>2</sup> James Watson Webb, already editor of the New York “Courier and Enquirer,” since Minister to Brazil, was then in Paris. He had taken much interest in the North-eastern Boundary question, and had, in elaborate articles, maintained in his journal the title of the United States to the disputed territory. He was, together with Brougham and Sumner, present at a dinner given by General Cass; and, after Sumner had retired to meet another engagement, Lord Brougham said that he had never met with any man of Sumner’s age of such extensive legal knowledge and natural legal intellect, and predicted that he would prove an honor to the American bar. General Webb always maintained very friendly relations with Sumner. This veteran editor (1877), aged seventy-five, now lives in New Haven, Conn.

is formed by a line drawn due north from the source of St. Croix River to the Highlands; along the said Highlands, which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean, to the North-westernmost head of Connecticut River, &c." The application of the terms "North-west angle," "Highlands," "Atlantic Ocean" (whether including or not the Bay of Fundy), and "the North-westernmost head of Connecticut River," was much contested by the parties. Great Britain, under her interpretation, asserted title to the northern part of Maine,—a pretension stoutly resisted by the United States. The conflicting claims were considered in 1814 in the negotiations at Ghent, but without any result. They were referred, in 1827, to the King of the Netherlands as arbitrator; but his award was unsatisfactory to both parties, and was not carried into effect. The longer the controversy lasted, the more it imperilled the peaceful relations of the two nations. It was thought important by Americans in Paris, particularly by General Cass, that the American argument, which was not as yet well known in England and on the Continent, should be stated in a form best calculated to reach foreign opinion. At a meeting held at the American Legation, Sumner proposed that Robert Walsh should prepare a paper on the subject. This was agreed to; but Walsh, when waited upon by Sumner, declined. General Cass next undertook the work, but did not persevere; and, at his request, Sumner finally prepared the argument. It was an elaborate paper, the materials of which were confessedly drawn from an article in the New York "Courier and Enquirer;" but original sources were also examined. It reviewed at length the history and points of the dispute, and particularly the speeches in Parliament at the time of the treaty of 1783. It was printed in "Galignani's Messenger," April 12, filling six and a half columns. A large number of copies, at the instance of General Cass, were sent to England, addressed to members of Parliament and other leaders of public opinion; and thus the American view was diffused in that country. The paper is largely documentary and critical; the concluding paragraph shows the spirit in which it was prepared. In it, as also in his correspondence at the time, one observes thus early strong convictions upon the peace question:—

"We have endeavored honestly and candidly to present some of the principal considerations that bear on this important question. We hope that, in

doing it, we have not failed in respect for England. To her, as the land from which our fathers came, we bear a sentiment of love and devotion little short of what is felt by her own immediate children. We feel the inspiration of her history and literature, and are proud to claim them partly as our own. Her power we do not question. It was an American 'who, on the floor of the Senate of the United States, in allusion to her magnificent empire, has said that 'she has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts;' and that her 'morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.' We venture to ask her to be as just as she is powerful. 'Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war;' and may it be reserved to the youthful Queen, who now sits on the English throne, to illustrate her reign by a greater victory than that of the *Armada*, — the overcoming of a national prejudice and the acknowledgment of a national wrong.

*"A Citizen of the United States."*

"PARIS, April 9."

In the negotiations which finally closed this ancient controversy, questions of title were not argued. The parties, wearied with the hopeless task of attempting to convince each other, at length, in 1842, by the treaty of Washington, established a conventional line, — a line by compromise, — each abating its pretensions, and parting with alleged rights for supposed equivalents. The United States gave up a large territory, for which it compensated the State of Maine by the grant of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and the payment of the expenses of its civil *posse*. Mr. Webster, when assailed, four years later, with the charge of having failed, as Secretary of State, in his duty to his country, defended the treaty in the Senate in an able speech; and his name and that of Ashburton, the British representative, are associated on one of the most honorable pages in the history of diplomacy.<sup>2</sup>

Sumner's article was well received in this country. It was reprinted in full in the Boston "Courier,"<sup>3</sup> where it was commended as "a clear and able statement of the American view." A correspondent of the "Advertiser,"<sup>4</sup> writing with the signature of "Senescens," said: —

"The article is written by our townsman, Mr. Charles Sumner, whose name makes any particular commendation superfluous. . . . It is a learned,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Webster.

<sup>2</sup> The history of the question and of its settlement is given in Webster's Works, Vol. I. pp. cxxi-cxxix; Vol. V. pp. 78-150; Vol. VI. pp. 270-290.

<sup>3</sup> June 4, 1839. The article was also reprinted in the "Globe," where it was ascribed to General Cass.

<sup>4</sup> May 28.

perspicuous, and satisfactory view of the subject, presenting the American argument to the European public more clearly than it has heretofore been presented in any form equally compendious, and for that reason calculated to render important public service. . . . The copy of the letter before us was specially transmitted to this country by our Minister at Paris, General Cass, to whom, when it first appeared, the article was attributed in Paris. Nor was the praise bestowed upon it confined to the Americans. Avowedly temperate in its tone and candid in its manner of handling the subject, it received the approbation of liberal Englishmen. The British ambassador at Paris, Lord Granville, spoke of it in decided terms of commendation. . . . In conclusion, allow me, sir, as an individual citizen, to express my obligations to Mr. Sumner for the worthy use which in this and other ways he has made of his residence abroad."

Professor Greenleaf wrote, May 17 : —

"I ran my eye rapidly over your article on the North-eastern Boundary in 'Galignani's Messenger.' The impression it gave me was delightful. They ought at least to give you a secretaryship of legation for it."

Governor Everett wrote, May 20 : —

"I am greatly indebted for the paper containing your admirable article on the North-eastern Boundary."

Hillard wrote, May 24 : —

"Your article does you great credit. . . . Its tone and spirit are just what they ought to be, — manly, patriotic, and decided; but courteous, dignified, and bland. You seem to make the argument as clear as a proposition in geometry."

Mr. Ingham wrote, May 29 : —

"I read attentively your argument, which is conclusive, I think, on the two points, — that 'Mars Hill' is not the Highlands, and that the 'Bay of Fundy' is the ocean; and these points being decided against the British claims, there is nothing in the text of the treaties to support them. I believe that the desire for continued peace and amity between the two countries is sincere and fervent with all of those whom Cobbett used to call our 'thinking people.'"

Sumner was much annoyed by a personal incident connected with the publication. Walsh, a sensitive and disappointed person, was not quite pleased with the credit which the authorship had given to another; and besides disparaging Sumner's article in an American newspaper, he furnished for the London "Times" an incorrect report of Lord Brougham's conversations in Paris, which tended to weaken the effect of his remarks in the House of Lords favorable to the American view; giving as authority, "an

American who was in the habit of seeing him (Lord Brougham) frequently when he was recently in Paris." Sumner, who had talked too freely with Walsh, was the only American to whom the description could apply, and soon after he received a note from Lord Brougham, kindly in terms, but complaining of the report of his conversations. Sumner wrote a letter to the "Times"<sup>1</sup> from Rome, May 23, stating Walsh's account to be "entirely false," and giving the true version. His relations with Brougham were not disturbed by the affair.

---

## LETTERS.

---

### TO LORD MORPETH.

PARIS, RUE DE LA PAIX, April 12, 1839.

MY DEAR MORPETH, — Since I left England, the alternate tidings I have had from your country and from America have made me anxious — you will not think me too anxious — with regard to the question of peace and war; and our minister at Paris, a sensible, able, and honest man, has sympathized with me fully. I have written an article in "Galignani's Messenger," in which I have aimed to present the American side in a way not disagreeable, I trust, to Englishmen. I have examined the question since I have been in Paris; and though I saw it undoubtedly through the American medium, yet I endeavored to look at it candidly: and I cannot resist coming to the conclusion that we are right, and that the subject needs to be more studied in England. I have examined the debates in the treaty of 1783, at the time when the question of boundaries was discussed, and have made some extracts from them in the hasty article I have written. Lord Brougham — who is not very well now<sup>2</sup> — has expressed himself very strongly to me with regard to the American claim, and has told me that Lord Jeffrey was of the same opinion with himself. Let us keep war afar: I tremble at the thought of it.

I send herewith the "Galignani," and venture to ask you to run your eye over it. You know my love for England; and I believe you will do me the justice to think that I would never write about her, except in the spirit of love.

This letter will find you in the midst of your own ministerial contest. You will have the ardent opposition of Leader, but the support of Hume. Lady Granville has received me most kindly. I owe you many thanks for introducing me to her.

I leave Paris soon for Rome, where I shall be in the middle of May. My

<sup>1</sup> Printed in the "Times," June 14.

<sup>2</sup> He was just getting well, as Sumner states in another letter, "of a needle he had swallowed."



address will be with Torlonia & Co.; and I should be much gratified by an assurance from you that we shall have peace between our two countries.

As ever, very sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

---

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD, BOSTON.

PARIS, April 15, 1839.

DEAR HILLARD, — Wherever I am, I find something to do more than I anticipated. I am here simply *en route* for Italy; but I could not be in this charming place without reviving some of my old acquaintances, and once more enjoying the splendid museums and galleries and sights. What a change from London! I was not aware that the atmosphere of London was so black and surcharged with dirt as I am now convinced it is by the contrast; the gilding, and silks, and furniture of the drawing-rooms — *salons* — are here so clear and bright, compared with those of London, where damp and dirt are constantly at work.

I came from Boulogne in the diligence with an English M. P., who did not know me personally, but who took me for an Englishman, and talked about the Americans; while I, enjoying it so much, forbore to undeceive him. I love Paris for its sights and gay scenes, and for its palaces for the people: its museums, stored in the halls of kings, which are gazed on by the humble, the lowly, and the poor. I again entered the Louvre with a throb, and rejoiced as I ascended its magnificent stairway, to think that it was no fee-possession, set apart to please the eyes of royalty. One day I have passed at Versailles, to revive the recollections of that place; and I stood with melancholy interest before that exquisite conception of Joan of Arc, by poor Mary of Orleans. This sculptor-princess I once saw. She seemed pretty, intelligent, and lively; and this statue is brimful of genius and thought. In that mighty palace of France, where it now is, there is nothing more touching. One night, I listened to Mademoiselle Rachel, — the new meteor that has illuminated the French drama. Without beauty, she has intense dignity, a fine voice, and great power of conceiving the meaning of the poet. Another night, I was charmed by the wonders of the French opera, the glories of the ballet, the dance and song; another, I was an indifferent listener to Grisi, Lablache, Tamburini, and the Italian corps. And then, society has spread its nets. I have found invitations when I did not wish them. Lord Granville has been very kind to me. Thorn's balls are truly brilliant, and his house is one of the finest I have ever seen. People with titles beg for invitations there. Before the last ball, Lord Brougham, who was in Paris, and of whom I have seen much, wrote me a note, — which I send you for an autograph, — asking me to get him an invitation! Said Brougham to me the other day, as we were walking arm-in-arm: "Ah! my dear friend, is this like Boston?" Tell Cleveland and Longfellow that we were then in the shadow of Napoleon's Column, in the Place Vendôme; and ask them whether they find any thing in Boston like that. Strange things I may tell of Brougham. I have talked with him much about our

Maine affair. "It shall be discussed!" said he, with an oath, when I told him that all we wanted was to have the subject looked into and studied; but I have written two very long letters to Governor Everett on this subject. At the request of General Cass, our minister, I have written a long article in "Galignani's Messenger," stating the American side. It was after no little ado that it was admitted. It is the longest article ever published in that journal since its foundation, and, I believe, the longest American article ever published in Europe. Besides the circulation it will have of some eight or ten thousand on the continent of Europe, there are one thousand copies struck off to send to members of the English Parliament. Mr. Hume (M. P.) was so interested in it that he has undertaken to distribute it. I am convinced that we are right, and have said so, but have expressed myself full of kindness to England. More than this: I have written to some thirty persons of influence in British politics, soliciting their attention to this subject; being fully convinced that, if they will look at it, they will agree with us. I have felt anxious to avail myself of the personal relations which I have with English statesmen, for the benefit of my country. But this affair is merely a day's episode in my travels. You will find something new in my article with regard to the *intention* of the framers of the treaty. Brougham told me it was "unanswerable."

Ever affectionately,

C. S.

---

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

PARIS, April 20, 1839.

DEAR HILLARD, — In an hour or two, I shall be rattling behind shaggy demons of horses in the *malle-poste* for Lyons. I shall be two nights and a day in the confined vehicle, without stopping, except for a single half hour. Why do I find so much to do, always? I have found it almost impossible to get away from Paris. The letters I have been obliged to write have consumed a great deal of my time. It is not simply the seeing sights and enjoying society that occupy me; but I happen everywhere upon people who wish some sort of thing, some information about something which I am supposed to know, who wish introductions in America, or England, or the like; and, forsooth, I must be submissive, and respond to their wishes. I assure you my tour has been full of pleasure and instruction; but it has not been less full of work. I have been gratified to find how readily I have fallen into the hours of Europe, without deranging my constitution or my pursuits in the least. Thus, now, I take my coffee and roll (*c'est tout*) at eight, and dine at six or seven o'clock, — eating nothing in the mean time. Indeed, I do not find time to eat. I should think anybody mad who asked me at one, two, or three o'clock to waste an hour or two, by sitting down to a meal. We lose a great deal of time in our thrifty country, by cutting the day in two, as we do. But on my return to America, I shall not hesitate to conform to the habits of our town; and I feel assured, from experience, that

I can return to former hours with the same facility with which I abandoned them.

Last night, I dined in company with Papineau, and then went to Lord Granville's, — thus passing from the so-called traitor to the ambassador. I like Papineau<sup>1</sup> very much. He is a remarkable man, — firm and dignified in his manner, and conversing with great grace and ability. His hatred of England somewhat shocked my love of my mother-country. He prefers to speak French; and it was easy to see, when he used English, that he was not at home, and that his ideas lost much of their force. I have seldom met a person who interested me more, and whose society I felt more anxious to cultivate. Perhaps I was won by his misfortunes. As we parted, — he treating me with great warmth and attention, — I contented myself with saying, and I could not say less: "Monsieur Papineau, je vous souhaite le bonheur." — "Ah!" he replied, "Nous nous verrons encore une fois en Amérique dans les jours qui seront bons et beaux."

The last "Quarterly Review" contains an article on a Spanish subject, — written undoubtedly by Ford, who will review Prescott. Fearing that Ford's high Toryism might be turned against us by recent events, I wrote him yesterday in order to turn aside his wrath, and suggesting to him that the Muse should extend her olive branch, even in this time of semi-strife, between our two countries. I go to Naples as fast as I can go. You will next hear from me lapped in soft Parthenope; and perhaps I may encounter even the August heat of Rome, without, alas! hearing the hoarse verses of Codrus.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. Foelix has just been here to take leave, and has given me a most noisy kiss, *à l'Allemande*.

<sup>1</sup> A Canadian revolutionist.

## CHAPTER XX.

ITALY.—MAY TO SEPTEMBER, 1839.—AGE, 28.

LEAVING Paris April 20, and going by way of Lyons, Sumner embarked at Marseilles, May 3, by steamer for Naples. On the route he visited Genoa,<sup>1</sup> Leghorn, and Pisa, and was kept a day at the unattractive port of Civita Vecchia. While at Naples, where he remained about twelve days, he visited the well-known points of interest, — the Museum, Lake Avernus, Misenum, Baiæ, Capri, Pompeii, and Vesuvius. Leaving Naples May 20, and riding during the night, he had the next day his first view of St. Peter's from the Alban hills. That moment a darling vision of childhood and youth was fulfilled. No pilgrim ever entered the Imperial City with a richer enthusiasm, — not even Goethe, who, in his German home, could not, for some time before he crossed the Alps, look at an engraving of Italian scenery or read a Latin book, because of the pang they gave him. Here Sumner remained till the close of August. Rome and the Campagna have attractions at this season which are withheld in winter, and he always regarded the time of his sojourn there as well chosen.<sup>2</sup> He afterwards referred to these days as the happiest of his whole European journey. Thence he went, by way of Siena, to Florence, where he passed a fortnight; and then with a *vetturino* to Bologna, Ferrara, Rovigo, Padua, and "across the plains of Lombardy alone, in a light wagon with a single horse,

<sup>1</sup> See his description of Genoa, July 4, 1845, in "The True Grandeur of Nations:—" "She still sits in queenly pride as she sat then, — her mural crown studded with towers; her churches rich with marble floors and rarest pictures; her palaces of ancient doges and admirals yet spared by the hand of Time; her close streets thronged by a hundred thousand inhabitants, — at the foot of the Apennines as they approach the blue and tideless waters of the Mediterranean Sea, leaning her back against their strong mountain-sides, overshadowed by the foliage of the fig-tree and the olive, while the orange and the lemon with pleasant perfume scent the air where reigns perpetual spring. Who can contemplate such a city without delight?" — Works, Vol. I. p. 28.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Ticknor wrote to him, Dec. 3, 1839: "I agree with you about the season for seeing Italy. I have been there every month of the year except August, and give me the sunshine even at the expense of the heat."

harnessed with ropes, old leather, and the like." Leaving Venice on the last day of September, after a week's visit, he arrived, Oct. 2, without breaking the journey, at Milan, where his Italian tour ended. Three days later, he took a seat in the *malle-poste* to cross the Alps by the Stelvio Pass for Innsbruck. Such, in brief, was his route at a period when as yet there was no railway in Italy.

His journey, as originally planned, included a visit to Greece, and he was provided with letters of introduction by Dr. Samuel G. Howe, which would have brought him at once into relations with the surviving leaders of the Greek Revolution; but he had lingered too long in Rome to allow him to extend his journey further east. Afterwards he much regretted this failure in his plan, though he felt his precious days in Rome had been only too few.

During his three months in Rome, Sumner was a devoted student. He determined not only to learn the language of the country, but to come into full communion with the thought and spirit of its literature. He kept aloof from society, and even his visits to galleries and ruins were made mostly in hours of needful recreation. Rising at half-past six o'clock in the morning, and breakfasting some hours later in his room, he was devoted to his books till five or six in the afternoon, when he sallied out for dinner or a walk. With such devotion, his progress even exceeded his expectations. He read not only Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Boccaccio, Macchiavelli, Guicciardini, Alfieri, and Niccolini, but several minor authors, whose neglected works are explored only by the most assiduous students of Italian literature. Most of all he enjoyed the great work of an author then living, — the "Promessi Sposi" of Manzoni.

Hillard wrote to him, Nov. 29: "You have made an admirable use of your opportunities in Italy. Nobody has ever done more so. The list of books which you have read absolutely startles me. I do not understand how you could have found time for any thing else."

Sumner found at Rome, in the Consul of the United States, a scholar of kindred tastes, with whom he established a perpetual friendship. Some will remember that when, in his later years, he was to speak at Faneuil Hall, he brought with him to the platform a slightly built man of fine texture, scholarly mien, and imperfect sight, for whom he cared with singular delicacy. That

was George W. Greene, who at Rome, thirty years before, had assisted him in his studies, strolled with him among ruins and on the Campagna, and was associated with the memories of happiest days, — a friend whom Sumner was ever afterward quick to serve. Greene, the grandson of Washington's most trusted general, was born in the same year with Sumner. As a youth of sixteen, and again three years later, he had been Lafayette's guest at La Grange. In 1827, he met casually at Marseilles a pilgrim scholar like himself, — Henry W. Longfellow; and the two journeyed together to Rome. No scholar was ever more generous and patient than Greene in helping others to follow paths already familiar to himself; and favors and associations in common studies were always freshly remembered by Sumner, even in the absorbing pursuits of public life.

Professor Greene remembers well Sumner's habits at this time, — his prolonged studies, his bringing each day a list of questions suggested by his reading, his forgetting at dinner the food before him while his difficulties were being solved, his earnestness, apparent in his countenance as well as in voice and gesture, and his prodigious interest in books. If he was compelled to leave volumes unread, he would at least know their titles. Just before leaving the Convent of Palazzuola, he took down one by one all its books, the dust of which had not been disturbed for years; and before leaving Rome he did the same with Greene's library. His taste for art was then developing, but his interest in literature was greater. Of public life or fame as an orator he had no thought. Knowledge he appeared to seek for its own sake, and as a means of usefulness.<sup>1</sup>

From Rome he made two excursions, — one to Tivoli, where, with "Horace" in hand, he observed the scenes commemorated by the poet; and the other, in company with Greene, to the Convent of Palazzuola, where for four days they were the guests of the monks.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Professor Greene, now living on an ancestral farm at East Greenwich, R. I., became also an intimate friend of George Sumner. His writings have related not only to Italian literature, but also to American history and biography of the period of the Revolution. He was Consul at Rome, 1837-45, afterwards Professor of Modern Languages in Brown University, and later a professor in Cornell University.

<sup>2</sup> His friend recalls that one evening, while they were gazing on the moonlit waters of the Alban Lake, Sumner suddenly exclaimed, as the thought of his deserted law-office came to his mind: "Let me see if I can draw a writ!" Here, also, while the two friends were walking one day in the woods near the convent, and were for a moment separated, it happened that Sumner fell into a wolf-trap; Greene answered at once his call for help, and soon extricated him from his imprisonment.

In his argument of Dec. 4, 1849, against the constitutionality of separate colored schools in Massachusetts, Sumner thus referred to this last visit:—

“In Italy, at the Convent of Palazzuola, on the shores of the Alban Lake, amidst a scene of natural beauty enhanced by historical association, where I was once a guest, I have for days seen a native of Abyssinia, recently from his torrid home and ignorant of the language spoken about him, mingling in delightful and affectionate familiarity with the Franciscan friars, whose visitor and scholar he was. Do I err in saying that the Christian spirit shines in these examples?”<sup>1</sup>

At Rome Sumner made the acquaintance of a young artist, then little known but afterwards distinguished, to whom he rendered a most important service. Thomas Crawford was then toiling in his studio, waiting for commissions, with narrow means and serious misgivings as to the future. Sumner recognized at once his genius, and was particularly struck with the “Orpheus” on which he was at work. He not only cheered the artist with hopeful words, but wrote many letters home, urging friends to interest themselves in his behalf. He never failed, after leaving Rome, to set forth Crawford’s merits as a sculptor to English and American travellers who were likely to invest in works of art. Nor did his zeal in the cause of the young artist end here, as the sequel will show. Crawford, truly grateful for this kindly interest, was anxious to take a bust of Sumner, who consented reluctantly upon Greene’s assuring him that he would thereby render a service to his friend. It is the earliest representation of Sumner, and was thought at the time to be faithful to the original.<sup>2</sup> Sir Charles Vaughan and John Kenyon, on different occasions, saw it in Greene’s library a few months later, and each was so struck with the likeness that he gave Crawford a commission to take a bust of himself.

William W. Story writes, of this visit of Sumner to Rome:

“It was during this visit that the world of art first opened to him; and though he liked living men better, the great statues and pictures he saw made a profound impression on him. When he returned, hour after hour he used to talk with me about them, and stirred my blood with his glowing descriptions. He took me, so to speak, by the hand, and carried me through the great galleries, and talked enthusiastically of the great works he saw there,—

<sup>1</sup> Works, Vol. II. p. 375.

<sup>2</sup> William H. Prescott wrote concerning it, in 1844: “It is a very good likeness and a beautiful piece of work, like every thing else from Crawford’s chisel.” The bust is among the works of art bequeathed by Sumner to the city of Boston, and is now in the Art Museum.

of Titian and Correggio, the Elgin marbles and Phidias; of all the great names. I remember his account of the Vatican, with its population of statues; and I well remember that one of the things which struck him most was the bust of the young Augustus; not so much because of its beauty and excellence of workmanship as because it was Octavius, — the Emperor, the Father of his country, the Augustus of history. The world of art, as art purely, was to him always a half-opened, if not a locked world. He longed to enter into it, and feel it as an artist does; but the keys were never given to him. His interest in it was historical and literary, not artistic. His judgment as to a work of art was poor; his sense of art very limited, though he ever strove to cultivate his taste and feeling for it. It was in Rome that he first made the acquaintance of Thomas Crawford, — the distinguished sculptor, — for whom he formed a strong friendship and sympathy. Crawford was then a young man, struggling up the first difficult steps of his art, with high ambition and very small means, — full of talent and vigor of mind and purpose, but hampered by the *res angusta domi*. Sumner, with that natural kindness and geniality of heart which always characterized him, sought his society, lent him encouragement, and prophesied for him the fame which he afterwards acquired. More than this: his friendship did not exhaust itself in words, but took the shape of earnest acts of kindness. Crawford was then modelling one of his first statues, representing Orpheus descending into Hades to redeem Eurydice; and Sumner, impressed by the beauty and spirit of the work, urged so strenuously upon his friends at home the propriety of giving a commission for this work in marble that he succeeded in his purpose; and Crawford owes to him his first commission for a statue, and his first great lift to fame. Many a long year after, walking in Rome with me, Sumner recounted the pleasant days spent with him; and pointing out his studio, said: 'There, in the old days, I passed many a pleasant hour with our friend: there he confided to me his great ambition, and his small hope of success; and once when, almost in despair at his dark prospects, he poured forth his heart to me, I said: "*Coraggio*, Crawford! When I come again to Rome, you will be a great and successful sculptor, and be living in a palace." He smiled, and shook his head. Look now! Was I not a true prophet? He is now living in a palace; and he is a great sculptor.' This friendship, let me add, never abated through life. Crawford never forgot the debt of gratitude he owed him; and Sumner always took the most earnest and active interest in him and his works, and never failed to chant his praise. After Crawford's death, we went together over his studio; and the tears came into Sumner's eyes, as he spoke of the old days, and the untimely end of our friend."

Tidings reached Sumner at Rome of his father's death, which had taken place April 24. He had languished for several weeks, and the end was not unexpected. He had reached the age of sixty-three, — a year which he had, for some time, designated as likely to prove fatal to him. The family, in communicating the



event, urged Charles not to allow it to affect his plans of travelling, or to speed his return. The character of his father has already been given, — just, but severe and rigid. Felton wrote, in relation to his death: "President Quincy spoke of his character as a high-minded and honorable man in the most energetic terms; and that is the character which all ascribe to him." Charles revered his father's uprightness and fidelity to his convictions, and through life referred to him always in terms of filial respect. He had no undutiful conduct to recall. He had observed, in boyhood and in manhood, all the obligations of a son. "You were a good son," wrote Lieber, in a letter of condolence. Cleveland, who knew all the circumstances of his life at home, wrote: "That your duty to him was fully done, must now be a source of infinite satisfaction." But this narrative would be incomplete, if it said no more of this relation of father and son. The father's rigid nature imposed an iron rule at home, which bore heavily on the elder sons. Charles chafed under it; and after he was himself emancipated, and had taken lodgings away from home, he sympathized with his brothers and sisters whom he left behind. When he went to Europe, he besought from his father a milder *régime* for the younger children; and, indeed, a somewhat milder one followed the next year. The intervention, however, was not kindly received; and from that time a single letter from Charles was all that passed between the two. This feature of Sumner's early life was not a transient grief only. The want of a genuine sympathy between father and son leaves a void in one's being, which time and new relations never fill. While abroad, and for years after his return, he referred — though with no unfilial reproaches — to this unhappy experience of his youth, in words which showed how profoundly he had felt it. This was his first domestic calamity; but it was not to be his last!

At Florence, Sumner became much interested in Horatio Greenough, who was then at work on his "Washington" and "Rescue," both now placed — the latter a group — at the east front of the National Capitol. Sumner was greatly impressed with Greenough's intellectual power, as well as his genius in his art, and much enjoyed his society. Greenough, answering a letter in which Sumner, after leaving Florence, made some suggestions as to the "Washington," wrote, Nov. 16, 1839: —

"I look upon your advice respecting the accessory ornaments of my *chair* as having been most well-timed and fortunate for me, — not that I think the

figures you object to cannot be rendered poetical as well as effective; but because, as you convincingly observed, I ought, in a first great work, appealing to great national sympathies, to keep clear, quite clear, of debatable ground."

Sumner frequented at Florence the studio of Powers, who was then at work upon his "Eve." He formed at the same time a pleasant acquaintance with Richard Henry Wilde, — once a member of Congress from Georgia, — then pursuing researches for a Life of Dante, on which he was engaged. At Wilde's request, he traced out at Ferrara some manuscripts of Tasso, and afterwards at Venice others connected with Dante. In Florence, he met a tourist from Boston, already known to him, and younger than himself, — William Minot, Jr., — in whom he took much interest, inspired in part by an ancient friendship which had existed between their fathers. Young Minot wrote to him from Florence, Sept. 26, 1839: —

"I consider, my dear Mentor, my having met you at my entrance into Italy as a great piece of fortune. You have set me at once on the right track, have stimulated all my motives and tastes, and have made the path of improvement and pleasure clear to me. I shall bind up our conferences with my bundle of associations in Italy, mark them 'number one,' and lay them in a very handy corner of my brain."

Mr. Minot, now a member of the Boston bar, writes: —

"While in Italy, he devoted himself with great zeal to the study of Italian art and literature. I recollect being much impressed by his rapid acquisition and mastery of these subjects. He made himself familiar with, and incorporated into his own mind, the works and thoughts of the master minds of Italy. His intellectual food was of the richest and most nutritious kind, and was rapidly assimilated by his vigorous mind. His tenacious memory, his capacity for continuous work, and taste for acknowledged superiority secured to him a rich harvest. He was very kind and friendly to me personally, and full of anecdotes of the noted people he had met the previous summer in England, — especially Lord Brougham, with whom he had passed some time in Paris."

To his brother George, Sumner wrote from Florence a long letter full of counsel on various points, — the latter's proposed book on Russia, his study of languages, his style of writing, intercourse in society, manners, and dress, — in which he said: —

"There is, perhaps, no other person in the world who would venture to make to you the suggestions in this letter. I judge others by myself; and

I should be truly grateful to any friend whose relations with me justified suggestions on such delicate subjects, who exercised the same freedom towards me that I now use with you. '*Veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.*' "

Remembering, as he faithfully did, his family ties, he added :

"I hope you have already written home stimulating mother to the education of the children. Lend me your influence. Teach your brothers and sisters to be ambitious, to aspire, and to look up. You can do a great deal of good in this way. I hope that Horace, when grown up, will not smart as I do under the mortification of a defective education."

From Venice he wrote a long letter to Judge Story, urging the adoption of a higher standard at Harvard College, where, as he thought, there was then a want of thoroughness in the system of instruction.<sup>1</sup> Particularly he lamented the imperfect way in which the modern languages were taught, — a defect from which he had especially suffered. He wrote : —

"Let a boy acquire one thing well, and he gets a standard of excellence to which he will endeavor to bring up his other knowledge; and, moreover, he will be conscious of his deficiencies by observing the difference between what he knows *well* and what *indifferently*. Let the requisites for admission be doubled, and subject all candidates for degrees to a most rigid examination. We must make a beginning, and where can it be done better than at Harvard? . . . I cannot forbear writing you, *ex mero motu*, to say that I think Felton's usefulness as a professor would be very much increased if he could come abroad; and such a tour as he proposes would be productive of benefit and honor to himself, the college, and our country. Thank God! *I am an American*. Much as there is to offend me in our country, yet it is the best country to be born in on the face of the globe."

In his tribute to Washington Allston, Aug. 27, 1846, there is a description of Italy which was inspired by the memories of these days : —

"Turning his back upon Paris and the greatness of the Empire, he directed his steps towards Italy, the enchanted ground of literature, history, and art, — strown with richest memorials of the past; filled with scenes memorable in the progress of man; teaching by the pages of philosophers and historians; vocal with the melody of poets; ringing with the music which St. Cecilia protects; glowing with the living marble and canvas; beneath a sky of heavenly purity and brightness; with the sunsets which Claude has painted; parted by the Apennines, early witnesses of the unrecorded Etruscan civilization; surrounded by the snow-capped Alps and the blue, classic waters of the Mediterranean sea. Rome, sole surviving city of antiquity, once disdaining all that

<sup>1</sup> It hardly needs to be noted, that in American colleges, and particularly in Harvard, great changes have been made since 1839 in the direction to which Sumner then pointed.

could be wrought by the cunning hand of sculpture, — who has commanded the world by her arms, her jurisprudence, her church, — now sways it further by her arts. Pilgrims from afar, where her eagles, her prætors, her interdicts never reached, become willing subjects of this new empire; and the Vatican, stored with the priceless remains of antiquity and the touching creations of modern art, has succeeded to the Vatican whose thunders intermingled with the strifes of modern Europe.”<sup>1</sup>

---

## LETTERS.

---

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

NAPLES, May 19, 1839.

Embarked at Marseilles, May 3, in the steamer “Pharamond;” touched and passed two days at Genoa, wandered among its palaces and groves of oranges, and enjoyed its paintings. Next stopped at Leghorn long enough to make a most delightful excursion to Pisa, to ascend its leaning tower, and admire its cathedral; then to Civita Vecchia, in which dirty hole we were kept a day, and then to Naples. How can I describe to you, my dear Hillard, the richness of pleasure that I have enjoyed! Here is that beautiful bay with its waters reflecting the blue of heaven, and its delicious shores studded with historical associations. What day’s enjoyment has been the greatest I cannot tell, — whether when I walked amidst the streets of Pompeii, and trod the beautiful mosaics of its houses; or when I visited Baïæ and Misenum, and looked off upon Capri and Procida; or when I mounted the rough lava sides of Vesuvius, and saw the furnace-like fires which glowed in its yawning cracks and seams. I should like much to go into details about these things, but your own mind will revive, on glancing at these hasty words, volumes that you have read. I think I do not say too much when I let you know that, with all my ardent expectations, I never adequately conceived the thrilling influences shed by these ancient classical sites and things. You walk the well-adjusted pavement of Pompeii, and distinctly discern the traces of wheels worn into its hard stone; and in the houses you see mosaics and frescoes and choice marbles that make you start. But reach the Forum, and there you are in the midst of columns and arches and temples that would seem wonderful to us if found in a grand city, but are doubly so when disentombed in a humble town. What must Rome have been, whose porches and columns and arches excited the wonder of the ancient world, if this little place, of whose disastrous fate only we have heard an account, contained such treasures! I do not believe there is a single town of the size of the ancient Pompeii in modern Europe where you will find so much public or private magnificence, where you will enter so many private dwellings enriched by

<sup>1</sup> Works, Vol. I. pp. 275-276

the chisel and the pencil, or stand in a public square like her Forum. Would that Felton could see these things! How his soul would expand and palpably feel — what he has been groping after in books — the power and beauty of ancient art! Capo Miseno is on the opposite side of the bay. One day's excursion carried me over the scene of the Cumæan Sibyl (I would fain have sent you home a mistletoe from the thick wood), round the ancient Lake Avernus, even down the dark cave which once opened to the regions of night; by the Lucrine bank, whence came the oysters on which Horace and Juvenal fed; over the remains of Baïæ, where are still to be seen those substructions and piles, by which, as our old poets said, their rich owners sought to abridge the rightful domain of the sea; and on the top of Capo Miseno, in the shade of the vine, with fresh breezes coming from Hesperus and the West; and in the ancient gardens of Lucullus I sat down to such a breakfast as the poor peasants of this fertile land could supply. Lucullus's servants, I doubt not, fared better than we did; but who, amidst such a scene, could think of the coarse bread and the poor wine? Then there is the Museum at Naples, where are collected all the spoils of Herculaneum and Pompeii, with other productions that are full of interest and beauty and grace. Several days are exhausted in examining its treasures. Here are the frescos that have been taken from the walls of the houses of Pompeii, and the bronzes and the marbles that have been there disinterred. But you know all this. Naples is a disagreeable place saving its fine scenery and its classical interests. Beggary is here incarnate. You cannot leave the house without being surrounded by half a dozen squalid wretches with most literally scarcely a rag to cover their nakedness; they travel with you, and go into the country with you — whenever you make a *sortie* from the town — as if joined to your person; and on the quays they stretch themselves at full length, while a hot sun is letting fall its perpendicular rays. The streets are narrow and dirty, and the famed Toledo is without a sidewalk (a good word, though American). I have several letters of introduction here, but I shall leave the place without taking advantage of any. I have travelled from Marseilles with three Frenchmen, young men of rank, in whose company I have made all my excursions, and for some time have not been in the way of hearing English. From my French friends I have learned some lessons in economy. It is to me astonishing to observe the nicety with which they drive a bargain; and as one of them has always held our common purse and acted as manager, I have had the benefit of it without the trouble. To-morrow we start together, in a carriage we have hired, for Rome.

ROME, May 21.

I am in the *Eternal City*. We passed through dirty Capua (shorn of all its soft temptations); with difficulty found a breakfast of chocolate and bread where Hannibal's victorious troops wasted with luxury and excess; enjoyed the perfume of the orange and lemon trees that line the way in the territories of Naples; at midnight awoke the last *gendarme* of his Neapolitan Majesty, who swung open the heavy gates through which we entered the territories of the Supreme Pontiff; rode all night; crossed for twenty-eight

miles the Pontine marshes; and at length, from the heights of Alba, near the tomb of the Curiatii, descried the dome of St. Peter's and Rome! I have now driven within sight of the Colosseum and the Arch of Constantine, and under Trajan's Column! My fondest expectations are all on tiptoe. Good-by and love to you all.

Most affectionately ever,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, BOSTON.

PIAZZA DI SPAGNA, ROME, June 28, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR, — Amidst saddening and perplexing intelligence from opposite quarters, I received your agreeable letter of the 18th April.<sup>1</sup> I have done nothing worthy of the thanks you have been so good as to send me. The debt is on my side; for, over and above the great satisfaction I derived from the hasty perusal of your work (during a few of the odd hours rescued from society and sight-seeing), I experienced in England a constant pleasure from the honor which it has reflected upon our country, and the favorable impression it is calculated to inspire with regard to the American mind. Wherever I went I saw your history. It was on the tables of the London clubs — those great centres of the highest-toned literary and political circles — and in the cabinets or drawing-rooms of the best houses at which I had the honor of being received. From time to time, I have communicated to some of my friends at home a portion of what I heard about it; some of this may have reached you. I cannot refrain now from adding that no literary triumph could be more complete than yours. In the judgment of the best scholars of England, you have taken your place —

“Con segno di vittoria incoronato” —

at the head of the literature of our country.

Ford, to whom you refer in your letter, is a sort of *chevalier de la plume*, who writes less to do the right than to show his own good mettle. His favorable judgment of an American work I should prize highly, while his unfavorable criticism would not disturb me. He is among the most ultra Tories and absolutists I have ever met, and hates our institutions and our great example. On Spanish subjects, and generally on Continental topics, I thought him acute and well informed, though prejudiced and perhaps unsound. He was pleased to solicit some information from me with regard to yourself, and generally with regard to American literature. All this I furnished to the best of my ability, and to his apparent great satisfaction; and on some points I thought he gave up some of his first-expressed opinions. His admiration of your labors was unfeigned; and he hoped that, if ever you came to England, you would take a note from me to him, that he might have the pleasure of making your personal acquaintance. In personal appearance and man-

<sup>1</sup> *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 308, note.

ners, he is much the gentleman. He has a considerable place near Exeter, where he has built ornamental walls and houses in imitation of some of those old Moorish remains which he so loved in Spain. His article was to appear this June, but I should not be surprised if it went over till October. On the receipt of your letter I wrote him from Rome, to let him know that a large number of corrections had been made in the recent American edition. I also wrote Bentley, whom I saw when in London, communicating your wishes. "It is a far cry" across the Atlantic Ocean, and not a short one from Rome; but I thought the two together — your Western call and my halloo from the East — would certainly be heard in Burlington Street. In London I met a Spaniard,<sup>1</sup> an ex-professor of Madrid, who wrote the review of your history in the "Edinburgh." I have forgotten his name and address. Hillard, however, has both. He would be pleased to find himself in some way *en rapport* with you. He has addicted himself to Spanish subjects, and collected very valuable manuscripts, — some illustrating the life of the Great Captain, to which you had not referred (so he told me); and he expressed the greatest willingness to communicate them to you. If you should care to enter into correspondence with him, you may do it freely, and be assured that he will be not a little gratified. I hope to see Capponi at Florence, through the kindness of our friend Greene, who has been reading your history with the greatest admiration, — a judgment which carries with it great weight, when it is known that for two years he has devoted himself to a subject, part of which falls within your work. If I should learn any thing from Capponi which I should deem interesting to you, I shall take the liberty of communicating it. From Italy I go into Germany, where, if I can serve you in any way, I shall be truly happy to do it.

Believe me ever, my dear sir, very sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. Do you remember, in the Sala di Torre Borgia, at the Vatican, painted by Raphael, a portrait of your hero, Ferdinand the Catholic? It is one of the caryatides that supports the "Battle of the Saracens;" and under it is inscribed, *Christiani Imperii Propagator*. Other caryatides are Charlemagne and Lothaire. You will find some mention of this in De Quincy's "Histoire de la vie et des ouvrages de Raphael," p. 176;<sup>2</sup> though Lanzi makes no mention of it; nor Vasari, I think.

P. S. Let me take the great liberty, in this duplication of postscript, to mention that there is a young American sculptor here, Mr. Thomas Crawford, who has great merit, and has found considerable favor among artists. *Laudatur et alget*. Can't something be done for him in Boston? I shall write at length to Hillard or Longfellow about him, and should feel much gratified if you would counsel with them as to the proper way of promoting his interests.

C. S.

<sup>1</sup> Gayangos, *ante*, Vol. II. p. 64.

<sup>2</sup> Bohn's ed., p. 298.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

ROME, July 18, 1839.

DEAR HILLARD, — I have now before me all your kind, very kind, letters of March 19, April 29, and May 29. In the first you say, “I wonder where you are *just now*, &c.” I opened this letter and read it on the Capitoline Hill, with those steps in view over which the friars walked while Gibbon contemplated; the wonderful equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius before me; while thickening about in every direction were the associations of Old Rome. I need not say that your page was more interesting even than that mighty leaf of history then for the first time open before me. Your other letters have repeated to me what I first heard from my own family, — the death of my father; an event which has caused me many painful emotions, — not the less painful because beyond the reach of ordinary sympathy. To you, who so well understand my situation, I need say nothing. I do not know why I should return home, for I do not see any particular thing in which I could be useful. My father’s business and property were always managed with such carefulness and exactness, as to leave little for any person to do who has the administration of his estate. It is of the *education* of my young brother and sisters that I most think; and I wish I were at home to aid them in their studies, to stimulate them, and teach them to be ambitious. I have written to my mother at length on this subject, for I know no one on whom the responsibility of their education now depends more than myself. I have no right to trouble you on this subject, but I cannot forbear saying that you would render me a very great service if you would advise with my mother about this. I have already referred her to you. I wish that the three younger children should have a competent French instructor to give them lessons, — daily I think they should be, — in speaking and reading this language. If school studies do not allow the devotion of much time to this, they can at least give the hour of the lesson, and that will be something. I am anxious that my sisters should have the best education the country will afford: this I know their portion of our father’s estate will amply give them; and further, to that purpose most freely do I devote whatever present or future interest I may have in it. I do not understand well enough the terms of his will to know what this is — if it is any thing; but this may be counted upon, that, in any division of my father’s property as regards my sisters, I am to be considered entirely out of the question; so that, if need be, reference may be had to this circumstance, in incurring the necessary expenditure for their education. This I communicate to your private ear, — not to be spoken of, but to be used for your government in any conversation you may have with my mother. Do pardon all this trouble — but would I not do as much for you if any circumstances gave me the opportunity?

What joys open to one here in Rome! My time has been saddened and perplexed by the intelligence which I have received here; but still I have enjoyed much. Art in these noble galleries, and antiquity in these noble ruins, afford constant interest. To these and to Italian literature I have



given myself here. Painting I have studied in the works of the masters before me, and in the various books in which their lives and merits are commemorated; and I have not contented myself by simply seeing and looking upon the ancient remains that have been preserved to us. My rule is with Horace, — “*Dona praesentis cape lætus horae*,” and while in any place to surrender myself as much as possible to all those things which make its life and peculiarity. What a day I passed at Tivoli! I was with French companions, one of whom lent me his pocket “*Horace*.” The others strolled away to see some ruin or catch a nearer spray of the falling water. I lay on the grass with the *praecepta Anio* before me, in the very Tiburtine grove that Horace had celebrated; and there I read the first book of his odes, and on the spot saw and felt the felicity of his language. I am going to pass a few days in a convent with some Franciscan friars, on the banks of the beautiful Alban lake.

Ever affectionately yours,

C. S.

P. S. Ah, my Dante! how I have thrilled under his stern and beautiful measures! I shall write you and my friends a letter soon about an artist here, Mr. T. Crawford, for whom I am anxious that something should be done. In your letters always cover every spot; tell me all the news about everybody in Court Street, and State Street, and Beacon Street, &c. I shall be in Germany when your answer to this comes, away from sight of any American paper.

Greene, who is now with me, remembers you in Boston, and sends his regards. He has the highest admiration for you, and you should have the same for him, as he is one of the most accomplished scholars of our country, and is full of honorable ambition. Give my love to all. How is Longfellow?

When I leave my convent, — where I intend to live as I chiefly do here, on fruit, salads, and wine, — I shall go to Florence. But I shall write you from my hermitage, if Nature and the library spare me any time.

---

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

CONVENT OF PALAZZUOLA, July 26, 1839.

DEAR HILLARD, — In my last, dated from Rome, I mentioned that there was an American sculptor there, who needs and deserves more patronage than he has. I wish now to call your particular attention to his case, and through you to interest for him such of my friends as you choose to mention it to. He is Mr. Thomas Crawford,<sup>1</sup> of New York; he commenced life

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Crawford was born in New York, March 22, 1813, and died in London, Oct. 10, 1857. He visited Italy in 1835, and studied under Thorwaldsen at Rome. Among his chief works are the “*Orpheus*” (1840), in the Boston Athenæum; the colossal equestrian statue of Washington at Richmond; the colossal statue of “*Liberty*” on the dome of the National Capitol; and the designs on the bronze doors of the Capitol, illustrating

humbly, learned something of sculpture in the study of Frazee, where among other things he worked on the heads of Judge Prescott and Judge Story; here he saved a little money and gained a love for his art; and on this capital — of which his devotion to his profession was the larger part — he came abroad to study here the great remains of ancient sculpture. He has studied diligently, and formed a pure, classical, and decided taste, loving and feeling the antique. Thorwaldsen, I have occasion to know, has shown him much kind consideration, which, of itself, is no mean praise; among the thousand young artists of Rome, and from the greatest sculptor of modern times, this is the “*laudari a viro laudato*.” The three principal English sculptors here, whose names are well-known in their own country though they may not have reached you, speak of Crawford as a remarkable artist; and I will add that I think he gives promise of doing more than they have done. I have seen his bas-reliefs, the heads he has done, and some of his most important studies. They all show the right direction. They are simple, chaste, firm, and expressive, and with much of that air (heaven-descended, I would almost call it) which the ancients had, which was first reproduced in modern times by Canova, and has since been carried so far by Thorwaldsen. Crawford is now modelling an “*Orpheus descending into Hell*.” The figure is as large as life. He has just charmed with his lyre the three-headed dog, and with an elastic step is starting on the facile descent: Cerberus is nodding at his feet. The idea is capital for sculpture, and thus far our countryman has managed it worthily. It is, without exception, the finest study I have seen in Rome, and if completed in corresponding style, — and I do not doubt that he will do this, — will be one of the most remarkable productions that has come from an artist of his years in modern times. Crawford is poor, and is obliged to live sparingly in order to continue his studies. If his soul were not in them, I think he would have abandoned them long ago. Strange to say, his best orders have come from foreigners, — English and Russians. Let him once have a good order from some gentleman of established character, and let the work be exhibited in America, and his way will be clear. Orders will then come upon him as fast as he can attend to them. This, you will understand, is predicated upon my confidence in his ability. It was the case with Greenough. Cooper saw him, was pleased with him, and gave him an order for his bust; this he executed finely. Cooper then ordered a group, which was the “*Chanting Cherubs*,” and gave Greenough the privilege of exhibiting it in the principal cities. From that moment his success was complete. Before, he had been

scenes in the history of the country. Among his statues are the “*Beethoven*” in the Music Hall, Boston, and the “*James Otis*” in the chapel at Mount Auburn. — Tuckerman’s “*Book of Artists*,” pp. 306–320; “*Atlantic Monthly*,” July, 1869, — “*Thomas Crawford, A Eulogy*,” by George S. Hillard, pp. 40–54. Sumner, the day he arrived in Paris, in March, 1857, sought Crawford’s lodgings, which he found only after a considerable effort. A fatal disease was upon him. Sumner wrote: “The whole visit moved me much. This beautiful genius seems to be drawing to its close.” Sumner attended his funeral in New York, on December 5, and was one of the pall-bearers with George W. Greene, H. T. Tuckerman, and Dr. Lieber.

living as he could; not long after, he was able to keep his carriage. Let me suggest, *seriatim*, some of the ways in which you and others may contribute to put Crawford in the same position. . . . I am sorry to trouble you so much, my dear Hillard, but I can do nothing at this distance but give my friends trouble. In the matter of this letter I feel a sincere interest, because the artist is young, amiable, and poor; and, benefiting him, you will be sowing the seed which will ripen to the honor of our country. Therefore, —

“Assai ten priego  
E ripriego ch 'l priego vaglia mille.”

I write this in a convent of Franciscans, where with Greene I am passing three or four days. It is on the ancient site of Alba Longa,—of which scarcely the least trace is now to be found,—and overlooks the beautiful Alban lake. No carriage can approach within two miles on either side, and it is surrounded by precipices and almost impenetrable forests. I do not remember ever to have seen a more lovely and romantic situation. Here we read the poets, chat with the fathers, ramble in the woods, and bathe in the clear water. The scene is so like a picture, that I sometimes look to see Diana in full chase with her nymphs about her. I was, the other day, lying on a bank in the shade of a broad tree (whether it was a *beech* I do not remember), reading the “Gerusalemme;” a Capuchin, with his long beard, had just brought us wine. I showed the venerable father my book, and inquired if he had read it. “Ahi! non ho tanta scienza,” was his reply.

Ever affectionately yours.

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. I wish you would show this to Cleveland, Felton, and Longfellow, and tell them to consider it as addressed to each and all. Can you not speak to Governor Everett, and Ticknor, and Prescott, in Crawford's behalf? But I will not say more, for you will understand my wishes, and I leave the whole to your discretion.

---

TO HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, CAMBRIDGE.

CONVENT OF PALAZZUOLA, July 26, 1839.

MY DEAR LONGFELLOW, — *Fra* Greene and myself have already withdrawn from the cares of this life, — “the world forgetting, by the world forgot.” We have sought quiet in a convent, among cowed, thick-robed, sandalled Franciscans. From our retreat, perched high among rocks, and well guarded by precipices and impenetrable forests, we look down upon that silver lake which once reflected the image of Alba Longa, and, for aught that we know to the contrary, of Narcissus; for its waters deserve to be the seat of the prettiest legends. You who have explored all “the dingles and alleys green” of this country must remember our present seat. Ah! what a welcome we will give Felton,<sup>1</sup> when he reaches our convent! The cellar should

<sup>1</sup> Felton was expecting to visit Europe soon; but circumstances prevented the visit for several years.

send up its richest treasures — *cellar*, did I say? The *grottos* shall afford their most icy wines; and with him we will try to find, amidst these thick woods and precipitous descents, some remains of that noble city which was so long a match for Rome. In our garden we will show him a tomb with the *fascēs* still boldly visible, where reposes the dust of a consul of the Republic! How those ancient Romans did build! Not for themselves, nor for their children simply; but for generations. Stimulate Felton to come abroad. If he comes, I am fully persuaded he will find his mind filled, his knowledge confirmed and enlightened, and his ambition aroused to do something that we shall all be proud of. How I shall rejoice to know that he has —

“Shipped himself all aboard of a ship,  
The foreign countries for to see!”

Here, in our monastic retreat, we speculate upon his advent, and the burst of glorious emotions that he will feel; and then, his laugh! I hear it now: it has crossed the lake, and its echoes are rumbling along its rocky margins.

How pleased I shall be on my return to talk over with you the beautiful things of the Old World, — the skies of Italy, looking down upon fields and sites studded with breathing associations; the pictures and the sculpture; the remains of ancient glory; the verses of poets; the sayings of wise men, and the dark eyes of women. Ah! how the live-long day would be shortened to me, and what sunlight would be let into the dark places of my future pilgrimage! My soul will long for European sympathy, — for some one who has seen the things that I have seen, and who will join with me in reproducing them to our eager imaginations. And I look forward with hope to renewing our former intercourse under your happy roof.

. . . I thank you for all the kind things you have written about me to Greene. I have found him a most valuable friend. He is quite devoted to literature, and is one of the most accomplished persons I have ever met. He is full of honorable ambition, and for two years has been devoting himself to a great subject, which will occupy fifteen or twenty years more of his life.<sup>1</sup> That is good. They build for immortality who calmly dedicate to a work so much time. I have written to Hillard about an American sculptor at Rome, — Mr. Thomas Crawford, — who is full of merit, and only wants some slight notice or patronage to have the fullest success. Greene and myself both take the greatest interest in him, and wish you and other friends to do something for him. If you cannot order a statue, you can at least write an article. Read my letter to Hillard about him, and then do your best. When you hear from me again, — or, rather, when I hear from you, — I shall be among the *Tedeschi lurchi*, as Dante calls the children of the Black Forest. Good-by. Success be with you!

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

<sup>1</sup> A “History of Italy,” planned, but not executed.

## TO PROFESSOR SIMON GREENLEAF.

CONVENT OF PALAZZUOLA, July 27, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I wrote you once, I think, from the palace of an English Bishop: this will go to you from a monastery of Franciscans. In Rome, the heat is intense; and the fever-laden airs of the Campagna even enter the city. Here Greene and myself have come to pass a few days, — “hermits hoar in solemn cell.” An English noble would give a subsidy for such a site as this. In the background is the high mountain which was once dedicated to the Latial Jove, to whom Cicero makes his eloquent appeal in the oration for Milo; and on one side, clearly discernible from my window, is Tusculum, the favorite residence of the great Roman orator. The road over which I passed in coming here is that on which Milo encountered Clodius. The stillness and solemnity that is about me makes every day appear a Sabbath. My companion is the Consul at Rome, — a dear friend of Longfellow, and a most delightful and accomplished person. The monks have given us three rooms each, besides the grand hall: each of us has a bed-room, a cabinet, and an ante-chamber. My ante-chamber is vaulted, and covered with arabesques. My other two rooms are painted, so as to resemble the cell of a hermit, — the ceiling is arched, — and I seem to see the rude stones which the pious man has built in the wilderness; and at my bedside are the beads and the crucifix. The hall is hung with pictures of the most distinguished of the order; and a fresco on the high-vaulted ceiling represents the ascension of St. Francis, its patron. What would these Fathers have said, if they could have foreseen that their retreat was to be occupied by heretics; that the hospitality of their convent was to be extended to those who do not believe in the Pope or St. Francis? You know that this order is one of the most rigid of the Roman Church. They wear neither hats nor stockings, but simply sandals for their feet. The remainder of their dress is a thick, heavy robe, or gown, — “Odious! in woollen! ’t would a saint provoke,” — which they wear alike at all seasons. They live upon charity. One of their number lately was begging for corn of a farmer, who was treading out with his oxen the summer’s harvest. The farmer, in derision, and as a way of refusing, pointed to a bag which contained a load for three men, and told the monk he was welcome to that, if he would carry it off. The monk invoked St. Francis, stooped and took up the load, and quietly carried it away! The astonished farmer followed him to the convent, and required the return of his corn. His faith was not great enough to see a miracle. It was given up; but the story coming to the ears of the governor of the town, he summarily ordered the restoration of the corn to the convent.

I have amused myself not a little in examining the library here. It consists of about a thousand volumes, all in parchment, and in Latin and Italian. There is *one* Spanish work, and *one* German! Our poor language has not a single representative. The monks have looked with astonishment upon the avidity with which I have examined their books; I doubt if they have had such an overhauling for a century. With gloves on, I took down

and scanned every book, — a large portion of them I found standing bottom upwards; and as I put them in their places properly (having had some experience in dealing with a library), I think the monks may be gainers by my visit. The librarian told me there were no MSS.; but I found more than a dozen. The work on geography, which seemed to be the standard of the convent in this department of knowledge, spoke of England as divided into seven kingdoms, — one of which was Mercia, another Northumberland, &c.; actually going back to the Heptarchy! The English possessions in America were represented as being taken (*tolle*) from Spain; and of these, Bostona was the capital; but the great commercial place of America was Vera Cruz. When I get home, I will tell you what sort of people monks are.

Only a few days ago, I received your kind letter of May 17. I deeply appreciate your sympathy in my father's death. Such a relation cannot be severed without awakening the strongest emotions; and though I cannot affect to feel entirely the grief that others have on such a bereavement, yet it has been to me a source of unfeigned sorrow, and has thrown a shadow across my Italian pleasures. In the education of my young brother and sisters I have always interested myself as much as I was allowed to, from the moment in which I had any education myself. I feel anxious to be at home, that I may take upon myself the responsibility which belongs to me as the eldest brother. Remember me to Mrs. Greenleaf, and believe me

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. ROME, July 28. — I have just received a long letter from my brother George, who has penetrated the interior of Russia, Tartary, Circassia, Bithynia, and is now going to the Holy Land. He has seen more of Russia, I doubt not, than any foreigner alive. He is the most remarkable person of his age I know. Pardon this from a brother.

---

TO WILLIAM F. FRICK, BALTIMORE.

ROME, Aug. 4, 1839.

MY DEAR FRICK,<sup>1</sup> — Your kind letter, now a year old, gave me great pleasure; and I have been much gratified to hear, from another source, of your being fairly and honorably embarked in your profession. I am half disposed to regret that you did not find it agreeable and convenient to give a year at Cambridge to the quiet study of the books of your profession; but I doubt not the able superintendence and advice of your father, and your own well-directed ambition, have answered as well. I have no right, now at least, to offer you my suggestions; but I cannot forbear saying that I hope you will propose to yourself a high rank, and accustom yourself to look with proper contempt on the shallow learning and pettifogging habits (I must use

<sup>1</sup> For the letter which Sumner wrote, on sailing for Europe, to his young friend, see *note*, Vol. I. pp. 206-209.

the phrase) which characterize so large a part of the lawyers of America.<sup>1</sup>  
 . . . I shall be in Boston in December or January. Let me hear from you  
 there at least, if not before; and believe me, as ever,

Most sincerely yours,

C. S.

TO GEORGE W. GREENE, ROME.

FLORENCE, Sept. 11, 1889.

DEAR GREENE, — I have thought of you every hour since I left Rome; but have delayed writing till I was on the point of quitting Florence, wishing to give you my final report upon this place. But things in the natural order. My journey was very pleasant, — four days and a half. My companions, a French officer, quite a gentleman and scholar, an Italian artist and a *litterateur*, — the latter Signor Ottavio Gigli.<sup>2</sup> With him I became quite well acquainted. He took me, on his arrival in Florence, to old Abbate Missirini,<sup>3</sup> and to the Marquesa Luzaris, and has given me a letter to Giordani.<sup>4</sup> I found Gigli quietly engaged in literary pursuits, one of which is so akin to yours that I am anxious you should know him; and he is quite desirous of your acquaintance. He is preparing a "Storia Politica" of Italy, and has collected from all the principal libraries such manuscripts as will illustrate his subject. He is an admirer of Botta, and is anxious to talk with you about this historian. A friend of his has in press at Milan a collection of letters from Botta. He is of our own age, and is amiable and agreeable. He will return to Rome in the course of a few weeks, and I have given him a note of introduction to you. In Florence I passed one night at Madame Hambet's, in the Piazza Trinità (not the S. Maria Novella, as you said), which cost me three *francesconi*; then decamped, and am now in the house at the corner of Lung' Arno and the Piazza, with Alfieri's palace near. Greenough<sup>5</sup> I like infinitely. He is a person of remarkable character every way, — with scholarship such as few of our countrymen have; with a practical knowledge of his art, and the poetry of it; with an elevated tone of mind that shows itself equally in his views of art, and in all his conversation. I am firmly convinced that he is a superior person to any of the great artists now on the stage. I have seen something, you know, of Chantrey in England, David in France,

<sup>1</sup> The omitted part of the letter is chiefly a strong plea for an interest in Crawford.

<sup>2</sup> Gigli lived at Rome, and was well known among Italian scholars.

<sup>3</sup> Canova's biographer.

<sup>4</sup> Pietro Giordani, 1774-1848. He began his career as a lawyer; was afterwards a Benedictine monk; and at one time Professor of Eloquence at the University of Bologna. He published, in 1808, a panegyric of Napoleon.

<sup>5</sup> Horatio Greenough, 1805-52. He passed most of his life, after leaving college, in Florence. He was a native of Boston, and died in its neighborhood. His chief works are the "Chanting Cherubs;" "The Angel and Child;" "Venus contending for the Golden Apple;" the statue of Washington; and "The Rescue." The "Washington," for which the artist received a commission in 1832, cost him four years of active labor, and was not shipped from Italy till Oct., 1840. "The Rescue," designed in 1837, was completed in 1851. Greenough's "Essays," with a "Memoir" by H. T. Tuckerman, were published after his death. Tuckerman's "Book of Artists," pp. 247-275.

and those English fellows at Rome. As men — as specimens of the human race to be looked up to and imitated — these are not to be mentioned in the same breath with our countryman. Three cheers for the Stripes and Stars! I have seen his “Washington” and studied it very carefully, and we have talked about it a great deal. It is truly great, — far beyond my expectation. The likeness is capital, and will be recognized at once; but the expression and tone of the whole are truly grand. It is in every way equal to the “Nerva” of the Vatican, before which we have paused several times in our walks through that glorious gallery. The “Washington” of Chantrey is childlike in comparison with it. I admire the thought and devotion that Greenough has given to his subject, and his determination to do his utmost in order to render the statue all that it should be. He is doubtful whether he shall get it finished to his satisfaction within a year from now; and he will not part with it, so long as he can hope to amend it by further labor. The other piece upon which he is engaged for the Capitol is not yet entirely set up; as far as he has gone it is very fine. It is intended to represent the surprise of a white settlement by the Indians.<sup>1</sup> The group reminds me of the “Deluge,” by Kessels,<sup>2</sup> the drawing of which, by the way, Greenough has never seen. On the ground is a mother clasping her child, in order to save it from the uplifted tomahawk of an Indian who stands over her, but whose hand is arrested by a fearless settler, who is represented on a rock so that the upper half of his body appears above the Indian. This subject has capacities of all kinds. The woman is on the ground, so that she does not conceal the Indian, who is naked (except an accidental fold about his loins), and the settler, who appears above the savage, restraining his fury, is dressed in a hunter’s shirt and cap. The passions are various, — the child, the mother, the father, the husband, the savage, the defender, &c.; all these various characters being blended in the group. The “Abdiel” is taken just as he has concluded his speech to Satan and is turning to leave him. It is a winged, heaven-born Achilles. The subject was suggested to Greenough by Washington Allston, years ago. The statue is about three or four feet high; but Greenough means to make one as large as the Apollo Belvedere. He has also done a beautiful little bas-relief for Mr. Salisbury, — the angel telling St. John not to address his prayers to him but to God; and is now engaged on a bas-relief for Miss Gibbs, to be put in a church at Newport; also busts of Franklin, of Marquis Capponi, &c. I have seen a good deal of Powers.<sup>3</sup> He is very pleasant and agreeable. His busts are truly remarkable, close likenesses without coarseness or vulgarity, — without *Frazeism*. I asked Greenough if he thought Powers could make a young Augustus. “If he had a young Augustus to sit to him,” was the reply. At present he has not gone beyond bust-making. He has made two fancy heads which are quite pretty, but rather

<sup>1</sup> “The Rescue.”

<sup>2</sup> A Dutch sculptor, 1784–1836.

<sup>3</sup> Hiram Powers, 1805–73. He was born in Vermont; removed to Cincinnati; went to Italy in 1837; exhibited his “Eve” in 1838; and soon after executed the “Greek Slave.” Tuckerman’s “Book of Artists,” pp. 276–294.



tame and insignificant; so that I am entirely at a loss with regard to his final success in the great walks of his profession. He is preparing to attempt higher things—*paulo majora*—an infant—being chiefly a copy from one of his own children—and an “Eve.” His “Eve,” of course, will be a beautiful woman, and he will represent her just inclining her ear to the voice of the serpent, who is to address her from a branch of a tree which is to be nearly on a level with her ear. This whole accessory of the serpent and the tree strikes me as impracticable. A serpent is not a sufficiently agreeable personage to look well in company with a beautiful woman. Powers is a very ingenious man, and has already invented a machine to use instead of compasses in transferring measurements from a cast to the marble on which one is working. This facilitates labor so much, particularly in bas-reliefs, that Greenough told me his men were only twelve days on one piece, when they would have been engaged thirty without Powers’s “Scorpion.” I hope Crawford will get one. Capponi<sup>1</sup> I saw but once, as he has left town to be absent some six weeks. He inquired kindly after you. He said that he hoped to see Prescott’s book translated. When I told him that Prescott used his eyes considerably now, he exclaimed in English: “God, what a happy man he must be!” I like Capponi much, and regret that I saw so little of him. Of Wilde<sup>2</sup> I have seen very little. I have called upon him and he upon me; but I have found him at home only once, and he has never found me at home. We all talk about you, and wish that you were in Florence. I have missed you not a little; you were my literary banker, who discounted all my drafts at sight: here I have been obliged to work along as I could. I have read nearly all of Macchiavelli. The “Storia” I liked better than the “Discorsi;” the “Mandragola” is as witty and amusing as it is vulgar; and “L’Occasione”<sup>3</sup> is a beautiful piece. But Guicciardini has pleased me more than Macchiavelli. He is a magnificent writer. On what broad-spread pinions he sails along! Not so correct and polished as Macchiavelli, but with greater glow and energy. Some of his speeches are splendid. Manzoni’s tragedies are better than Niccolini (who is a languid writer); but both seem dull after Alfieri. They are Marsala wine after one has been drinking bumpers in Madeira that has made five times the voyage of the world. Alfieri’s Life of himself is a rare production. I don’t know whether it raises or sinks the writer. On the road I read the “Promessi Sposi.” It is one of the finest romances, if not the finest, I have ever read in any language.

<sup>1</sup> Marquis Gino Capponi was born in Florence in 1792, and died Feb. 3, 1876. He was at one time in public life in Tuscany, but was mainly devoted to literature. A “History of the Popes,” and a “Treatise on Education,” are among his works. He persevered in authorship notwithstanding his blindness. He was a correspondent of Mr. Prescott, and is frequently mentioned in the “Life” of the historian.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Henry Wilde, 1789–1847. He represented Georgia in Congress at different times, from 1816 to 1835; was in Europe from 1835 to 1840, residing much of the time in Florence; published a book on “The Love, Madness, and Imprisonment of Tasso;” undertook a “Life of Dante,” which he did not live to complete; and became, in 1847, Professor of Common Law in the University of Louisiana. He was fond of literary researches, and his name finds a place among American poets.

<sup>3</sup> A poem of Macchiavelli, addressed to Filippo de’ Nerli.

Its homage to truth and virtue I admire. The Pope should remit Manzoni<sup>1</sup> ten thousand years through purgatory in consideration of "Fra Cristoforo" and the "Cardinal Borromeo." When I read the asking of pardon by Cristoforo, though I was in a public *vettura*, and albeit unused to the melting mood, I yet found the spontaneous tear, — the truest testimony to the power of the writer. Young William Minot from Boston is here, having been through Greece. He is of a most respectable family, and is one of the few Americans who think of self-improvement by travel. I am desirous to join my recommendation to that of your other friends to procure for him your advice and countenance during his stay in Rome. He will be there in about a month, and wishes to study Italian literature and art. Ah, would that I could be there too! But I must be elsewhere. My next place is Venice, where I shall stay but two or three days or a week. If you do not write me I shall have nothing at Venice to read fresher than Paul Sarpi or Paruta. Nothing that I have seen alters my faith in Crawford. Let him go on, and his way is clear. Remember me most kindly to Mrs. Greene, and give one torment to Ponto,<sup>2</sup> and believe me,

Ever most sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. Signor Gigli would like to know Crawford, and will be happy to write about his works in some Italian journal. I have promised him that you will take him to Crawford's studio. Greenough has read me some essays of his on art, which are superior to any thing in the English language after Reynolds, and in some respects better than the British painter's. The style is beautiful, and many of the views are very valuable and original. I cannot help saying how sorry I am that Crawford has put those books under my bust. Can't you saw them off? It will seem to everybody a cursed piece of affectation and vanity on my part. Wilde is busy with the "Life of Dante." Have you seen Vol. I. of the "Reports of the Venetian Ambassadors?" They will make twenty volumes when published.

I shall leave Florence Monday next; stay a day or two at Bologna, and five or seven at Venice.

---

#### TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

PALAZZO GIUSTINIANI, VENICE, Sept. 29, 1839.

MY DEAR HILLARD, — Among canals, amidst the cries and songs of gondoliers, and the gentle splash of their oars, from the isles of Venice, under the shadow of the Lion of St. Mark, I write you now. At the price of a blot I will mark on the above view the house and room where I am.

<sup>1</sup> Alessandro Manzoni, 1784-1873. His rank is first among modern Italian writers. His eightieth birthday was celebrated with popular rejoicings, and his death was the occasion of a national tribute to his memory.

<sup>2</sup> Greene's poodle dog. Sumner was quite fond of him, and enjoyed teasing him in his walks with Greene.

Would that you were here to look with me upon the gilded water, and then to stroll under the arcades of the great Piazza, — the ancient centre of the doings of that proud, rich, and cruel republic. When shall we be respected by Kings and Emperors as was Venice? All addressed her, even Charles V., as “*Inclita Republica, — Serenissima Republica.*” A trumpet to rouse the pride of the people were those words. In a day or two I shall quit Italy, — with what reluctance I cannot describe; for here I have enjoyed myself beyond my most sanguine expectations, though, as you well know, my path has not been without the shadow of sad tidings. How different the whole country, — every thing, all that interests, — from England! How unlike my English life is this that I have passed in Italy! You already know something of the one. It was a series and round of intercourse with *living* minds, in all the spheres of thought, study, conduct, and society. Here I have spent my time with the past. I arrived in Italy when the hot weather had commenced, when man’s season was over, but God’s had come. The sky and fields were in their carnival, and I was able to enjoy them, and all else that is rendered so much the more beautiful by their beauty. I saw pictures in clear day, and I could sit down amidst ruins, nor fear a winter damp or chill. Of society I have seen little, except incidentally, though I have known many individuals. In Naples I did not trouble myself to leave a single letter of introduction. In Rome, the Princess Borghese died two days after my arrival; the French Ambassador had left for the summer before I came. The Countess of Coventry<sup>1</sup> had retired to Albano, where she invited me to visit her: I did not go. Others had fled in different directions. In Florence, the Marquessa Lenzone Medici — the last of this great family — invited me to her *soirées*: I went to one. The Marquis Strozzi called upon me: I had not the grace to return his call. The Count Gräberg<sup>2</sup> called upon me repeatedly: I called upon him once, &c. In Venice, I have letters to some of the first people: I shall not disturb them in my portfolio. With the little time that I have, I cannot embarrass myself with the etiquette of calls and society. The hot months passed quickly in Rome. My habits were simple. Rose at half past six o’clock, threw myself on my sofa, with a little round table near, well-covered with books, read undisturbed till about ten, when the servant brought on a tray my breakfast, — two eggs done *sur le plat*, a roll, and cup of chocolate; some of the books were pushed aside enough to give momentary place to the tray. The breakfast was concluded without quitting the sofa; rang the bell, and my table was put to rights, and my reading went on often till five and six o’clock in the evening, without my once rising from the sofa. Was it not Gray’s heaven? I did not read Crébillon and his school; but I will tell you soon what I did read, and you shall say if it was not as good. At five or six got up, stretched myself, dressed to go out; dined in a garden under a mulberry tree, chiefly on fruits, salads, and wine,

<sup>1</sup> Lady Coventry was the daughter of Aubrey, sixth Duke of St. Albans, and the wife of George William, eighth Earl of Coventry, and the mother of Lady Holland. She died in 1845. Mr. Milnes (Lord Houghton) gave Sumner a letter of introduction to her.

<sup>2</sup> 1776–1847; a distinguished geographer, at one time Swedish Consul in Tripoli; author of an historical essay on the Scalds and ancient Scandinavian poets.

with the occasional interjection of a soup or steak: the fruits were apricots, green almonds, and figs; the salads, those of the exception under the second declension of nouns in our old Latin Grammar; the wines, the light, cooling, delicious product of the country. By this time Greene came to me,—in accomplishments and attainments our country has not *five* men his peers,—and we walked to the Forum, or to San Pietro, or out of one of the gates of Rome: many an hour have we sat upon a broken column or a rich capital in the Via Sacra, or the Colosseum, and called to mind what has passed before them, weaving out the web of the story they might tell; and then, leaping countries and seas, we have joined our friends at home, and with them shared our pleasures. After an ice-cream we parted; I to my books again, or sometimes with him to his house, where over a supper not unlike the dinner I have described, we continued the topics of our walk. This was my day's round after I had seen the chief of those things in Rome that require mid-day, so that I was able to keep in the house. I read Dante, Tasso's "Gerusalemme," the "Decameron" of Boccaccio, the "Rime" of Politian, all the tragedies of Alfieri, the principal dramas of Metastasio—some six vols.,—the "Storia Pittorica" of Lanzi, the "Principe" of Macchiavelli, the "Aminta" of Tasso, the "Pastor Fido" of Guarini; and much of Monti, of Pindemonte, Parini, the histories of Botta, the "Corbaccio" and "Fiammetta" of Boccaccio, &c. Since I left Rome I have continued my studies; have read the "Promessi Sposi" by Manzoni,—the finest romance I have ever read,—the "Rime" of Petrarch, Ariosto, all of Macchiavelli—except his tract on the art of war—embracing his "Discorsi," his "Storia," his comedies; the "Storia" of Guicciardini, the tragedies and "Rime" of Manzoni, the principal plays of Niccolini, Nota, and Goldoni, "Lettere di Jacopo Ortis," &c., of Ugo Foscolo, the autobiography of Alfieri, and a great deal else that I cannot now call to mind, particularly of the lyrics, in which Italian literature so abounds. I now find myself in the midst of some of the most remarkable works of our age, and those too of our own profession. I mean those of Romagnosi; his introduction to the "Diritto Pubblico," is a specimen of masterly analysis, and strength of conception; his "Genesi del Diritto Penale" is the most remarkable work I know on "Criminal Law,"—your codifiers should read it. And his work on the "Law of Waters" is superior to any thing we have in its discussion and reasoning, though I am not prepared to say that it contains much that we can practically employ. I know no country that within a few years has produced such great, regenerating writers as this despised Italy. Alfieri is forty thousand strong. I am lost in wonder at his power. What an arch is that of Italian literature spanning from Dante to Alfieri,—two columns fit to sustain the mightiest pressure! I was not aware till I read the latter that such a mind had shone upon our times; the finding him out seems like getting near Homer or Shakspeare. And Manzoni still lives! All his writings are full of the most fervent morality, and the "Promessi Sposi" will do the preaching of myriads of sermons. Botta writes with the heart of a Roman of the Empire, who saw the republic decline, but longed to bring

it back. As a writer I like Guicciardini better than Macchiavelli, though the latter is neater and more polished. Tasso and Ariosto pale before Dante. Tasso is too elaborate. Ariosto is tedious from his great length, and the constant succession of stories but slightly varied: he is a bright and beautiful kaleidoscope. Petrarch is always delicious. I read Dante with great attention, using four different editions, and going over a monstrous mass of notes and annotations. I have astonished some of the librarians in the places where I have been by my inquiries; that is, it seemed strange to them that an American should be dealing so minutely with their treasures. My aim has been to acquire the literature, and to see the country. Whether *en voyage* or stationary, I employ at least six hours a day in study: I do not find this inconsistent with seeing sights to my heart's content. What matters it to me if the road be dull, or my fellow-passengers sleepy? My poet is always interesting, and his eye is not heavy with slumber. Then if the scenery is fine or the conversation interesting, I give myself to them with a greater zest. I ought not to forget to mention among my reading, that of newspapers; I habitually read every American, English, French, Spanish, and Italian journal I can lay my hands on. I average ten a day; but, with my facility in handling these, I despatch the greater part while taking coffee or ice. You know the English papers well; perhaps the French not so well. The latter are conducted with great ability, and have a wide influence upon the Continent. Stop even in a small village, — or certainly in any town of considerable size, — and enter a *café*, and you will find one or more papers by the last post from Paris. It is the Paris press that supplies the news for the Continent; in Rome, I first learned Roman news through Paris, and I always looked to the French press for Oriental intelligence, though I was eight hundred miles nearer the source than Paris. What do you think of Maroto? Is he a traitor? The Milan and Venice press are branding him with the foulest terms. But Spain seems to be near repose.

Greenough at Florence is a wonderful fellow, an accomplished man, and master of his art, — I doubt not, the most accomplished artist alive, — a thinker of great force, and a scholar who does not trust to translations, but goes to the great originals. I came to know him very well, and the more I saw of him the better I liked him. He has written some beautiful and instructive essays on art, which he has promised to prepare for publication (though of this nothing is to be said). As a writer he will take a very high stand. I feel proud of him. . . . I have German to learn; but I have the consolation of knowing that I know as much about it now, as I did of Italian when I came to Italy. I did not understand the "*Carta di Sicurezza*" that was given me at the gate of San Giovanni, when I entered Rome, the 21st of May. At the first town that I come to in Germany I shall stop, take a master, and commence an assault for one week; then move on, studying on the road to Vienna; three weeks in Vienna, — a master all the time; then to Prague, Dresden, Berlin, and probably next down to Heidelberg, — an immense sweep; then down the Rhine into Belgium, to London, where I expect to be

at the end of December or beginning of January. Venice is a sort of jump-off place. I am here equally distant from Vienna and Athens. I can be at either in less than seven days. I have ordered my letters to Vienna, where I expect to find a batch of two months. This is a temptation to the North; but there are the Piræus and Marathon! I am strongly tempted. My next will be to you from Vienna or Athens. Which had you rather it should be? Tell me in your next. I hope you will encourage Felton in his plan of travel. Speed him in every possible way.

As ever, affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. Remember me to Forbes<sup>1</sup> when you write him. It is something to send a wish from Venice to Canton *viâ* Boston. It is equal to Pope's

"Waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole."

I have seen every thing in Venice now, and been in a gondola to my heart's content. A little boy asked me the other day if he should not go with me to sing "Tasso." The gondoliers are a better set of men than any of the cabmen or hackmen I have had to do with in other places.

---

TO THOMAS CRAWFORD.

MILAN, Oct. 5, 1839.

DEAR CRAWFORD, — To-morrow I quit Italy with a beating heart. I love it, and am sad on leaving it. I have taken my place in a *malle-poste*, to cross the Alps by the Stelvio to Innsbruck. I hope your labors go on well. There will be many of our countrymen in Rome this winter, and I feel confident you will reap a full harvest. By accident, I encountered in this place two friends of my own age, who are bound for Rome *viâ* Naples; so that they will not reach you short of a month or six weeks. Both of them wish to spend some money in paintings, engravings, and sculpture. I have promised them your friendly counsel, and have given them a letter of introduction to you, and also to Greene, and wish you would show them what you can about art in Rome. Go to the Vatican with them, and let them see the work of your studio. . . .

So be of good cheer! And yet I do not know that all these grounds of hope may not fail. I would not have you, therefore, too sanguine; though you should never lose the confidence of ultimate and distinguished success. I wish to be kept informed of your works; and am,

As ever, very sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

<sup>1</sup> Captain R. B. Forbes, *ante*, Vol. I. p. 163

TO GEORGE W. GREENE.

MILAN, Oct. 5, 1839.

MY DEAR GREENE, — I was thankful for your letter at Venice, and only regretted that it was not closely written, like these lines that I am now scrawling. I read it again and again, as I plied about with luxurious motion in a gondola. When I last wrote, I was shortly to leave Florence. I still lingered several days; saw more of Wilde, and admired Greenough more. Left Florence with a *vetturino* for Bologna, where I passed one day; then to Ferrara, Rovigo, Padua, and Venice; losing something at each of these towns, — a silk handkerchief at one, a cambric one at another, a shirt at another, and an umbrella at a fourth; to say nothing of a pair of gloves. At Venice passed one week; worked the gondoliers hard; heard the "Oreste" of Alfieri; visited every thing; did not present a single letter of introduction; paid dear for my lodgings; left in the *malle-poste* for Milan; rode two nights and a day; read Italian, and talked that and French. In Milan I have stumbled upon a couple of friends, to whom I wish you to be kind, for various reasons, — inasmuch as they are my friends, and are quiet, pleasant, gentlemanly persons; and you will be pleased with them. One is Preston, of Virginia, — the brother of the Senator; the other is Lewis, of Connecticut. The latter spoke French before he left America. Both are desirous of acquiring Italian, but I fear will not have the energy to deal with it properly. I wish you would encourage them, and give them such assistance as you can. Within a week or fortnight, Sir Charles Vaughan will be in Rome. For twelve years, he was the much respected — I may say, loved — Minister of England at Washington. All Americans owe him kindness and attention for the way in which he speaks about our country. He will call upon you; and I promised him that I would apprise you of his intention beforehand. Let this go for an introduction. He is about sixty-five; a bachelor, a little deaf, plain, frank, who swears hard occasionally, and has seen a great deal of the world. I wish you would offer to do any thing for him in Rome that you can.

To-morrow I enter the *malle-poste*, to cross the Alps for Innsbruck. I am sad to the heart at leaving Italy. My time here, as you know, has not been without its shadows; and yet I do not know that I have ever passed four happier months than the last. I have been over the field of Italian literature, the survey of which astonishes me now. To what I had read when I wrote you from Florence I have since added a great deal; and, among the rest, all of Ariosto, which I despatched on the road to Venice. My rule is at least six hours a day. There is no Italian which I cannot understand without a dictionary; there is hardly a classic in the language of which I have not read the whole, or considerable portions. I understand every thing that is said in a coach; can talk on any subject, — always making abundant mistakes, but with such facility that all the valets and waiters, even in this French-speaking place, address me in the language *del bel paese là dove 'l si suona*. And now, my dear Greene, to you are my thanks due for this invaluable acquisition, which is to be one of my pleasures at home. I feel no com-

mon gratitude for all that you have done for me. You gave me the jewel I have; for I never should have learned Italian without you. I think that my highest, maddest ambition — without the expectation of ever gratifying that minimum — was to read the “Inferno” of Dante! I wish I were in Rome now, to talk with Mrs. Greene in her own sweet tongue. Do not fail to write me at Vienna immediately, — care of Arnstein & Eskeles.

As ever, yours affectionately,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. What a parcel of letters I shall find in Vienna, — the accumulation of two months and a half! I shall then hear from the letters about Crawford. How good it would be, if the “Franklin” and “Orpheus” were both ordered!

Take Preston to Thorwaldsen’s studio and the Vatican. What a delicious thing the “Pastor Fido” is!



## CHAPTER XXI.

GERMANY. — OCTOBER, 1839, TO MARCH, 1840. — AGE, 28-29.

LEAVING Milan Oct. 6, Sumner reached Santa Maria at midnight, bade farewell to Italy the next morning at sunrise, as he stood on the frontier line, and reached Innsbruck on the morning of the ninth. After a week at Munich, he went to Passau, thence in a small boat down the Danube to Linz, and by carriage from Linz to Vienna, where he arrived on the twenty-fifth. Here he remained a month, in the course of which he was received by Prince Metternich in his *salon*. Thence, after brief pauses at Prague, Dresden, and Leipsic,<sup>1</sup> he visited Berlin, where he remained five weeks. Here he saw much of society, and conversed with the celebrated *savans*, Humboldt, Savigny,<sup>2</sup> Ranke, and Raumer. Mr. Wheaton, the American Minister, was absent from his post, but Sumner formed a lasting friendship with the Secretary of Legation, Theodore S. Fay.<sup>3</sup>

Fay wrote to Sumner from Berlin, Jan. 14, 1840, warm with affection: "Your departure," he said, "has thrown a shade over our little circle and haunts. The Hôtel de Rome looks desolate, and the crowded rooms of —— are stupider than ever. Many persons spoke of your *p. p. c.* cards with very complimentary expressions of regret; but none of them like me has lost a faithful ally and a sympathizing companion."

Leaving Berlin, Jan. 9, 1840, he went by the way of Leipsic, Weimar, Gotha, and Frankfort to Heidelberg, where he remained five weeks, enjoying the society of its celebrated professors.

<sup>1</sup> He went from Dresden to Leipsic by railway, probably his only travelling by railway on the Continent.

<sup>2</sup> With this jurist, who afterwards frequently inquired of Mr. Fay about him, he discussed his favorite theme of *codification*.

<sup>3</sup> In 1842-43, Sumner intervened successfully with Mr. Webster, then Secretary of State in behalf of Mr. Fay, whose position was endangered by an intrigue. In 1861, he obtained an assurance from Mr. Lincoln that Mr. Fay, then Minister to Switzerland, should not be disturbed; but the President soon after gave the place to another as a reward for party service.

particularly of Mittermaier, who awaited with much interest his arrival. With Thibaut, then near his end, he discussed, as with Savigny at Berlin, the codification of the law. Here, as elsewhere in Germany, he studied with great earnestness the language of the country.

Dr. Franz Mittermaier writes:—

"I think the letters of Mr. Sumner to my father will be of great interest, as they are not only a testimonial of his eminent mental activity, but also of his warm feelings and sincere friendship for my father. They show that he loved to remember the days he passed at Heidelberg in the company of my father and other eminent jurists; that he understood the works of our great poets and expressed his feelings in their words. The last of the letters written here in Heidelberg in 1857, when taking leave, when he would say with Faust to the moment, "*Verweile, du bist so schön,*" seems particularly significant.

"I remember Mr. Sumner very well, both when he came to Heidelberg for the first time, in the beginning of 1840, and for the second and last time, in the autumn of 1857. The first time I was still a boy: but I remember, even at that time, his earnest and expressive features, and how my father liked to converse with him long evenings in our house. We sat silently around and listened to the discourse. Very often, the eminent Professor of Roman Law, Mr. Thibaut, the head of the philosophical school of jurists, was present, and liked to converse with the eminent American. I remember very well the evening when Mr. Sumner, taking leave of my father and Mr. Thibaut (it must have been a very short time before the death of Thibaut, March 28, 1840), presented to Mr. Thibaut a lithograph portrait of the latter, requesting him as a favor to write under it some words. Thibaut (who had a beautiful head) took the pen and, smiling, wrote the words, "*Bin ich's*" (Is it myself?)? Mr. Sumner alludes to this in his letter of Nov. 30, 1840.

"My elder brother, Martin,<sup>1</sup> a young lawyer, who unfortunately died soon afterwards (Nov. 11, 1840), conversed very often with Mr. Sumner, who much esteemed him, as his letter of June 30, 1841, shows."

He had consumed so much time in his journeys that he was obliged to forego a visit to Dr. Julius at Hamburg, who had followed him with urgent letters of invitation: and from Heidelberg he went to the Rhine, thence to Cologne, Brussels,<sup>2</sup> and Antwerp, and crossed to London, where he arrived, March 17, after a year's absence from England. His letters from Germany (and the remark is true also of his letters from Italy) are a less

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Karl Mittermaier, a physician, now living in Heidelberg, was another of Professor Mittermaier's sons whom Sumner then met.

<sup>2</sup> At Brussels he formed a pleasant acquaintance with Virgil Maxcy, then Chargé d'Affaires to Belgium, who was killed, in 1844, by the explosion of a gun on board the United States steamer "Princeton."

complete record of his life abroad than those which he wrote from England and France. He was so soon to be at home that he reserved the details of the latter part of his journey for conversations with his friends. From Vienna he wrote to his mother, urging that his brother Horace, a boy of fifteen, should be sent to a school at Geneva, then attended by a son of Mr. Webster and other boys from Boston, of which he had, after careful inquiry, formed a very favorable opinion; but she wisely placed her son, a slender youth, in an excellent public school at home.

His friends at home began to feel that it would be unwise for him to prolong his absence, and advised him not to tarry in England on his way home.

Judge Story wrote, Dec. 1, 1839:—

“You must return soon, and take your place in the advanced and advancing corps.”

Hillard had already written, a few weeks earlier:—

“You are coming back among us soon. You will be caressed, fêted, and feasted. You will be the lion of the season. . . . You come back to us hung all over with glittering badges of distinction; and, of course, you will be the more shining mark for vacuity and detraction to aim their arrows at. But let none of your blood stain their points. A life of happiness, distinction, and success is before you. Eminently fortunate you have been, and eminently fortunate you are destined to be. . . . You say you shall be at home in January; but I shall be agreeably disappointed if you arrive so soon. You will be most cordially and heartily welcomed by all. Boston takes a sort of pride in you, and feels that you have done her honor abroad.”

---

## LETTERS.

---

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

MUNICH, Oct. 18, 1839.

DEAR HILLARD,—The day after I wrote you from Venice I inscribed my name for a place in the *malle-poste* for that evening as far as Milan. We started at eight o'clock; it poured down cataracts: my companions, a countess, and an honest father with his son, a boy of fourteen, going to a school in Switzerland to prepare for trade by learning book-keeping, geography, history, arithmetic, and to speak English, French, German, and Italian. All that night we rode in the midst of a tremendous storm. It is exciting to rattle over the pavements of villages, towns, and cities in the dead of night; to catch, perhaps, a solitary light shining from the room of some watcher, like “a good deed in a naughty world;” and when as you arrive at the gates of a city, the

postilion winds his horn, and the heavy portals are swung open, it seems like a vision of romance. Nor is it less exciting in earlier evening, when the shops and streets are bright with light, and people throng the streets, to dash along. All the next day we rode, and the next night, stopping one half-hour only for dinner. We passed through Padua, Verona, Brescia, Bergamo; and at nine o'clock on the morning after the second night, entered Milan. This is a great place for encountering friends, it is such a thoroughfare. I had just entered the room which contains Leonardo's "Last Supper," — a painting truly divine, — when I heard a voice, "There is Sumner!" I turned, and saw Sir Charles Vaughan. He is on his way to Rome. A friend here, who is travelling alone, *à la* Beckford, in his own carriage, urged me to take a place with him to Munich, — a distance of nearly five hundred miles. This luxury of travel, faring richly and easily, I at once declined, —

"Dashed down yon cup of Samian wine," —

wishing to lose no opportunity of seeing the people and talking the language; and at once inscribed myself again for the *malle-poste* by the passage of the Stelvio to Innsbruck. Started Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, and arrived at Innsbruck Wednesday morning at ten; sleeping out of the carriage but three and a half hours during those three days and three nights. The pass over the Alps is magnificent, dwarfing infinitely any thing I have ever seen among the mountains of New Hampshire or Vermont. It is the highest road in Europe, being eight thousand nine hundred feet above the level of the sea, in the region of perpetual snow, and amidst flashing glaciers. We stopped for a little sleep at twelve o'clock at night, at Santa Maria, a thousand feet below the summit. It was the sixth of October: we had left the plains of Italy warm with sunshine; here was sharp winter. The house was provided with double windows; my bed had warm clothing, to which I added my heavy cloak;<sup>1</sup> and yet I was bitter cold, and before daylight was glad to stir my blood by ascending on foot. The sun was just gilding the highest snow-peaks when we reached the summit, and crossed the boundary-line of Italy. The villages of the Tyrol were beautiful. There was a fair Tyroleese who invited me, through an interpreter, to waltz while some wandering Hungarians played. After one day at Innsbruck, left for Munich, — a day and a night. In the *malle-poste* found a very pleasant Englishman, quite a linguist, an ancient friend of Cleveland. At the *table d'hôte* here encountered our Mrs. —, of Boston. She is *toute Française* in her dress and manners, and affects continental ways and usages, particularly in her *coiffure*. She speaks French with great facility and even grace, though I have heard her trip on her genders. She appears at the *table d'hôte* in the dress of a dinner-party, making a great contrast with the simple costume of the English here. Disraeli and his wife (whom he has taken with five thousand pounds a year) were here. Mrs. — said to Disraeli (the conversation had grown out of "Vivian Grey"): "There is a great deal written in the garrets of London." Putting his hand on his heart, Disraeli said: "I assure you, 'Vivian Grey' was not written in a garret."

<sup>1</sup> He had carried it from Boston.

VIENNA, Oct. 26.

At length in Vienna. Left Munich in the *eilwagen*<sup>1</sup> for Passau; rode a day and night. At Passau, with an English friend, chartered a little gondola, or skiff, down the Danube, seventy miles, to Linz; dropped with the current, through magnificent scenery, till towards midnight, and stopped at a little village on the banks. To our inquiries, if they ever saw any English there, we were told they should as soon expect to see the Almighty; and I was asked if America was not in the neighborhood of Odessa. At Linz took a carriage for Vienna, — two days and a half, — where I arrived yesterday. You have doubtless heard of Webster's reception in England. I have just read a letter from my friend Morpeth<sup>2</sup> (to whom I sent a letter for Webster), who says he "was much struck by him; there seemed to be a colossal placidity about him." All appear to think him reserved and not a conversationist.<sup>3</sup> Sydney Smith calls him the "Great Western." My friend Parkes, whom I encountered with his family at Munich, says that his friends, such as Charles Austin and Grote, were disappointed in his attainments. Parkes insists that on my return to London I shall stay with him in his house in Great George Street. He was highly gratified to know the author of that article on Milton, which he says is the ablest and truest appreciation of Milton's character ever published,<sup>4</sup> entirely beating Macaulay's or Dr. Channing's. Parkes wishes me to take to Emerson the copy of Milton edited by himself in 1826 (Pickering's edition). He has a collection of upwards of one hundred works about Milton,<sup>5</sup> and contemplates a thorough edition of him,

<sup>1</sup> Stage-coach.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Morpeth said, also, in the letter: "He (Mr. Webster) talked with great respect of you."

<sup>3</sup> Creswell told Sumner, when they met at Venice, that Webster was thought "very reserved and solemn."

<sup>4</sup> *Ante*, Vol. II. p. 47.

<sup>5</sup> Among the souvenirs which Sumner purchased during his visit to Europe in 1858-59, the one which he prized most and showed frequently to visitors was the Album of Camillus Cardoyn, a Neapolitan nobleman, who collected during his residence at Geneva, 1608-1640, the autographs of distinguished persons passing through that city. One of these was the Earl of Strafford's as follows: —

Qui nimis notus omnibus ignotus moritur sibi,  
 THEO. WENTWORTH.  
 Anglus, 1612.

Another was that of John Milton as follows: —

— If Virtue feeble were  
 Heaven it selfe would stoop to her.

Cœlum non animū muto dū trans mare curro.  
 JOANNES MILTONIUS,  
 Anglus.

Junii 10, 1639.

The date is supposed to have been written by another hand.

This autograph of Milton is described in the "Ramblings in the Elucidation of the Autographs of Milton," by Samuel Leigh Sotheby, p. 107, where it is stated that the Album was sold at auction, in 1835, for twenty-five pounds four shillings, and that it "is now the property of the Rev. (!) Charles Sumner, of America." and that "the Reverend gentleman had recently obtained it in Europe." Sumner having been shown this Album, in 1839, by Mr. Parkes, to whom it then belonged, mentioned to Dr. Channing that the poet had written

and also of Andrew Marvel. But politics and eight thousand pounds a year in his profession bind him for the present.

As ever,

C. S

---

TO GEORGE W. GREENE, ROME.

MUNICH, Oct. 18, 1839.<sup>1</sup>

An Englishman at the supper table to-night spoke Italian with his neighbor, and in the midst of a long sentence broke out in admiration of the skill of the French *d'arrangiare il complotto* of their dramas. The beautiful Italian of his neighbor arrested my attention; it was music to my ears; strains from the South, coming from breathing ruins and art; it seemed like my mother tongue,—so different from these gutturals and compounds that I am now dealing with. Ah! give me back Italy! Don't be surprised if I am at Rome on the heels of this letter. Give me the wings of the morning,—no, not so much as that, only a moderate competence; and then, the *juris nodos et legum ænigmata* I should leave to be untied and solved by others. It was on the top of the Stelvio in the region of perpetual snow, eight thousand nine hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean, with no sign of verdure in sight, but with dazzling glaciers near, gilded with the morning sun, that I left Italy. There was a column marked on one side, *Regno Lombardo*; on the other, *Tyrolese Austria*. I passed it some distance, and then the thought came to my mind that I was quitting Italy. I rushed back, stood on the border line: looked in vain for those beautiful fields which seem Elysian in my memory, said to myself that I should never see them again,—took off my hat and made my last salute. My sole companion was an elderly, learned, lean, pragmatical German, who heard my parting words; he at once turned round in the contrary direction, and doffing the straw covering of his head, said: “Et moi je salue l'Allemagne.” And yet I must again go to Italy. Have I left it for ever? How charming it seems in my mind's eye! Pictures, statues, poetry, all come across my soul with ravishing power.

Where do these words come from? They are of the thousand verses that are hymning through my mind with a music like that of “Dorian flutes and these lines of his own in an Album, and had made the change in the line from Horace; upon which Dr. C., who took much interest in the account, remarked that it showed “that to Milton the words from *Comus* were something more than poetry—that they were a principle of life.” It has been supposed that Milton, by the alteration in the line from Horace,—using the first person instead of the third,—intended to express the permanency of his own convictions, as unaffected by circumstances. Twenty years after Sumner had first seen the Album, the value of which to him had been increased by Dr. Channing's remark, he bought it of Mr. Parkes; who, among the several friends expressing a desire to become its owner when he should be willing to part with it, gave the preference to Sumner. At different times Sumner gave an account of the way in which he became interested in the Album to Mr. Hillard, Rev. R. C. Waterston, and Rev. James F. Clarke. In the Boston “Transcript” of Jan. 9, 1860, is a notice of it, the materials of which were obtained from Sumner himself. The Album is a part of his bequest to Harvard College.

<sup>1</sup> Part of a letter begun in Italy.

soft recorders." All this is your heritage; to me is unchanging drudgery, where there are no flowers to pluck by the wayside, —

"Tra violette umili,  
Nobilissima rosa;"

no green sprigs, fresh myrtle, hanging vines, — but the great grindstone of the law. There I must work. Sisyphus "rolled the rock reluctant up the hill," and I am going home to do the same. The pass of the Stelvio is grand; it dwarfs all that I have ever seen of the kind in America. Munich is a nice place. The king is a great patron of art. His gallery of sculpture has some delicious things, and the building is truly beautiful. There is a sculptor here with a hard German name, who is no mean artist; but as for Cornelius<sup>1</sup> the painter, who has already "done" whole acres of fresco, I don't like him. There is such a predominance of brick-dust in his coloring and such sameness in his countenances, as to tire one soon. One of his large frescos is Orpheus<sup>2</sup> demanding, begging I should say, Eurydice of Pluto. Every thing stands still at the sound of his lyre. Cerberus lies quiet at his feet; he is of the bull-dog breed, with a smooth skin, a snake for a tail, with the hissing mouth at the end, another snake wound round the neck, ears and head smooth, totally unlike Ponto; the whole body extended on the ground, fore-legs as well as hind-legs, one head fast asleep, the next on the ground, eyes half open, the next raised and gaping. I write this for Crawford. They have the sense here to admire Thorwaldsen,<sup>3</sup> and the king hopes to catch him in his passage to Italy and give him a *fiat*. I was present at the first uncovering, to the sound of music, of the equestrian statue by Thorwaldsen of "Maximilian the Elector;" it is the finest equestrian I have ever seen.

VIENNA, Nov. 6.

No letter from you! Have you forgotten me already, or has the post miscarried? . . . In my letter from Milan I announced to you the coming of two Americans — Preston and Lewis — to whom I wished you, for various reasons, to be kind; also of Sir Charles Vaughan. Perhaps the recent death of Sir Charles's brother,<sup>4</sup> may have prevented his reaching there. If you see him there I wish you would remember me cordially to him, and if you can with propriety, say that I most sincerely sympathize with him in the affliction of his brother's death. His brother was a very kind friend of mine, and a most distinguished man. I have another English friend who will arrive in Rome very soon, — Mr. Kenyon, the ancient friend of Coleridge, and now the bosom friend of Southey, Wordsworth, and Landor. He is a cordial, hearty, accomplished, scholarly man. Rely upon his frankness and goodness.

Ever yours,

C. S.

P. S. I am reading Herder's "*Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit*," one of the most difficult works of German prose; and the prose is more difficult than the poetry.

<sup>1</sup> Peter von Cornelius, 1787-1867. He devoted himself to fresco painting.

<sup>2</sup> In the Glyptothek.

<sup>3</sup> Albert Bertel Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor. 1770-1844. <sup>4</sup> Mr. Justice Vaughan.

TO HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

VIENNA, Nov. 10, 1839.

DEAR HENRY, — . . . I shall soon be with you; and I now begin to think of hard work, of long days filled with uninteresting toil and humble gains. I sometimes have a moment of misgiving, when I think of the certainties which I abandoned for travel and of the uncertainties to which I return. But this is momentary; for I am thoroughly content with what I have done. If clients fail me; if the favorable opinion of those on whom professional reputation depends leaves me; if I find myself poor and solitary, — still I shall be rich in the recollection of what I have seen, and will make companions of the great minds of these countries I have visited. But it is to my friends that I look with unabated interest, and in their warm greeting and renewed confidence I hope to find ample compensation, even for lost Europe. Then will I work gladly, and look with trust to what may fall from the ample folds of the future, —

“Veggo, pur troppo  
Che favola è la vita  
E la favola mia non è compita.”

I hope people will not say that I have forgotten my profession, and that I cannot live contented at home. Both of these things are untrue; I know my profession better now than when I left Boston, and I can live content at home. . . . You alone are left to me, dear Henry. All my friends, save you, are now engaged or married. And now, Good-night,

And believe me, as ever,  
Affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

BERLIN, Dec. 25, 1839.

DEAR HILLARD, — A happy Christmas to you, and all my friends! If this sheet is fortunate in reaching the steamship, you will receive it before my arrival; otherwise, it may be doubtful which will first see Boston. Your last is of Oct. 14, and gives me the afflicting intelligence of the death of Alvord.<sup>1</sup>

“Dead ere his prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.”

The loss is great for all; but greater for us, his friends. I can hardly realize that my circle of friends is to be drawn closer by this departure; and yet this is the course of life: one by one we shall be summoned, till this circle entirely disappears. I shall break away from Berlin soon, — though, I confess, with great reluctance. I fain would rest here all the winter, pursuing my studies, and mingling in this learned and gay world. I know everybody, and

<sup>1</sup> James C. Alvord, *ante*, Vol. I. pp. 91, 163.



am engaged every day. All the distinguished professors I have seen familiarly, or received them at my own room. Raumer,<sup>1</sup> and Ranke,<sup>2</sup> the historians; of these two, Ranke pleases me the most: he has the most vivacity, humor, and, I should think, genius, and is placed before Raumer here. You doubtless know his "History of the Popes;" Mrs. Austin is translating it in England. Humboldt<sup>3</sup> is very kind to me. He is placed at the head of the conversers of Germany. So far as I can compare conversation in different languages, his reminds me of Judge Story's: it is rapid, continuous, unflagging, lively, various. He has spoken to me in the highest terms of Prescott's book, — which I saw on his table, — as has Ranke also. In a note to me, he spoke of "l'excellent et spirituel Gouverneur Everett." Savigny<sup>4</sup> I know well, and have had the great pleasure of discussing with him the question of codification. I was told in Paris that he had modified his views on this subject of late years; but I was sorry to find that my informants are mistaken. He is as firm as ever in his opposition to codes. He listened very kindly to my views on the subject, but seemed unshakable in his own. He is placed, by common consent, at the head of jurisprudence in Germany, and, you may say, upon the whole Continent. He had read Judge Story's "Conflict of Laws" with admiration, and wished to know why he was not on our committee for codifying the Criminal Law. Savigny, in personal appearance and manner, resembles Webster more than any person I have ever seen. He is taller, not quite so stout; has the same dark face, hair, and eyes; and as he has been sitting by my side, when I have first caught his voice, I have thought it was our Senator's. Savigny and Humboldt both are in what is called the *society* of Berlin; that is, with *la haute volée*, the court, and the diplomatic circle, — though I have not seen either there. The other professors do not enter that circle. Most of the *corps diplomatique* and the Ministers I know already; and I have been well received by the Crown Prince, and the Prince William, and their princesses.<sup>5</sup> The Crown Prince, who seems *bon garçon*, inquired about our summers: he thought they must be magnificent. I told him I thought so, till I had been in Italy. He asked me if Boston were not an old city (*une ville*

<sup>1</sup> Friedrich Ludwig George von Raumer, 1781–1873. He was Professor of History and Political Economy at Berlin, 1819–1853. He is the author of a work upon the United States.

<sup>2</sup> Leopold von Ranke, born in 1795. He became Professor of History at Berlin, in 1825, and is still (1877) pursuing his vocation.

<sup>3</sup> Alexander von Humboldt, 1769–1859. At the time of Sumner's visit, he had recently published his "Critical Examination of the Geography of the New Continent." The first volume of the "Cosmos" appeared in 1845.

<sup>4</sup> Friedrich Karl von Savigny, 1779–1861. He was a Professor in the University of Berlin, 1810–1842; and was appointed, in 1842, Minister of Justice of Prussia.

<sup>5</sup> Frederick William III. was then King of Prussia. He was born Aug. 3, 1770, succeeded to the throne Nov. 16, 1797, and died June 7, 1840. The Crown Prince was his son, Frederick William IV., who was born Oct. 15, 1795, and died at Sans-Souci, Potsdam, Jan. 2, 1861. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Maximilian, of Bavaria. Prince William, brother of Frederick William IV., and now Emperor of Germany, was born March 22, 1797, and succeeded on his brother's death to the throne. He married, in 1829, a daughter of the Grand Duke Charles Frederick, of Saxe-Weimar.

*ancienne*), three hundred years old. "Two hundred," I said; "but that is antiquity with us." I regret much that Mr. Wheaton<sup>1</sup> is not here. He is passing the winter in Paris. He is at the head of our diplomacy in Europe, and does us great honor: the Princess William spoke of him to me in the most flattering terms. This society is pleasant to enter, as I do, for a few times, and with the excitement of novelty; but I think I could not endure it a whole season. The presence of the Royal Princess is too *gênante*; and then, all is formality and etiquette. I have seen here some very pretty women, — some of the prettiest I have ever met; two of them young princesses, the nieces of Pückler-Muskau.<sup>2</sup> Bad, however, as the society is, I should prefer it before Vienna, where aristocracy has its most select home. Personally, I can bear very slight testimony on this subject, as I left Vienna the week the season commenced. I was, however, at Prince Metternich's, where I saw the highest and proudest. Princess Metternich is thought very beautiful. I do not think so. She tosses a slight nod, if a proud prince or ambassador bends his body before her. The Austrian nobility only await the death of the Prince,<sup>3</sup> her husband, to take their *revanche*. On my entering the *salon*, the Prince covered me with all those pleasant terms of French salutation: "Je suis bien enchanté de faire votre connaissance," &c. He spoke of our country, for which he professed the greatest regard; said we were young, and Europe old: "Mais laissons nous jouir de notre vieillesse." I disclaimed for myself and the better portion of my countrymen any vulgar propagandism. He spoke of Washington with great respect, and inquired about Sparks's "Life and Writings," and this new labor of Guizot. He requested me, on my return to America, to make the acquaintance of the Austrian Minister. After this reception from the Prince, I should probably have found the way easy to extending my acquaintance. But I left Vienna immediately, rode a night and a day and night over a dismal country to Prague: there passed a day; saw its bridge, its ancient towers, and the palace of the Bohemian kings. Then another night and day to Dresden, where I thought of Italy as I looked upon the beautiful paintings; then to Leipsic, on a railway where one of the cars was called "Washington." At Leipsic, examined that great battlefield, and drank the red wine in Auerbach's cellar, where "Mephistopheles" once was; then another night and day to Berlin. But this must soon end. This bright charm of travel will be soon broken, — my book and staff sunk in the deepest well, and I in Boston. In a week or fortnight, I shall leave here, — make a rapid course ("we fly by night") to Heidelberg; then down the Rhine to Cologne; then to Brussels, Antwerp, London, — where I shall be at the end of January, — thence to sail for America. If this letter reaches you by the

<sup>1</sup> Henry Wheaton, 1785-1848; author of "The Elements of International Law," and of "The History of the Law of Nations." Sumner had met him in Paris, in the winter of 1837-1838. He paid a tribute to Mr. Wheaton, at the time of his death. Works, Vol. II. pp 63-73.

<sup>2</sup> Pückler-Muskau, a prince and author, born at Muskau, Lusatia, in 1785, and died at Branitz, near Kottbus. Feb. 4, 1871. He was the author of books of travel in Europe and the East.

<sup>3</sup> 1773-1859.

"British Queen," do not fail to write me by the return. Give my love to all my friends; and tell them I shall soon see them.

As ever, affectionately yours,

C. S.

P. S. Cogswell<sup>1</sup> has just arrived at Dresden. I have not seen him; but he speaks of "Hyperion" as one of the best books that has ever come from our country.

---

TO GEORGE W. GREENE.

BERLIN, Dec. 30, 1839.

DEAR GREENE, — Would I were with you in Rome! Every day I chide myself because I was so idle and remiss while in that Mother-City. I regret that I left so many things unseen, and saw so little of many others worthy to be studied and pondered, — food for thought and imagination. There you are amidst those wonders manifold, and this mighty book of travel will soon be closed to me; its spell and enchantment will exist only in memory, and I, — amidst freshly painted houses, green blinds, new streets, and the worldly calls of American life, — shall muse upon the grandeur, the antiquity, and the beauty I have seen. But you will from time to time assist in calling them to my mind; write me in my exile; help me recall Europe, the great Past with which you live.

"Give all thou canst, and let me dream the rest."

Yours of Rome, 11th November, I found on my arrival at this place. I am delighted at the success of the "Orpheus." I am glad you have written about Crawford for the "Knickerbocker." My letters are strangely behind, and I have no advices with regard to what I wrote home. I shall begin to believe there must be some truth in that bust of me, after what you say of Sir C. Vaughan. I am pleased that he ordered his bust; it will do Crawford good. Many of our countrymen are so weak as to make their judgments depend upon Englishmen, and I know none of his countrymen whose patronage ought to avail more with Americans. He was the most popular minister, I think, that ever resided at Washington. I hope you see a good deal of Mr. Kenyon; his conversation must be interesting to you. He is a lover of the fine arts, and, I doubt not, a patron of them. Fay,<sup>2</sup> the Secretary here, is a very nice and amiable person. I love him. He has a romance in press, in London, entitled "The Countess," the scene of which is partly laid in Berlin during the French revolution. Wheaton, our minister, who is our most creditable representative abroad, is passing the winter at Paris. He

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Joseph Green Cogswell, 1786-1871. He was in 1816 a student at Göttingen with Edward Everett and George Ticknor; in 1823, with George Bancroft, established the Round Hill School at Northampton, Mass., and in 1848 became the Superintendent of the Astor Library.

<sup>2</sup> Theodore S. Fay, born in New York, Feb. 10, 1807; Secretary of Legation at Berlin, from 1837 to 1853, and Minister-resident at Berne, Switzerland, from 1853 to 1861. He is the author of books of travel, romances, and poems, and resides in Germany. He dedicated to Sumner his novel, "Hoboken," published in 1841.

is preparing a "History of the Law of Nations," which will make three volumes. He has already published a very good abridgment of "International Law," with which perhaps you are acquainted. Cogswell has come abroad again; he is at Dresden now. His mission was two-fold; to establish a grandson of Astor at one of the German universities, and to purchase the Bourtoulin Library. Mr. Astor is about founding a public library in New York, and this library was to be the basis of it; but unfortunately it is already under the hammer in Paris, selling piece-meal, and Cogswell has abandoned the purchase. He has written to New York for authority to make discretionary purchases in other directions; if he does not have this, he will not remain abroad longer than March. The "New York Review" is exclusively his property. The last number I am told contains a very complimentary article on "Hyperion," written by Samuel Ward.

## JANUARY 4.

A happy New Year to you and Mrs. Greene, and Ponto. May your plans thrive. I wish you could give up article-writing and the thought of making translations, and apply yourself entirely to your "Opus Maximum." Ranke, the historian of the Popes, I know. He is an ardent, lively, indefatigable person. He once obtained permission to search the manuscripts of the Vatican. Mai<sup>1</sup> attended him, and they took down a volume which contained several different things; Ranke at once struck upon a manuscript upon the Inquisition. Mai tore this out of the book and threw it aside. The French had the Vatican in their hands ten or more years. It is strange they did not bring out its hidden treasures. I like Ranke better than Von Raumer. Both are professors at Berlin. Our countryman, Dr. Robinson,<sup>2</sup> is here, preparing a work, which seems to excite great expectations, on the geography of Palestine. It will be in two volumes, and will be published at the same time in English and German. He is not only learned in "Greek and Hebrew roots," but has a sound, scientific mind, and is a good writer. I like Fay more and more. He is a sterling person, simple, quiet, and dignified; his style is very clear, smooth, and elegant, perhaps wanting in force. I have just received an admirable letter from my brother in the East. He has seen Palestine thoroughly, and Egypt, having ascended beyond the cataracts of the Nile, into Nubia. His letter was dated Dec. 4, Cairo; from this place he proposed to pass over to Athens, see Greece, then to Malta, Sicily, Naples, and Rome, where he will probably arrive some time after the Easter solemnities. Perhaps you will have him there during the summer. He has been travelling, I should think, with no little profit to himself,—laboring hard to improve himself,—seeing much, and forming many acquaintances. I have promised him a friendly welcome from you. I cannot forbear saying again that I think him one of the most remarkable persons, of his age, I have ever known. He proposes to stay in

<sup>1</sup> Angelo Mai, 1782-1854; discoverer of "Cicero de Republica" and other palimpsests, and at one time Librarian of the Vatican.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Edward Robinson, 1794-1863; a distinguished Biblical scholar and explorer of Palestine. His "Biblical Researches in Palestine," was published in 1841.

Europe two or three years more; to visit Germany, France, and perhaps Spain, as well as England, Scotland, and Ireland.

I leave Berlin in a few days for Heidelberg, whence I shall go down the Rhine to Cologne, then to Brussels, Antwerp, London. If I can do aught for you at home, you will let me know. Can I see Sparks for you? Ah! my journey approaches its end; I shall soon be shelved in America, away from these sights which have filled me with so many throbs; down to the bottom of the well I must throw the magic rod. Tell Crawford to write me. I rely much for my future happiness upon my friends in Europe. Don't let me lose the vision of Rome and of art! Who has ordered the "Orpheus"? I hope you have knocked away those books on which I stand.<sup>1</sup> Remember me to Mrs. Greene, *la petite* Ponto, Pasquali,<sup>2</sup> and all.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. Have you received my letter from Vienna? Always acknowledge the receipt of letters *by the date*. See Madame de Sévigné, "J'ai reçu la vôtre," &c.

---

#### TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE.

BERLIN, Jan. 8, 1840.

MY DEAR GEORGE,<sup>3</sup>— . . . Do not fail to study art. Greene will be your mentor about this. Make yourself a master of the principles of taste with regard to sculpture, and understand the characteristics of all the great schools of painting. Read Sir Joshua Reynolds's lectures; Flaxman's; De Quincy's "Life of Raphael" (in French); and, if you read Italian, Lanzi's "Storia Pittorica;" one of the "Lives" of Canova, in French or Italian. Whatever portion of time you allot to Italy, — four, or six, or twelve months, — spend half of it at Rome. I think summer decidedly the best season. Strangers have then flown, and you have every thing to yourself: you can pass your time more pleasantly in galleries, on stone floors, or in the open air. Man's season is over; but God's is come. If, then, you are in Rome during the summer, you will see high solemnities of the Church enough without witnessing those of Easter. Corpus Christi day, at the end of June, will be enough for you. See, as you propose, Sicily, — though I would make but a short stay there; then go to Naples where there is much to interest; the Museum is very rich, both in antiquities and paintings: and then, on one side, there is Pompeii, Herculaneum, Vesuvius, Pæstum; and, on the other Baïæ, Cumæ, &c. Do not fail to procure Valery's book on Italy, in French; the Brussels edition is in one volume, and therefore more portable, as well as cheaper than the three volumes of Paris. This book is the production of a scholar; and all the spots are described with references to the ancient classics. To you in particular, who have not had the advantage of an early

<sup>1</sup> Reference to books carved under his bust.

<sup>2</sup> A servant of Mr. Greene.

<sup>3</sup> His brother was then at Malta, on his way to Italy.

classical education, it will be indispensable. Read also Eustace's "Classical Tour" and Matthew's "Diary of an Invalid." If you devote yourself entirely to sight-seeing, a fortnight will suffice for Naples, — though I should be well pleased to be there months, and to muse over the remains of Old Time. . . . At Rome, you will see Greene immediately. He knows more about Italy than any person I know. He is a finished scholar, and much my friend. He will receive you warmly. I leave Berlin to-morrow for Frankfurt and Heidelberg. If you can write me while in London, address care of Coates & Co., Bread Street; otherwise, address simply Boston. How this sounds! I would gladly stay longer, if I could; but I must close this charmed book. I have spent more than five thousand dollars; and I cannot afford to travel longer. I wish you a deeper purse than I have, health to enjoy Europe, and the ability to profit by what you see. It is a glorious privilege, that of travel. Let us make the most of it. Gladden my American exile by flashes from the Old World. I will keep you advised of things at home.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHAS.

---

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

HEIDELBERG, Feb. 8, 1840.

DEAR HILLARD, — Here in this retired place, I have just read in "Galignani's," the horrible, the distressing, the truly dismal account of the loss of the "Lexington." My blood boils when I think of the carelessness of life shown by the owners and managers of that steamer. To peril the precious lives of so many human beings! My God! Is it not a crime? With what various hopes were that hundred filled — now passed, through fire and water, to their account! And to what other hopes, through the links of family and friendship, were these joined, all now broken down and crushed! And Dr. Follen<sup>1</sup> is gone; able, virtuous, learned, good, with a heart throbbing to all that is honest and humane. In him there is a great loss. I am sad, and there is no one here to whom I can go for sympathy. But I shall soon be with you. . . . I still think of that miserable cargo of human beings so disgracefully sacrificed. No man holds his life at a paltrier price than I do mine, but however I may be indifferent to my own, I value beyond price that of my friends.

FEBRUARY 11.

Left Berlin in the middle of January, cold as the North Pole, and passed to Leipsic, to Weimar, Gotha, Frankfurt, and Heidelberg; for a day and

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Charles Follen, 1795-1840; a German patriot, doctor of civil and ecclesiastical law, lecturer in several Continental universities, and an exile for his devotion to liberty. He emigrated to this country in 1824, became a Unitarian clergyman, and was a professor in Harvard College. Both he and his wife, an American lady, espoused the Anti-slavery cause at an early period. He perished in the burning of the "Lexington" on Long Island Sound, on the night of Jan. 13, 1840. He was a professor at Harvard when Sumner was an undergraduate.

night was shut up in the carriage with four Jews, one a great Rabbi with a tremendous beard. I heard their views about Christianity; they think their time is coming, and the faith in Christ is vanishing from the world. Everybody in Germany smokes. I doubt not that I am the only man above ten years old now in the country who does not. Often have I been shut up in a carriage where every person was puffing like a volcano. . . . I am here talking and studying German. I know many learned men; fill my own time by doing something; live cheaply; shall leave here in a fortnight and be in London the beginning of March, seeing the Rhine on my way. I look forward with great pleasure to meeting you and all my dear friends, with no little anxiety also to my future professional life. I shall wish to plunge at once, — that is as soon as possible — *in medias res*; but I anticipate mortification and disappointment, perhaps defeat. Still all this cannot destroy the stored recollections I have of Europe, of the world, of life; and to these I shall fondly recur as my springs of happiness. Are you aware how the French journals are discussing and eulogizing Washington? Guizot, by his translation of "Sparks,"<sup>1</sup> and particularly his "Introduction," has given him great vogue at present. See a leader in the "Journal des Débats" about 15th November, and three articles by Saint-Marc Girardin in the same paper during the month of January. Also an article in the "Supplément du Constitutionnel" at the end of December; also in the "National" during January; also in the "Revue des deux Mondes," for January. I write entirely from memory, and do not know if these journals are procurable in Boston; but all these articles are interesting to Americans: they are well written, and come from distinguished pens. It was the first article about which I conversed with Prince Metternich. Von Raumer's German translation, which, by the way, was made by Tieck's daughter, seems to have fallen still-born. Nobody says a word about it. He seems a little mortified to see how Guizot has distanced him before the public. Good-by. "Leben Sie wohl."

Ever affectionately yours,

C. S.

P. S. I have seen three duels, with swords: first being taken to the grindstone where they were ground and sharpened, then to the assembling room where the students were drinking and smoking, then to the contest, where the combatants were attended by a doctor who very coolly smoked all the while, and surrounded by students with pipes in their mouths. A student this week has lost his nose; it being cut off at one blow. It has since been sewed on; but he has brushed it off twice in the night.

It was from this neighborhood that Dr. Follen,<sup>2</sup> or as he is here called Dr Follenius, came; and his death is sincerely lamented by all the Germans with whom I have spoken. At a large supper-party last night, of professors and doctors, I communicated it.

<sup>1</sup> Published 1839-1840.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Follen was born in Romrod, Hesse-Darmstadt.

## TO JUDGE STORY.

HEIDELBERG, Feb. 10, 1840.

MY DEAR JUDGE, — . . . You dispose of my views about raising the standard of education in Harvard College summarily enough. Would that I had your influence on that question! The age, our national character, our future destinies, demand that there should be some truer standard of taste than is to be found among us; and this will only proceed from a finished education. . . . A few days ago I received your delightful letter of Dec. 1. Thanks to you for cheating posterity out of five pages in order to bestow them upon me. I am astonished at the labor you have gone through. I am anxious to read the "Commentaries on Agency," and shall get them in London to read on my passage home.

I am here in this beautiful place to study German, before I take my final leap to America. Lovely it is, even in this season, with its hills "in russet clad;" but lovely indeed must it be when they are invested with the green and purple of summer and autumn. Every thing is on the simplest scale. I dined with Mittermaier,<sup>1</sup> who, out of deference to my habit of dining late, placed his dinner at half-past twelve instead of twelve, though he told me he was afraid it would trouble Mr. Thibaut,<sup>2</sup> — dear old man, — who was to be of the party, and who was not accustomed to such late hours. Think of me, who, in every country which I have visited, have dined later than everybody else, and never take any thing from breakfast till dinner. At the table at that hour, of course, I had no appetite; and Madame Mittermaier said, with much *naïveté*, "Why, you do not eat; you have already dined before coming here." I have long talks with Mittermaier, who is a truly learned man, and, like yourself, works too hard. We generally speak French, though sometimes I attempt German, and he attempts English; but we are both happy to return to the universal language of the European world. I like Thibaut very much. He is now aged but cheerful. His conversation is very interesting, and abounds with scholarship; if he were not so modest I should think him pedantic. In every other sentence he quotes a phrase from the Pandects or a classic. It has been a great treat to me to talk familiarly, as I have, with the two distinguished heads of the great schools, *pro* and *con*, on the subject of codification, — Savigny and Thibaut. I have heard their views from their own lips, and have had the honor of receiving both of them in my own room. I know many other learned men here. This is almost exclusively an academic place; of course the highest titles are academic. Sometimes I am addressed as *Herr Doctor*, that is, Doctor of Laws; and at other times, *Herr Professor*. My life is somewhat different from that passed in the *grand monde* of Berlin. I shall stay here about a fortnight longer; shall be in London March 1, where I shall pass only a week, merely to attend to some necessary affairs and see two or three of my particular friends, — Morpeth, Ingham, Parkes, Hayward,

<sup>1</sup> *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 180.

<sup>2</sup> Anton Friedrich Justus Thibaut died March 28, 1840, at the age of sixty-six. He was Professor of Law successively at Kiel, Jena, and Heidelberg. He advocated as early as 1814 a national code. See references to Thibaut and Mittermaier, *Works*, Vol. II. p. 442.



the Montagus, perhaps the Wortleys, &c., — without attempting to revive my extensive acquaintance; and shall embark either in the Liverpool steamer, which will sail in the first part of March, or in a London packet, — probably the latter, as the passages in that month are short and the accommodations excellent, and the fare less than in a steamer. I have been sad at the news of the loss of the “Lexington.” I cannot express my grief at this account, and my indignation at the managers of that boat. And the Great Archer has been shooting his arrows across my path, before and behind. The “Allgemeine Zeitung,” a few days since, announced the death of Mrs. Clay, the wife of our Secretary at Vienna,<sup>1</sup> whom I came to know quite well during my stay there. She was an Englishwoman, — beautiful, graceful, and accomplished. At Prince Metternich’s I thought her among the most beautiful. She has died young, leaving two children. And then there was old Mr. Justice Vaughan. I think that he loved me. He showed me the greatest marks of confidence. He often talked with me about cases before him, even asked my opinion; and, when I left for the Continent, made me promise to write him. I was on the point of doing it when I heard of his death. I am glad you have Brougham’s wig. I always wished it to go to the Law School. Put it in a case and preserve it. You will see me soon after this letter. I shall make early acquaintance with the Cambridge “Hourly,” for I cannot afford a horse as of old. I have in Heidelberg one hundred dollars, and I doubt not I am the richest person in the place, so simple is every thing here. Indeed, Mr. Thibaut called me the *grand seigneur*. Farewell. Remember me, as ever, to Mrs. Story (whom I hope to find well) and the children, and believe me,

As ever, affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. A friend of mine here, Dr. Bissing,<sup>2</sup> who has already translated Chancellor Kent on our Constitution, thinks of translating your great work on the Constitution. He is now studying it with great delight. Dr. Julius says, in his book on America, that your work has gone to a second edition in *four* volumes. Is this true? A Dr. Buss, of Tübingen, has already translated the historical part, and intended to go on with it; but he has recently experienced a political change against democratic institutions, and has thrown up the work. The “Conflict of Laws” was to have been translated by Dr. Johannsen, of Heidelberg, but he has died; so that project has failed.

---

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

HEIDELBERG, Feb. 26, 1840.

DEAR HILLARD, — Still at Heidelberg. I trust this greeting to you will go by the “British Queen,” though I fear it is one day too late. I shall be

<sup>1</sup> J. Randolph Clay, afterwards Minister to Peru. He and Sumner seem to have become much interested in each other during their brief intercourse in Vienna.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Frederic Bissing died about 1874. He was second Bürgermeister (Vice-Mayor) of Heidelberg, and for many years represented the district of Heidelberg in the Diet of Baden, meeting at Carlsruhe.

in London three days after this letter, so that you may expect me soon, very soon. I wish I had news of you and Longfellow; but I presume I shall hear nothing more of you till I actually see you face to face. You will ask me: "Well, are you not sorry to quit Europe?" I shall use no disguise, and will not affect a pleasure I do not feel. I have, as my Dante has it, *sembianza nè trista nè lieta*. I should be glad to stay longer, but I am so thankful to have seen what I have, that I come home content: and I wish you to believe these words as I write them. I feel, too, that though I renounce pleasure and agreeable pursuits, I return to friends whom I love, and in whose sympathy and conversation I promise myself great happiness. All these scenes of the Old World we will recall together, and in our quiet circle repeat the "grand tour." My regret at leaving Europe is enhanced by my interest in its politics, and in the great plot which now begins to thicken. To-day's news is the rejection of the Nemours dotation bill, the most democratic measure in France since the Revolution of July; and yet in my conscience I think it right. Louis Philippe — clever, politic, and wise as he is, and also justly conservative in allowing this proposal to go forward in his name — pushed too far, and excited the old republican fires. It is vain for him to attempt to restore the court and monarchy of Mazarin and Louis XIV., and he will be crushed under the attempt. His ministry have resigned. But possibly the affair will be arranged. The measure was defeated by M. Cormenin,<sup>1</sup> whose pamphlet was written as with the point of a sword. Then there is Russia, just advancing her southern boundary south of the Aral Sea and to the east of the Caspian, so as to square with that on the west of the latter sea, and bring her down to Persia and nearer India. She has formally declared war against China, and her troops are doubtless now in possession of that territory. Here is ground for jealousy and misunderstanding on the part of England, whose public men view Russian movements with an interest which will be incomprehensible to you in America. I once heard Edward Ellice say, "If we do go to war with her, we will break her to pieces," — a very vain speech, though from the lips of an ancient Minister of War. England could hurt Russia very little, and Russia England very little, though against all other countries they are the two most powerful nations of the globe. The power of Russia is truly colossal, and her diplomacy at this moment high-handed and bold, and supported by masterly minds. People are of different opinions as to the character of Nicholas. Some call him very clever, and others say he does not know how to govern his empire. I speak, of course, of diplomatic persons whose opinions so vary. Then there is the eternal Eastern Question, — still unsettled, though Mehemet Ali has taken decisive ground. He is making preparations for war. If the Powers let the war-spirit out, it will be difficult for them to control it. The King of Denmark is dead, and his people are begging for more liberal institutions, or rather for some, for they have none. The King of Sweden, old Bernadotte, cannot live long, and his death will be the signal for a change. The King of Prussia is

<sup>1</sup> 1788-1868; a Deputy of the Liberal party, author of political pamphlets in its support, but finally deserting it after the *coup d'état* of Dec., 1851.

old; his people will demand a constitution on his death, which his successor may be too prudent to deny, though his inclinations are against it: at heart a very good man, but an absolutist. Austria is quiet and happy; but when Prince Metternich leaves the stage it will lose its present influence, and possibly the Germanic Confederation, which it now bullies, will be dissolved. The King of Bavaria is a patron of art, a bigot, a libertine, and a bad poet. The royal family of Naples is disgusting from its profligacy and violation of all laws. The Pope, — I mean his Holiness the Pope, — through the skilful attentions of a foreign physician, has recovered from an inveterate disease of long standing. Tuscany seems happy and well governed. Spain is not yet free from distractions. Don Carlos is a prisoner in France. Maroto<sup>1</sup> has become a traitor, but Cabrera<sup>2</sup> is not dead, though this was joyously announced a month ago. I have been led into this tableau of politics I hardly know how; but hope you will excuse it. I have read Legaré's article<sup>3</sup> on the Roman laws of which you speak. It is learned, and in many respects does him credit, though with a touch of what I will call "the-finding-a-mare's-nest" style. Such a style I know was unknown to Aristotle or Blair. He takes Hallam to do for a judgment on certain ancient writers on the Roman law. Hallam is right, and Legaré is wrong. The writers have gone to oblivion, and cannot be dragged out of it. The golden writers of the sixteenth century in France will be remembered ever, *except in France*, where they are now forgotten, — Cujas, Doneau, Dumoulin, and Faber; but that vast body whose tomes weigh down the shelves of the three or four preceding centuries have passed away. Of these I had read in Terrasson, Laferrière, "Vita Pauli Jovii," &c., and I had pored for several days over the monstrosities of Bartolus. In France it several times happened to me to defend the Roman law against men like Bravard, perhaps the cleverest, as he is the handsomest, of the French professors. Of him Savigny could not speak with any patience. Said he: "Il s'appelle *Bavard à bonne raison*," — thus perverting his name to construct this scandalous *calembourg*. I was delighted a day or two ago: I went (of course by accident) a little after the hour into Thibaut's lecture-room, and was most decidedly scraped by the students; thus having in my own person and to my own mortification the best evidence of the *attention* of the audience to the words of their professor.

A servir tout à vous,

C. S.

P. S. No writer is more overrated in America than Pothier. All in him from the Roman law is laughed at by the wisest heads. His works have gained importance from being relied on by the framers of the French Code.

<sup>1</sup> Don Rafael Maroto, a Spanish general and Carlist, 1785–1847.

<sup>2</sup> Ramon Cabrera, a Spanish general, born in 1810; a Carlist remarkable for his cruelties. He was severely wounded in 1849, and soon after went to London, where he married a wealthy English woman. He died in May, 1877.

<sup>3</sup> New York Review, Oct. 1839, Vol. V. pp. 270–334; "Memoirs and Writings of Hugh S. Legaré, Vol. I. pp. 502–558."

## TO LORD MORPETH.

HEIDELBERG, Feb. 27, 1840.

MY DEAR MORPETH, — Your delightful letter of August 18 found me at Vienna, fairly escaped from the fascinations of Italy. Since then, I have seen something of the great points of Germany, — Vienna and Prince Metternich, who praised my country very much (!); Dresden, Berlin, and most of the interesting people there, among whom was a kinsman of yours, Henry Howard; Leipsic, Gotha, and the Ducal Palace; Frankfort, Heidelberg, where I am now enjoying the simplicity of German life unadulterated by fashionable and diplomatic intercourse. I leave here soon, and shall be in London within a week or two from the time you receive this letter. You must let me see you. I shall not stay more than eight or ten days, and shall not expect to revive the considerable acquaintance I formed during my previous visit, but I hope not to lose the sight of two or three friends. Perhaps you may aid me in procuring access to the galleries of the Marquis of Westminster and of Lord Leveson Gower,<sup>1</sup> one or both of them. Between various offers to do me this kindness, when I was in London before, I fell to the ground. I feel unwilling to return home without seeing these noble collections; for if they be all that I have heard them represented, I think that an Italian tour to see pictures might almost expose one to that line of Milton about the Crusaders,

“that strayed so far to seek  
In Golgotha Him dead, who lives in Heaven.”

And you are still firmer in office than ever, — therefore, farther from Washington and Athens. I have read the last debate carefully, and think the ministers came out of it most gallantly. Your own speech was all that I could wish, — fair, dignified, and bland, and most satisfactorily dealing with the points. Fox Maule's<sup>2</sup> read capitally; it was powerful from its business detail, and seemed to come from a gentlemanly and accomplished mind.

Allow me to present compliments to Lord and Lady Carlisle, whose unaffected kindness to me the few times I had the pleasure of seeing them at Rome I shall not forget. I look forward to the pleasure of seeing you in London — that great World's Forum — before I leave for home. And when I am fairly on the other side, I trust that you will let me hear from you. Your character and movements are now public property, so that I shall always know about you from the public prints; but this will be a barren pleasure compared with a few lines from yourself.

Ever and ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

<sup>1</sup> 1800-1857: created Earl of Ellesmere in 1846.

<sup>2</sup> Baron Panmure, Earl Dalhousie, 1801-1874. He was Secretary of War, 1846-1852 and 1855-1858.

## CHAPTER XXII.

ENGLAND AGAIN, AND THE VOYAGE HOME. — MARCH 17 TO MAY 3, 1840.  
— AGE 29.

SUMNER'S English friends greeted him warmly, and filled his brief sojourn in London with entertainments. It was pleasant to meet again those dearest to him, — Ingham, Morpeth, and Parkes, — and also to renew his association with Austin, Sydney Smith, Milman, Hayward, Milnes, Inglis, the Grotes, Rogers, and others. He failed to see Lord Brougham, who was at the time absent. On his last day in London, he dined with Hallam.

Among the many expressions of regret at parting with him, and of interest in his welfare, were the following: —

James S. Wortley wrote, April 3, from Liverpool, where he was then attending the Northern Circuit: —

"The members of our Circuit all join with me in regretting that they have missed you, and in wishing you every happiness and prosperity upon your return to your own land. I shall always rejoice in hearing good news of your fortunes; and if ever you can return among us, I can assure you of a warm and hearty welcome. You have had better opportunities of seeing all classes of society, and all that is interesting among us, than any other of your countrymen, and I trust that your experience may not disincline you to revisit us."

Mrs. Montagu wrote: —

"And now comes the saddest word that can be written, — farewell. We shall long and kindly remember you. You have made an impression on this country, equally honorable to England and to *you*. We have convinced you that we know how to value truth and dignified simplicity, and you have taught us to think much more highly of your country, — from which we have hitherto seen no such men. We can only desire you not to forget us entirely, but to let us hear that you are happy and well. May God bless and prosper you!"

Choosing his homeward voyage by a sailing vessel as less expensive than one by steamer, he left London, Friday, April 3,

and sailed the next day from Portsmouth, with Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell and N. P. Willis as fellow passengers. He left England with a heart full of gratitude for all he had enjoyed among her people. Without blindly approving her institutions and customs, he had seen much in her older society which he hoped would yet be realized in our newer and less cultured life. In his youth he loved the country where he had passed such happy days, and he never after loved her less. Next to the freedom of the African race, no political object was ever so constant with him as perpetual peace between England and the United States. There came a time when in the discharge of his duty, as he understood it, he set forth in strong language her failure to deal justly with us in our conflict with a pro-slavery Rebellion. He spoke then with the profound conviction that lasting peace between the two nations, and also the wider interests of civilization, required an end of the controversy; and that, as the first step towards a complete settlement, the English people should be brought by an emphatic statement to realize the full justice and import of our case: but his regard for them, and his interest in their welfare were as lively then as in his youth. On his fourth and final visit to Europe, a third of a century after the first, he passed the last night, before sailing on his return, with John Bright, at Rochdale, when he spoke with admiration of England, and of her public men, and with much tenderness of the many friends he counted among her well-known names.

Sumner's social career in England did not make him less an American and a republican. Writing a few years later, he said: "I have always enjoyed the refinement of the best society; but I have never sat in the palaces of England, without being pained by the inequality of which the inordinate luxury was a token."

To Judge Story he wrote from London, March 18, 1839:—

"I cannot hesitate to say that the representation should be equalized, that a place of three hundred voters should not send the same representatives with a place of five thousand; and I also think that something should be done (and the abolition of the law of primogeniture strikes me as the simplest and most efficient means) to break the aristocracy, to reduce estates, and to divide them. It is the law of primogeniture that indirectly keeps up the Established Church, the army, and navy; for all these are so many asylums for younger sons. You, who have never been out of America, have no conception of the power of the aristocracy. You will not believe me influenced by any mad, democratic tendencies, when I say that England has trials

of no common character to encounter. That she may go through them in peace I fervently hope."

Although while in England his associations and friendships had no limitation of party or sect, he found his affinities on political and social questions among the Austins, Parkes, Grote, Mill, Molesworth, Senior, and others of their school. These were the political freethinkers of their time, — drawing their inspiration from Jeremy Bentham. Their fearlessness in speculations on the problems of society and government harmonized with the natural tendency of Sumner's mind. While the favorite pupil of Story and Greenleaf, he was yet at no time of their strongly conservative type of thought; and he returned from Europe more than ever a *doctrinaire*.

---

## LETTERS.

---

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD, BOSTON.

LONDON, March 18, 1840.

DEAR HILLARD, — Which will reach you first, this scrawl or the writer? This will go by the "South American" which sails from Liverpool the nineteenth. I am booked for the "Mediator" which sails from London the twenty-sixth, from Portsmouth the twenty-ninth: it is at the latter place that I embark. London is more mighty, magnificent, and fascinating than ever. I use strong words, but I have now seen something of the great cities of the world, and to London above all others do these words belong. Nowhere have I seen such signs of wealth, power, and various refinement. It is to me now much more wonderful than when I approached it before. But I must leave all this; and if I do not force myself away, I shall not be able to go. I find opportunities of seeing all that is worth seeing in rank, fashion, law, and literature, if possible more open than before. But I have determined not to take advantage of these. I shall see only a few of my friends. But I am already (after twenty-four hours' presence) nailed for to-morrow to see the Duchess of Sutherland in her magnificent palace;<sup>1</sup> for the next day to dine with Parkes to meet Charles Austin; the next to breakfast with Sutton Sharpe (his capital breakfasts!) to meet some of my friends of the Chancery bar; then to dine with the Earl of Carlisle;<sup>2</sup> and the next day

<sup>1</sup> Stafford House, St. James's.

<sup>2</sup> George, sixth Earl of Carlisle, 1773-1848. Lady Carlisle, daughter of the fifth Duke of Devonshire, died in 1858. The Earl was succeeded on his death by his eldest son, — Sumner's friend, Lord Morpeth. Sumner met Lady Carlisle at Castle Howard, in Oct. 1857.

with Bates.<sup>1</sup> Morpeth wishes me to see the Lansdownes and Hollands, but I decline.

Yesterday, I fell upon the last "North American."<sup>2</sup> It was precious to me, for it reflected four dear friends. There I saw in the lucid page yourself and Cleveland, Longfellow and Felton. Beautifully written and turned was Cleveland's article; well-poised and careful, Felton's criticism. I jumped as I read them. I am proud of all of you, and rejoice that you are my friends. I have seen something of the talent of this world in various lands, but give me my friends and their cultured minds. I have just found Longfellow's "Hyperion," and shall sit up all night to devour it. I have bought up all the copies of "Voices of the Night" in London, to give to my friends. Have been much disappointed at not finding your brother here. Be on the lookout for me. The "Mediator" sails fast. I am coming. Love to all, and good-by.

As ever, affectionately yours,

C. S.

P. S. Tell the Judge, and Greenleaf, and Fletcher, I am coming. Tell Ticknor I am his debtor for an interesting letter received at Heidelberg.

---

#### TO JUDGE STORY.

LONDON, March 24, 1840.

DEAR JUDGE, — I shall be on our side of the Atlantic soon, — very soon — perhaps as soon as this sheet, perhaps sooner. This will go in the packet of the 25th March; I go in the London packet (the "Wellington") of April 1, leaving Portsmouth, April 4. I first took a berth in the "Mediator" of the 29th March; but Cogswell and Willis and his wife go on the 4th, so for pleasant company's sake I shall go in the same ship. Most of the lawyers are on Circuit. Hayward, however, rejoices more in literature than law; so he is in town. The articles on you in the "Law Magazine" are by Calvert, a very nice, gentlemanly person. He has another in type on your "Bailments." Charles Austin is as brilliant and clever as ever, — all-informed, and master of his own profession: take him all in all, the greatest honor of the English Bar. Old Wilkinson I found over black-letter, supported on either side by a regiment of old books of Entries and ancient Reporters, with a well-thumbed Rolle's "Abridgment" on the table. But I shall see only a few lawyers; some of my ancient friends in literature and fashion I have found. Lady Blessington is as pleasant and time-defying as ever, surrounded till one or two of the morning with her brilliant circle. I rose to leave her at one o'clock. "Oh! it is early yet, Mr. Sumner," said

<sup>1</sup> Joshua Bates, American banker, 1788-1864. Mr. Bates invited Sumner to attend, Feb. 12, 1839, his daughter's marriage to Sylvain Van de Weyer, the Belgian statesman.

<sup>2</sup> North American, Jan., 1840, Vol. L. Felton's article on Longfellow's "Hyperion," pp. 145-161. Cleveland's article on Hillard's edition of "Spenser's Poetical Works," pp. 174-206.



her Ladyship. Prince Napoleon<sup>1</sup> is always there, and of course D'Orsay. The Duchess of Sutherland<sup>2</sup> I lunched with a day or two ago. She is wonderfully beautiful; I think even more so than Mrs. Norton. But I will tell you of these things when we meet. Strange contrast awaits me! To quit these iris-colored visions for the stern realities of American life! To throw aside the dreamy morning-gown and slippers, and pull on the boots of hard work! Let it come! I am content. But who will employ me? I have read with great delight your "Agency," Longfellow's "Hyperion," and Hillard's "Introduction to Spenser,"—three entertaining productions. Love to all your family.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

---

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

LONDON, March 28, 1840.

DEAR HILLARD, — These are my last words to you from this side. I sail from Portsmouth, 4th April, in the "Wellington,"—perhaps shall reach you before this note. London is more bewitching than ever. Have already seen many people,—the Lansdownes; Duke and Duchess of Sutherland (the most beautiful woman in the world); Mrs. Norton; Lady Seymour (both very beautiful); Hayward; Sydney Smith; Senior; Fonblanque; Milnes; Milman; the Grotes; Charles Austin (more brilliant than ever); the Wortleys, &c. But I must stop. I must go now to breakfast with Sydney Smith; to-morrow, with Rogers; next day, with dear Sir Robert Inglis; the next with Milnes. But I must be off. Good-by. I shall soon be with you.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

---

TO GEORGE W. GREENE, ROME.

LONDON, March 30, 1840.

DEAR GREENE, — This is my last salute to you from this side of the Atlantic. Since I wrote you from Berlin I have enjoyed myself much,

<sup>1</sup> Louis Napoleon was "one of the most constant and intimate guests at Gore House, both before and after his imprisonment at Ham." — "Life, Letters, and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington," by R. R. Madden, Chap. XI. Sumner referring in a letter of July 4, 1848, to the impression made on him by Louis Napoleon as they met at Lady Blessington's, wrote: "He seemed to me an ordinary character."

<sup>2</sup> The Duchess of Sutherland, daughter of the sixth Earl of Carlisle, and sister of Sumner's friend, Lord Morpeth, who became the seventh Earl of Carlisle, was married to George Granville, the second Duke of Sutherland, and died in 1868. She became Mistress of the Robes to the Queen. More than any one in the English nobility she gave the influence of her character and position against American slavery. Sumner received many courtesies from the Duchess on his visit to England in 1857, and was invited by her to be her guest at Stafford House. Her daughter, the Duchess of Argyll, was to the end of Sumner's life one of his most faithful friends and correspondents. Sumner met with a welcome from the Argylls, in 1857.

seen more of Germany, and, what is more to the purpose, learned more of the language. Shortly after writing, I left the capital of Prussia; then to Leipsic, Weimar, Gotha, Frankfort, Heidelberg. In this last place I fixed myself for five weeks. I knew the best people there; and I studied, read, and talked German. Indeed, I found myself able, when it was time to leave, to understand all that was said, and to carry on a conversation tolerably well. I love German; but not as Italian, — my dear Italian! After Goethe's "Werther's Leiden," I took up the "Letters" of Ortis, — which I had read as I was leaving Italy, while we were clambering the snow-capped Alps. I think Foscolo's is the best, — though to the German is the palm of originality, if the "Héloïse" of Rousseau does not bear it away. Lessing's "Nathan der Weise" is considered a masterpiece; but to compare it with my Alfieri! What I have read of Schiller I like very much. I have his works as my *compagnon de voyage* to America; and hope, before I touch New York, to read him entire. This morning I breakfasted with Rogers, — "old Rogers," as he is called. It was delightful to listen to his wisdom-dropping voice; but I started when he said Manzoni's "Promessi Sposi" is worth ten of Scott's novels. "Say thirty!" said I. "Well, thirty," said the wise old man; "I only said ten for fear of shocking you." And this is the judgment of one of the ancient friends of Sir Walter Scott. Ah! I remember well the pleasure I had from that book. I read a copy belonging to you, on the road from Rome to Florence, and I cried sincerely over many of the scenes. At Heidelberg I passed a sad day, after I read of the loss of the "Lexington." I have read Longfellow's "Hyperion," and am in love with it. I only wish that there were more of it. The character of Jean Paul is *wunderschön*. I hope to induce somebody to review it here. But in this immensity of London everybody seems engaged, — every moment of the present and future occupied; so that I fear I may not succeed. Sir Charles Vaughan speaks of your kindness in the warmest terms, and of Crawford also: he has spoken to several of his countrymen of Crawford. I hope some good may come of it. Maxcy, our Minister at Brussels, requested a line of introduction to you. He goes to Italy, probably next summer, with his family. I have also given him a line to Crawford. Item: I shall also give an introduction for you to my English friend, Mr. Joseph Parkes, — a solicitor by profession, but most extensively acquainted with literary and political circles, — one of the ancient editors of the "Retrospective Review," and the best-informed person in old English literature I know; a lover of art, a friend of America, and an amiable man. He will visit Rome in the course of the summer with his wife, who is a granddaughter of Priestley. You have doubtless already seen my friend Kenyon; and I feel sure you must have been pleased with him. I am anxious — I say, freely, on your own account, as well as on his — that you should become acquainted with Parkes. I think his conversation will be interesting to you. Take him to the Capitol, St. Peter's, &c. He will be in Rome in September or October, I think, — will pass two or three weeks. Would that I could be with you! Do not fail to take him to Crawford. I sail from Portsmouth the 4th of April, with Cogswell, Willis, and wife, and sister-in-law, as fellow-passengers. When this

reaches you, I shall be tossing on the ocean. What talks I shall have with friends at home! and Rome and Italy will not be forgotten. I well remember those three months in that Matron-City, — take them all in all, and though shadowed as they were with grief and vexation, the happiest of my life. My brother, I suppose, will pass the summer in Italy. I have already commended him to your care and kindness. I trust you will find him worthy of all, — as I believe he is. Do not fail to write me in my exile, — far away as Ceuta to the ancient banished man. Tell me every thing about art, antiquity, literature, and Crawford. You will hear from me next from Boston, — but not till I hear from you. Farewell! Remember me affectionately to Mrs. Greene, and to Crawford; and believe me ever sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO LORD MORPETH.

MARCH 30, 1840.

MY DEAR MORPETH, — Above is a specimen, such as it is, of trans-Atlantic Greek, on Chantrey's woodcocks.<sup>1</sup> The verses were written and transmitted to me by a friend of mine, to whom I had sent an account of the Holkham achievement. I still keep your Wellesley's poems; I have seen them on the tables of Hallam and Rogers.

I leave London early Friday morn, and on Saturday descend upon the sea. Before I go, I shall resign into your hands your book; and I hope to say "Good-by" to your family.

This morning I breakfasted with dear Sir Robert Inglis. I love his sincerity and goodness, though I dislike his politics.

Ever sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. I had the pleasure of hearing your speech on Lord Stanley's motion.<sup>2</sup> Stevenson, who sat by my side, like myself, was much gratified with it.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

PORTSMOUTH, April 4, 1840.

DEAR HILLARD, — This will go by the "Great Western," which sails the fifteenth of this month,<sup>3</sup> and perhaps may reach you even before I have that pleasure. I saw more of London than I expected, and enjoyed it much. My last dinner was on Thursday with Hallam; where were Milman, Babbage, Hayward, Francis Horner, &c. I have parted with many friends, and have received the most affectionate good wishes. Lady Carlisle and my dear, noble friend, Ingham, shed tears in parting with me. We shall meet soon.

<sup>1</sup> Felton's verses, *ante*, Vol. I. p. 378.

<sup>2</sup> March 26, on registration of voters in Ireland.

<sup>3</sup> She arrived at New York, May 3, — the same day with the "Wellington."

The wind is fair; and we now wait only for Willis's appearance. Cogswell is by my side at this moment.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

The "Wellington" arrived at New York, Sunday, May 3. Sumner, on landing, met his brother Albert, then living in the city. That day or the next he dined with his classmate, John O. Sargent, who remembers that "he was full of his trip, and conversed very pleasantly about it. His appearance had been very materially improved under the hands of a London tailor. He had lost, too, some of the leanness and lankness of face and figure which he carried through his school and college days, and was beginning to fill out, and to assume more of the portly air of his later days."

On his arrival in Boston, Hillard happened to meet him as he was walking from the railway station, wearing a light-colored mackintosh, looking rather English in costume, and carrying in his hand some Exchequer tallies.<sup>1</sup> He went to the family house in Hancock Street, where a letter from his sister Mary, which awaited him in New York, bade him welcome; and where his home was to be during his mother's life.

<sup>1</sup> These relics were kept at the Harvard Law School, for some time. They each consisted of a piece of wood scored with notches of different sizes, split into two parts, — "tally" and "counterfoil." They were abolished in the reigns of George III. and William IV. "Best on Evidence," Part III. Chap. I. § 215, note.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

RETURN TO HIS PROFESSION. — 1840-41. — AGE, 29-30.

CORDIAL greetings awaited Sumner on his arrival in Boston, from his old friends, and from many others who had become interested in his social career abroad. His first weeks at home were filled with conversations concerning his foreign journey. With what zest he related the things he had seen and heard, is still well remembered. He often passed the night with Cleveland at Pine Bank, and with Longfellow at the Craigie House. He spent many evenings with Mr. Ticknor, comparing their European experiences.<sup>1</sup> In June, he visited Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lawrence at Lowell, and in August sought, for a few days, the refreshment of sea-breezes at Nahant. He made an excursion to Lancaster with Felton, whose family was passing some weeks in that interior town, and dined with Emerson at Concord, on his way home. With Dr. Lieber, who made a visit to Boston, he had long talks about his journey. In the summer, he met for the first time Nathaniel Hawthorne and Mrs. Frances Kemble, — the former at Hillard's, and the latter at Pine Bank.

He took his father's place in the Society of the Cincinnati, and attended its customary dinner, July 4, at Concert Hall. Slowly he returned to professional and literary work. Soon after reaching home, he filled reluctantly, for a few weeks, a vacancy as instructor in the Law School. He declined an invitation, received through Mr. Daveis, to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa Oration at Bowdoin College, — excusing himself by saying that he could not pledge any time which might be required by his profession.<sup>2</sup> Later, he declined an invitation to lecture be-

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Daveis wrote from Portland, May 21: "Ticknor tells me of your sitting up with him night after night, till twelve o'clock. That is tormenting to those who cannot have the same privilege."

<sup>2</sup> In 1842, he declined a similar invitation from Dartmouth College.

fore the "Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge."<sup>1</sup> During the summer, his correspondence with friends was left much in arrears. In August, he took for a few days the place of Hillard, who was with the Ticknors at Woods' Hole; but, with that exception, he did no service for clients for the first four months after his return.

With the beginning of September, — the time when the summer vacation closes in New England, — he resumed in earnest the daily work of his profession. He was from that time faithful to his office from nine in the morning till five or six in the afternoon, — allowing an interval for the family dinner from two to half-past three. He usually passed the evening with friends; but, after a dinner or party, returned home to read till midnight, or often two hours later. During the years 1840 and 1841, he made no contribution to any magazine or newspaper. When he had been at home a year, he confessed in a letter: "It has been the least productive year of my life. I feel that I have done very little, — made no advance in any sort of knowledge; nor laid up any materials for happiness." In the autumn of 1840, he carried through the press the third volume of his "Reports" of Judge Story's Circuit Court opinions.<sup>2</sup>

Professional work awaited him as soon as he was ready to resume it. He had his share of the business of the office to which Hillard had solely attended in his absence. Professor Greenleaf and Mr. Fletcher gave him a place as junior in some causes in which they were engaged; and clients sometimes came to him under the impression that Judge Story would listen kindly to his arguments. He was retained in several patent causes,<sup>3</sup> the chief of which related to the Phillips patent for friction matches.<sup>4</sup> Professor Greenleaf, who had been employed to contest the validity of this patent, entrusted to Sumner after his return the direction and labor of the contestant's case, and early in 1842 himself withdrew from it. It embraced suits in law and equity in the Circuit Court, which lasted five years; and the pleadings and evidence were voluminous.

<sup>1</sup> The next year, he declined a similar invitation from the same society.

<sup>2</sup> Noticed in "Law Reporter," Feb., 1841, Vol. III. p. 403.

<sup>3</sup> His appearance in cases is noted in "Law Reporter," Jan., 1841, Vol. III. p. 333; Dec., 1841, Vol. IV. p. 301; Boston "Advertiser," Nov. 12, 15, and 16, and Dec. 23, 1841. In the patent case of *Reed v. Robinson*, — "Law Reporter," Jan., 1842, Vol. IV. p. 342, — his elaborate brief did not convince Judge Story.

<sup>4</sup> *William Brooks v. Ezekiel Byam et al.*

Sumner became very zealous in the controversy, and during the autumn of 1841 was engaged in taking testimony in Boston, New Haven, and New York. His final argument of the cause in 1844 will be referred to hereafter.

England was at this time asserting the right to search vessels carrying the American flag, when they were suspected both of being engaged in the slave-trade and of being other than American vessels; and her ships of war had made searches even when the vessel, although suspected as a slaver, was known to be American. British officers who had made them, when afterwards found here, were sued in actions of tort. Sumner and Hillard were retained by the British Consul at Boston in actions of this kind brought in Massachusetts.<sup>1</sup> Rufus Choate and Mr. Perkins, of Salem, were the plaintiff's counsel. Sumner's connection with this litigation directed his attention more closely to the question of search and inquiry in cases of suspected slavers, which he afterwards discussed in the public journals.

He occasionally sat as a commissioner to take depositions pending in the United States courts. Sometimes, the counsel on one side or the other were worried by his disposition to extend his duty beyond a mere record of questions and answers to a fuller examination by himself, — he maintaining it to be a part of his functions as magistrate to obtain the whole truth from a witness, instead of merely writing down what a skilful counsel saw fit to draw from him.

Sumner never took kindly to the details of law business. He wrote to Mr. Perkins once: "I found the bill of costs without understanding it; and I sometimes believe that it is not in my power to understand any thing which concerns such matters." If he had the responsibility of an important cause, he was inspired by the *gaudium certaminis*, and worked with diligence and enthusiasm; but he was less vigilant in the ordinary routine of the office. Once, when he consented rather thoughtlessly to the continuance of an action, his absent associate, who had left it in his charge, wrote regretfully to him "of that facility of temper and disinclination to say No, of which I have so often discoursed to you."

Sumner had come home with the determination to work dili-

<sup>1</sup> "Law Reporter," May, 1841, Vol. IV. p. 33. In these cases the plaintiffs, who belonged to the American vessel "Tigris," sued for false imprisonment the defendant, a midshipman of the British brig "Waterwitch," who had overhauled the "Tigris," and brought her into one of our ports.

gently and earnestly in his profession ; and in that spirit he returned to it. At times, he exulted in the confidence that he should defeat the prophecies of those who had said his European visit would spoil him for the law ; but at others, notwithstanding this sense of triumph, he could not refrain from confessing to his intimate friends that he had little heart for its drudgery.

Sometimes, at this period, he recurred unwisely to his foreign life or letters in conversation with clients and lawyers, who knew or cared little about such things, — a habit likely to repel those who were intent only on the business in hand, and to make them feel that his mind was not enough on what most concerned them. Indeed, prudence dictated a greater reserve in this regard, with all except intimate friends, than he maintained. But it was his nature to pour out what his heart was full of ; and he fancied that others would receive it as he would have received it from them. Later, when he had in hand the serious work of a reformer, he made only infrequent allusions to this foreign journey of his youth.

W. W. Story, then a student in the office of Hillard & Sumner, writes : —

“I studied the practice of the law in his office in Boston, and was for two years in constant daily intercourse with him and his partner, Hillard; and pleasant and instructive days they were. During all this time I never saw him out of temper, and never heard from him a hasty or intemperate word. He was uniformly kind and considerate to me, and ready to put down his pen to answer any questions or elucidate any subject. But he was more interested in the literature and what is called the science of the law and the application of its principles than in the practice of it. He would talk to me by the hour of the great jurists, and their lives, and habits of thought; and tell me all sorts of interesting anecdotes of great barristers and judges. Hillard and he and I used to talk infinitely, not only of law, but of poetry and general literature and authors, when business would allow, — nay, sometimes when it would not allow ; but who can resist temptation with such tastes as we all had ?

“It was not for a long time that he could settle down again to the practical work before him. After the flush of those exciting days abroad, his office and daily occupations seemed dull and gray; and I cannot but think that they changed the whole after-course of his life and thought. He did, indeed, set himself with determination to his work, but it had lost the charm it formerly had; and the dreams of those delightful days and the echoes of those far voices haunted his memory. America seemed flat to him after Europe. This, however, slowly passed away, though never, to his dying day, completely.”



This long-cherished friend of Sumner has recalled these early as well as later days in an "In Memoriam"<sup>1</sup> : —

"For years, dear friend, but rarely had we met,  
Fate in a different path our feet had set;  
Space stretched between us, yet you still were near,  
And friendship had no shadows of regret.

At least your noble thoughts can never die, —  
They live to stir and lift humanity, —  
They live to sweeten life and cheer us on:  
If they are with us, surely you are nigh.

Yes, in our memory, long as sense remains,  
That stalwart frame shall live, that voice whose strains,  
To lofty purpose pitched, struck like a fire  
Into our blood, and thrilled through all our veins.

That full sonorous voice, whose high-strung key  
Was tuned to justice and to liberty, —  
That sounded like a charge to rouse the world  
From the deep slumber of its apathy.

Nor these alone; — we shall remember too  
The kind familiar tones of love we knew,  
The genial converse and the storied lore,  
The cultured charm that every listener drew.

The gladsome smile, the gleam of quick surprise,  
That thrilled the face and lightened through the eyes;  
The uplifting brow, the utterance frank and clear,  
And all that sullen death to sight denies.

Vain friendship's voice, and vain the loud lament  
A nation breathed as o'er your bier it bent;  
Vain unto you, that as you passed away  
A shadow darkened down a continent.

Rest, then, brave soldier, from the well-fought fight!  
Rest, genial scholar, from the dear delight  
Of arts and books! Rest, steadfast, stainless friend!  
For ever ours, — though lost to sense and sight.

Stern Duty's champion, at thy bier we bow!  
Brave, honest, faithful to the end, — thy vow  
To God and Freedom kept, — unbribed, unbought:  
Rest thee, — or rise to loftier labors now."

<sup>1</sup> Blackwood's Magazine, Sept., 1874.

Sumner was at this time a great favorite in Boston society. He was welcomed to the best houses as soon as he reached home. He frequented those of Mr. Ticknor, Nathan Appleton, Harrison Gray Otis, Abbott Lawrence, the Austins, Eliots, Dwights, and Guilds. He was always glad to meet the Calderons during their visits to their relatives on Chestnut Street. He passed long evenings with Jeremiah Mason, talking of law and lawyers and the topics of the day. He was often a visitor at Dr. Channing's, and held much grave discourse with him on war and slavery, and whatever concerned the progress of the race. Of the new friendships which Sumner formed at this time, the one he most cherished was that with William H. Prescott, then living with his venerable parents on Bedford Street. He met, on his return, with a very friendly reception from the historian, who had already gratefully recognized his interest while abroad in the success of the "Ferdinand and Isabella." He often dined with Mr. Prescott; usually joined him at his Sunday-evening supper, and was one of the family party on Thanksgiving Day.<sup>1</sup> He was always among the guests when the historian gathered about him the scholars of the day, — Sparks, Ticknor, Palfrey, Bancroft, Felton, Longfellow, and Hillard.<sup>2</sup> Mr. Prescott, while a conservative in politics, was always catholic in his friendships; and his relations with Sumner were never affected by the differences upon the slavery question, which afterwards alienated many others.<sup>3</sup> On Saturday afternoons, Sumner went to Cambridge to dine and pass the night with Longfellow at the Craigie House, where Felton usually joined them at dinner. At Judge Story's and Professor Greenleaf's he was, as before his visit to Europe, received with a hearty greeting and cherished with tender interest. With the Nortons, also, he found congenial company. Nor did he forget his early and constant friend, Mrs. Judge Howe, with whom, in a half-serious, half-jesting way, he talked, as in earlier days, of the happy period when he might have a fireside of his own.

<sup>1</sup> A note of Mr. Prescott's father, Nov. 16, 1840, invited Sumner to join "our family party of grandparents, parents, and children at a Thanksgiving dinner at four o'clock." "Blind-man's-buff" was played in the evening, in which Sumner took part.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Everett left for Europe in the summer of 1840.

<sup>3</sup> See Ticknor's "Life of Prescott," p. 336. Letters of Prescott to Sumner are printed on pp. 339, 348, 349, 351-354. Other references to Sumner are made on pp. 225, 248, 330, 332, 395. Mr. Prescott was born May 4, 1796, and died Jan. 28, 1859. His father, Judge William Prescott, died Dec. 8, 1844, at the age of eighty-two.

Sumner's home was always in the city. Rural life he knew only as traveller or visitor. He never even rented a cottage in the suburbs or by the seashore. But with Longfellow's home, more than with any other spot where Nature is a part of the scene, he is associated. Between these two friends there was never any difference or reserve. As they were when first they came to know and love each other, so they remained to the end. Craigie House is a half-hour's drive from Boston, fronting the road which leads from the College to Mount Auburn, shaded by ancient elms, and looking out on a broad meadow and the winding Charles, with the Brighton hills closing the view. Many a Harvard student now recalls Sumner, as he alighted from the coach, strode along the familiar way, and opened his friend's gate, — his stately presence and quick movement attracting the eye whether one knew him or not. Here, for thirty-seven years, both before and after his friend had gathered wife and children about him, he was an ever-welcome guest. Thither he went to talk of books, of scholars, of friends, of common studies. Here he sought rest from the weariness of political strifes, — the solace he craved when he met coldness and injustice elsewhere. The poet has associated him with the scene in an elegiac tribute, which commemorates also two other friends, Agassiz and Felton : —

“ When I remember them, those friends of mine,  
 Who are no longer here, the noble three,  
 Who half my life were more than friends to me,  
 And whose discourse was like a generous wine,  
 I most of all remember the divine  
 Something, that shone in them, and made us see  
 The archetypal man, and what might be  
 The amplitude of Nature's first design.

. . . . .  
 River, that stealest with such silent pace  
 Around the City of the Dead, where lies  
 A friend who bore thy name, and whom these eyes  
 Shall see no more in his accustomed place,  
 Linger and fold him in thy soft embrace  
 And say good-night, for now the western skies  
 Are red with sunset, and gray mists arise  
 Like damps that gather on a dead man's face.  
 Good-night! good-night! as we so oft have said  
 Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days

That are no more, and shall no more return.  
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;  
I stay a little longer, as one stays  
To cover up the embers that still burn.

The doors are all wide open; at the gate  
The blossomed lilacs counterfeit a blaze,  
And seem to warm the air; a dreamy haze  
Hangs o'er the Brighton meadows like a fate,  
And on their margin, with sea-tides elate,  
The flooded Charles, as in the happier days,  
Writes the last letter of his name, and stays  
His restless steps, as if compelled to wait.  
I also wait; but they will come no more,  
Those friends of mine, whose presence satisfied  
The thirst and hunger of my heart. Ah me!  
They have forgotten the pathway to my door!  
Something is gone from Nature since they died,  
And summer is not summer, nor can be."

He was greatly interested in the literary work of his friends, Prescott, Bancroft, Sparks, Story, and Greenleaf, — all active at this time in authorship. Hardly a day passed that some one of them did not call at his office, where their coming was more welcome than that of clients. Of these, only Bancroft survives. He was then writing his "History of the United States," but was already much addicted to politics. He had left the Whigs, who combined the wealth and culture of Boston, and had become a leader of the Democratic party. This departure barred him from the social position to which his accomplishments entitled him. Whatever may have been pleaded in excuse for this discrimination, none, it is certain, would have taken place but for his rejection of the prevailing political faith of Boston society. He always found, however, agreeable friends in Prescott, Hillard, and Sumner, who did not share in the proscriptive spirit of others.

Soon after his return Sumner became the friend of Washington Allston, whom he often visited at Cambridgeport, and with whom he conferred in plans for promoting the success of Greenough and Crawford.

He much enjoyed his friendly relations with Rufus Choate, whose office was at No. 4 Court Street. They talked of politics and literature, — particularly of Burke, for whom Mr. Choate had an extravagant admiration. When the latter was in the

United States Senate, 1841-42, they treated of the same themes in correspondence. Later they were associated professionally in the boundary dispute between Massachusetts and Rhode Island.<sup>1</sup>

The "Five of Clubs," now with its full complement, met at the homes of its members; but Cleveland, whose health had been for some time delicate, became, in the summer of 1841, the prey of a disease which was soon to be fatal.

At this period, Sumner's relations with Dr. Samuel G. Howe, which had been friendly for some years, became very intimate. Dr. Howe was already the Superintendent of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, at South Boston, — a post which he continued to hold for the rest of his life. To the charm of personal qualities he added, while yet young, the fascination of his career in Greece, and of his noble work for the blind. He was still unmarried, and was Sumner's senior by ten years. Sumner often sought his friend at South Boston, frequently passing the night at the institution. The two rode much together on horseback, galloping through the streets of Boston and Cambridge, and the beautiful lanes of Brookline and Dorchester. Howe took the place in the "Five of Clubs" which Cleveland, stricken with disease, had left vacant. In some respects he came nearer to Sumner than any of the "Five;" and there were times through Sumner's life when he opened his inmost thoughts to Howe as to no other. Their friendship was to be sealed by a long and earnest co-operation in the causes of education, prison discipline, and freedom, where often the brunt of the conflict fell on them.

Sumner, in company with a friend, — quite often with Felton, — took lunches or evening refreshment at Brigham's Concert Hall, or Parker's restaurant, in Court Square; and on these occasions oysters were the favorite dish. He was neither Sybarite nor ascetic. To excess of any kind he had the aversion which comes of good breeding as well as good morals; but he did not accept the rule of ethics on which many good people now insist, — that, for example and self-discipline, one ought to abstain from what is very liable to abuse. He seasoned his food with hock and claret, always however with moderation; but these he never took except at meals, and rigidly abstained from the

<sup>1</sup> *Works and Memoir of Rufus Choate*, Vol. I. pp. 57, 61-63, 74, 75.

violent drinks. From the political controversy involving legislation for the suppression of intemperance, which beginning as early as 1837 has continued ever since, he kept entirely aloof.

In January and February, 1841, Sumner made a visit of three or four weeks to New York and Philadelphia. In New York he was the guest of his brother Albert, then newly married, and living on Bond Street. He was also cordially received by Chancellor Kent, and enjoyed much the society of the Misses Ward, — “the Three Graces of Bond Street,” — of whom one was to become the wife of his friend, Dr. Howe; another, of his friend Crawford; and the third of Mr. Maillard, now of California. In Philadelphia he received much attention from Joseph R. Ingersoll, and was warmly greeted by his old friends, Mr. Peters and family, who found him in presence and manners changed from the youth they had known six years before. At this time he formed a friendship with Theodore Sedgwick, of New York, with whom he had many common topics in law, literature, and foreign affairs; and their correspondence was continued for many years. The same year he was brought into personal relations with Jacob Harvey, — a gentleman of Irish birth, and son-in-law of Dr. Hosack, — with whom he often conferred on international questions.

At home, Sumner was the dutiful son, the affectionate and watchful brother. To his sister Mary, now entering society, he was specially devoted, and was her constant escort to parties and on horseback rides. His sister, Mrs. Hastings, wrote in October, 1874: —

“He was always interested in the education and improvement of his younger brothers and sisters. When he returned from Europe, he came home to live with us, and, my father having died while he was away, seemed to feel somewhat of a paternal charge over the young members of the family. I was then twelve (nearly thirteen), my brother Horace fifteen, and my sister Mary nearly eighteen, — a girl of great beauty and loveliness. During Charles’s absence, she had grown from the unformed girl into the lovely woman; and he was very fond of her. Her loss, a few years later, was a very bitter grief to him.

“From the time of his return from Europe my recollections are most vivid. I recall the great interest he took in our education, the spur and incentive he was to our ambition, and how proud I was of his praise and approval. It seems but yesterday that I was the happy, careless school-girl, recounting eagerly to his kindly, sympathetic ear at dinner the experiences of the morning at school, or going to him for help in my

Latin lessons. While at Mr. Emerson's<sup>1</sup> school, Macready played in Boston; and I shall never cease to be grateful to my brother Charles for the intense delight he gave me then,—taking me night after night to see him. It introduced me to a new world of delight, for it was the first very fine acting I had seen; and it opened my mind to the wonderful beauties of Shakspeare. The great pleasure I received then has extended through my life. I enclose a copy of the little note my brother sent me one day at school. It was when I was wild with excitement and delight over Macready's acting, and very anxious lest we should not have the right seats, or be there early enough. Mr. Emerson and family were to share the same box with us that evening to see 'Macbeth.'

"I remember well how popular Charles was in social life,—how much attention was bestowed upon him. He was, so far as I can remember, on the top wave of social favor. He often went to Cambridge to spend Sunday with Mr. Longfellow or Mr. Felton, or to South Boston to visit Dr. Howe. Sometimes he would bring home a manuscript poem of Mr. Longfellow, and read it to us. He read poetry very finely. His reading awoke me to the beauty of Tennyson's poems, then becoming popular. . . . I remember the enthusiastic admiration which Charles and his group of intimates felt for the Misses Ward, of New York.

". . . My brother always went to the Anti-slavery Fairs at Christmas time, and brought home many pretty little things, much to the delight of my sister and myself. There was a world of love and tenderness within him,—often hidden under a cold exterior, or apparently crusted over with a chilling coat of reserve."

To his brother George in Europe he wrote long letters, telling him what a brother would wish to know of family life, society, and politics.

The political canvass of 1840, with Harrison as the Whig and Van Buren as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, filled the six months which followed his return home. He expressed disgust at its noise and ribaldry, its rallying cries of "hard cider" and "log-cabin." He took no interest in the distinctive measures of the Whig party, and had no sentimental regard for it; but he thought well of its two conspicuous chiefs, Clay and Webster. On the other hand, he was repelled by the low tone of the Democratic leaders, among whom Amos Kendall and Isaac Hill were then prominent. He is supposed to have voted for General Harrison.

On two important questions he thus early entertained positive convictions. He strongly disapproved the pernicious system to

<sup>1</sup> George B. Emerson, for many years the teacher of a well-known private school for young ladies,—a zealous supporter of the cause of popular education, and a constant friend of Sumner.

which both parties adhered, of removals from office on account of political opinions, and was opposed to the election of any one person to the Presidency beyond a single term. To these views he always adhered.<sup>1</sup>

Early in August, 1841, Sir Charles Lyell arrived by steamer from Liverpool, — the first of his two visits to the United States; and Sumner had pleasant associations with him during his visits to Boston, driving him and his wife to the suburbs, both then and a year later, when they embarked on their return.

Lord Morpeth lost his election to Parliament, for the West Riding in Yorkshire, in the summer of 1841; and made a visit to this country in the autumn, arriving by steamer at Boston, Oct. 21. He spent nearly a year in America, travelling widely here, and extending his journey to Cuba. Sumner derived great pleasure from this visit. He was Morpeth's escort and friend in Boston, — introducing him to the people whom he wished to know, and taking him to places and meetings of interest (among which was the Anti-slavery Fair). He gave him a dinner at the Tremont House, where Story, Prescott, Bancroft, Ticknor, Choate, Hillard, Felton, and Longfellow were among the guests; and was present on similar occasions when Morpeth was entertained by Story, Prescott, and Longfellow.<sup>2</sup>

Sumner's correspondence with foreigners, after his return from Europe, was very large. Every European mail brought its welcome parcel of letters; and its arrival was awaited with eager expectation. Joseph Parkes wrote at great length of English politics; Robert Ingham, of lawyers and judges on the Northern

<sup>1</sup> See remarks in the Senate, Feb. 11, 1867; Works, Vol. XI. p. 98. In December, 1873, — three months before his death, — he moved joint resolutions in the Senate for Constitutional amendments limiting the Presidency to a single term, and extending it to six years; providing for the President's election by a direct vote of the people; and abolishing the office of Vice-President.

<sup>2</sup> The Earl of Carlisle (Lord Morpeth), in a lecture at Leeds, Dec. 6, 1850, thus referred to Sumner: "The residence here [Boston] was rendered peculiarly agreeable to me by a friendship with one of its inhabitants, which I had previously made in England. He hardly yet comes within my rule of exception; but I do not give up the notion of his becoming one of the historical men of the country. However, it is quite open to me to mention some of those with whom, mainly through his introduction, I became acquainted." Those mentioned are Story, Channing, Allston, Bancroft, Ticknor, Longfellow, R. W. Emerson, and Prescott. — "Speeches, Lectures, and Poems of the Earl of Carlisle," p. 393. In a preface to an English edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the Earl referring to his "own much-valued friend" Sumner, whose speech in the Senate on the Fugitive Slave Act he had just received, said: "In our past hours of friendly intercourse, in our frequent walks by the sparkling estuary of Boston, or upon the sunny brow of Bunker's Hill, how little did I, how little did he, I feel well assured, dream of such an opening upon his quiet and unostentatious career!"



Circuit, and of Parliament; Milnes, of scholars, new books, and public life; Mrs. Grote, of her husband's studies and friends, and of public affairs; Kenyon, of society and literary men. Morpeth, who was disinclined to letter-writing, wrote to him from time to time,—always with much affection. Occasional letters came from Sir Charles R. Vaughan; H. Bellenden Ker; Henry Reeve; Abraham Hayward; Alexander Cochrane; Thomas Brown; Mrs. Anne B. Montagu; Edward Rushton, of Liverpool; Edward Dowling,<sup>1</sup> and others. Thomas Falconer, who visited Texas, and published a book on the "Discovery of the Mississippi," wrote frequently while travelling, and while at home at Putney Hall. From Mittermaier, Foelix, and Julius, he also received tidings, — particularly from Mittermaier, who wrote in German. Fay kept him informed of society in Berlin, and of German politics. J. Randolph Clay wrote from Vienna of affairs in Eastern Europe. His brother George wrote of the public men and politics of France and other countries which he visited.

Mr. Parkes wrote, in June, 1840: —

"I need not assure you of my friendship, and that the wide Atlantic does not sever it. All English Liberal lawyers have a fraternal feeling for you; and you know mine is further strengthened by my family connection with your country, and my own republican principles. Life spared to us, we are sure to meet again. This is the future state in which I rejoice, — the meeting of two late-discovered friends again in this world. You are sure to visit Europe again, or I to visit the States. But I shall not come till I can stay at least two, if not three, months. I was happy that I was accidentally the means of launching you in English public life; and you steered your own way afterwards. You saw every thing in higher and intellectual English society, little of the middle ranks and masses. Few, if any, Americans ever had such an insight into our monarchy and aristocracy, or into our institutions. None, perhaps, will ever have the opportunity of seeing so much of the bar of England, — a profession now, in intellect, accomplishment, and individual political power, before all other ranks."

Mr. Reeve wrote, Nov. 1, 1840: "I hope you will allow me to reckon you among my correspondents, — my only trans-Atlantic one, — for I cannot afford to lose you. You are continually talked of in Europe."

Mrs. Montagu wrote, Oct. 18, 1841: —

"I can safely say that not one week has passed since you left us, in which your name has not frequently been spoken; and, if we had less true devo-

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Dowling went in 1840 to Canada, as legal adviser of the Governor-General, and died there in 1844.

tion, we should have had more frequent offerings. It is one of the delights of a friendship founded upon substantial grounds of respect, that nothing can alter it, and scarcely any distance sever it. The mind we love seems ever with us; and the very words our friend has uttered seem floating in the atmosphere, and want not a voice to make them more his own.

" . . . Anne Procter is at Florence, attending the marriage of Mr. J. Parkes's niece, who is united to one of the Frescobaldis, — whose name, renowned in history, is well known to you; because you have read all the books that have been written, as I should think after the specimen I have had of your enormous memory. I hope you are getting rich as fast as possible, that you may retire from your profession and come to the old country, with old buildings and old books. . . . Do not cease to remember us; and, if by letter, I shall think it doubly kind."

In Lord Morpeth's note of November, 1840, there was a timely caution: —

" I have to thank you for your most agreeable and thoroughly welcome letter from your own home. I cannot help being gratified that European, and especially English, recollections have not lost their hold upon you; but you must not let them exercise too great an influence upon either thought or action, or disable you from entering with freshness and energy upon whatever pursuit you have set before you. . . . God bless you! and be happy, and like what we knew you."

Americans visiting Europe found that he was well remembered by his English friends. Dr. Francis Wayland wrote, Feb. 8, 1841: "Both Kenyon and Ingham<sup>1</sup> have made repeated inquiries after you, as well as every gentleman whom I have met, who had the pleasure of knowing you. It is my intention to return in the spring; and I shall go home loaded with messages of kindness and friendship for you."

Edward Everett, while Minister to England, wrote, Aug. 11, 1843: "I often hear you spoken of with the greatest kindness, — particularly in the Carlisle and Sutherland families."

Dr. Howe wrote, Aug. 2, 1843: "I have been again and again gratified, and my heart has thrilled with pleasure, at hearing the warm and affectionate expressions of regard which the mention of your name invariably draws out."

Mrs. Waterston writes: —

"When he returned from Europe I was married and living in Boston. His success in English and French society — a rare distinction *then* — made

<sup>1</sup> Ingham wrote to Sumner: "The last [Dr. Wayland] I greatly admire. In all I saw of him when he was here, and in all I have read of him, there is an earnest, manly energy and truthfulness which win my confidence. He sees into his subject as a man whose eye is single."

him quite the 'lion' of society here. But he was Charles Sumner all the same; and when he came home with my husband unexpectedly to dinner, and, from some domestic delinquency, the dinner consisted of only two mackerel and a Washington pie hastily procured at the last moment, I soon forgot even the feelings of a young housekeeper in the real delight of finding an old friend unchanged. And in listening to his vivid descriptions we all forgot the simplicity of the entertainment. I think very few people, unless they really knew him from first to last, understood his character, or did any justice to qualities many supposed did not exist. His sweeter and gentler nature never had full development; but it was **THERE**, and those who loved him knew it. His almost childlike simplicity and incapability of understanding irony were incomprehensible to people in general."

A lady who knew him intimately at this period writes: —

"Sumner was always a welcome guest with us, — my brother, Mr. Samuel Austin, having great interest in his conversation, great sympathy with his opinions, and great respect for his consistency and rectitude of character. Years after, when under a social ban, as it were, I remember his saying that only two doors in Boston had always stood open to him, — Mr. Prescott's and my brother's. His conversation was rich and interesting, from his varied information, and the number of noteworthy people he had met; his sympathies were with what was highest and best; he was ever ready to do justice to the good qualities of his opponents, and was enthusiastically loyal to his friends; his manners were frank and manly, not polished "

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes writes: —

"I have seen a good deal of him in his after-life, and he was true to his early character. Cordial, sincere, but fond of saying pleasant things to those whom he met, and remembering their personal history in a way that gratified those he talked with, he made friends easily and kept those who were best worth keeping. He would monopolize the conversation now and then in a way which some might think egotistical and assuming. But he had seen so much of great men and great people, that what might have seemed like vanity, and would have been in many men, was, perhaps, not more charged with that weakness than the everyday talk of those who have been chiefly conversant with ordinary people and petty affairs. Fond as he was of being listened to, he was eminently courteous and good-natured in conversation, and never put on airs as if he had nothing to learn; but, on the contrary, was rather fond of questioning others with a certain deference on matters which they had a right to know more of than he did. Any thing in the nature of a jest came very hard to him. He would look bewildered and almost distressed with the pleasantry that set a company laughing. He knew a good deal outside of the subjects to which his chief study had been given. He had much to say about art. He would discuss learnedly about old china; and I have heard him deliver a dinner-table lecture on book-binding, which sounded as if he had served an apprenticeship to the business."

## LETTERS.

TO CHARLES S. DAVEIS, PORTLAND.

BOSTON, June 22, 1840.

MY DEAR MR. DAVEIS, — . . . Mr. Gardiner called upon me, and invited me to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa at Bowdoin; but I felt bound to decline. I have just returned from a long absence. I am occupied with seeing my friends, looking about me, and preparing plans for the future. Things are all uncertain before me. What I shall find to do in my profession I do not know. How much time I shall be able to withdraw from active business I cannot determine; and, as my first duty would seem to be to provide distinctly for the future, I feel bound to decline making any engagement which should interfere with this. My mind will not be sufficiently free, at any time between now and September, to allow me to write any thing proper to offer you at Bowdoin.

A fine son you have at Cambridge. I was struck with his full and clear answer to a question I proposed in the lecture-room, before I knew he was of your house. He seemed very studious, careful, intelligent, and ambitious, — the last, when well directed, not the least important. I have left the Law School, — having gone there merely for a temporary purpose, much against my inclination, — but shall always be glad to see your son. The Judge seems better than when I first returned. He had written a page on "Partnership," when the doctor — the despot of the sick-chamber — forbade further work; and the single page now lies open on his desk. He is attending to the duties of his circuit, and preparing another edition of his "Equity Pleadings." His success as a law-writer is marvellous, — the Sir Walter Scott of the law. I am told that, by my father's death, a place is open to me in the "Cincinnati." Is this so? Should I take it? And what steps must I resort to? I am duly sensible of all your kindness to me. Remember me kindly to all your family; and believe me, as ever,

Most truly and affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER, NEW YORK.<sup>1</sup>

BOSTON, July 6, 1840.

HAVE faith in me, dear Lieber, and do not believe that I have not written to you because I was indifferent to your friendship. For the first few weeks I was in Boston, I wrote to nobody. My mind and time were so occupied in seeing friends and ancient scenes that I could not scrawl even a hasty letter to you. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Lieber was then at the North on a visit, which he extended to Boston a few weeks later.

My European drama is wound up; the iron curtain has fallen upon it. Ah! you know full well, my dear Lieber, what is left behind when the Atlantic is placed between us and the Old World. But we have our recollections, thoughts, thick-coming fancies. Every morning while I dress I think of Italy, and repeat to myself where I was and what I did a year ago; what scene full of history or antiquity, what work of art full of divinity, I was looking upon. Your Teatro di Marcello<sup>1</sup> I have distinctly before me. A little sketch or drawing of any thing in Rome, Italy, or your Germany, or anywhere else where I have wandered, makes me start; I conjure the whole scene before me, and for a moment forget the hard, practical, work-a-day American present. Germany I left too soon; but I loved it well. Were I a man of fortune with the world all before me where to choose, I should first direct my steps to Germany; then to — but why build these castles? Come to Boston, and we will talk the livelong day, and revive Europe. I sympathize with you in that you are obliged to leave Oscar, the young Astyanax, in Europe. You must need his careless merriment and gambols in your exile. But you have two others and your wife; and with them even your African banishment may be sweet. Alas! unlike Marcellus, you cannot eat figs at Marseilles. Since I returned I have literally read nothing, not even your second volume. Good-by, dear Lieber; I long to talk with you of Europe and yourself.

Ever and ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

To Longfellow, then absent from Cambridge on a vacation, he wrote in August: —

"I shall go to Nahant for a few days, and then to business. Give me fifteen hundred dollars a year, and I will hie away to Florence, where in sight of what is most beautiful in art, and with the most inspiring associations about me, I will feed on the ambrosia of life, nor find the day long which I can give undisturbed to the great masters of human thought. Stop! Say nothing of this, or my professional chances will be up."

To Hillard, then at Woods' Hole, he wrote, Aug. 5: —

"This goes from Court Street, — my first lines from that street. . . . On Saturday, in the midst of rain, we went to Nahant, where we had a very pleasant dinner with Prescott, who regretted much that you could not come. General Miller dined with us, and was as agreeable and sterling as ever.<sup>2</sup> Lieber is here still; he leaves for Newport on Friday. He is at the office from morning till night, and the evenings we pass together till very late. I like him more and more. His conversation is full and teeming with striking thought and abundance of illustration from all sources. Very few people in

<sup>1</sup> The place of Lieber's residence when he visited Rome in his youth.

<sup>2</sup> This visit of General Miller to Nahant is mentioned in Prescott's "Life," p. 171.

the world are his superiors. The testiness of character I pardon to the exile. We cannot have people with intellects and characters of unmixed goodness, free from all human frailties. . . . On Monday I received a beautiful letter from my friend Ingham. I have in my mind the kind, cordial, affectionate reception I received there, and the invitation to make that a home if I ever returned to England. I wrote by the 'Britannia' only half-a-dozen letters. How it made me start to see the smoke puffing from her funnel, which *was* only to cease when she touched the English pier!"

To Hillard again, Aug. 11: —

"I have just returned from an excursion in the country with Felton, to see his wife. Saturday, in a gig, we went to Lancaster. *En route* to Cambridge, dined with Ralph Emerson,<sup>1</sup> whom we found very agreeable and sensible. He did not lead out his winged griffins, to take us into the empyrean; so we went along as with mortal beasts. Perhaps he thought we should not be very docile. He had just received a very characteristic letter from Carlyle, over whom the fancy to come to America had again driven. He will not come. Emerson has two delightful children, — a girl and boy. The girl he calls his 'honeycomb.' Come back staunch and strong and full of hope and courage."

---

TO ABRAHAM HAYWARD, LONDON.

Boston, U. S. OF AMERICA, Aug. 31, 1840.

DEAR HAYWARD, — This poor sheet and its pictures<sup>2</sup> will go by the "Acadia," which sails to-morrow from this port for Liverpool. What can I write that will not be utterly dull to you of London? If you still persevere in your intention of giving an article on American eloquence,<sup>3</sup> let me ask you to read a paper in the last "North American Review" (July) on Guizot's "Washington." You will find there some six or eight pages, which present a neat and concise view of *parties* in the United States from the adoption of the Federal Constitution down to a comparatively recent period. The author is Mr. Edward Everett, recently Governor of Massachusetts, and now in Europe, where he purposes passing two or more years. He will be in England before he returns here; if so, I hope he may see you. He is, perhaps, the most accomplished man of my country.

Our politics are shabby enough. The Whigs, constituting the opposition, have nominated for the Presidency the person whose head adorns a corner of this sheet. He has in his favor his good conduct during the war of 1812, and an alleged victory at Tippecanoe; and the vulgar appeal is made, grounded on military success. This has made him a more

<sup>1</sup> Ralph Waldo Emerson, living at Concord.

<sup>2</sup> Wood-cuts of General W. H. Harrison, and of a log-cabin and cider barrels.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Hayward's article appeared in the "Quarterly Review," Dec., 1840, Vol. LXVII., entitled, "American Orators and Statesmen." With Mr. Everett, who is there mentioned, Mr. Hayward afterwards became well acquainted.

acceptable candidate than Clay or Webster, who have been serving the State well for years. Harrison lives in the State of Ohio, cultivating his farm with his own hands; and, as what is called "help" in that part of the country is not easy to be procured, his wife and daughter cook and serve the dinner for the seven or eight people who daily challenge his hospitality. An Administration paper alluded to him as living in a log-cabin and drinking hard cider. The Whigs at once adopted these words and placed them on their favors. They proclaimed Harrison the candidate of the "log-cabin and hard-cider" class. And this vulgar appeal is made by the party professing the monopoly of intelligence and education in the country! But it has had its effect. The country seems to be revolutionized, and the Whigs are confident. The election takes place in November. The Whigs, in anticipation of success, have already partitioned the high offices. Of course, all our troop abroad will be recalled, Stevenson leading the dance home.

They have republished at Lowell—a manufacturing town in Massachusetts, and the Manchester of America—your admirable translation of "Faust." I shall send you a copy of this edition by the earliest opportunity. At Louisville, on the other side of the Alleghanies, they have published a translation of Macchiavelli's "*Discorsi* on the First Decade of Livy." Willis is at his place in the interior of New York, and is joint editor of a New York [City] paper, writing letters, stories, and articles occasionally, for which he has about three hundred and fifty pounds a year. The paper is called "Brother Jonathan."

What can I send you from this side of the sea? Write me soon, and believe me,

Ever faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

To Lieber he wrote, Sept. 1:—

"I am against throwing away time and matter in reviews. Edward Everett, our most successful reviewer, repents that he has devoted himself so much in this way. Still, for high pay, it may be worthy of consideration. . . . What do you think of Legaré's articles? They are blunt and heavy and without grace, but are full, learned, and able, with an extravagance of view that is not unnatural in a solitary student like him.

"Peters is here now. I have seen him at Nahant, where I was passing a few days. He seems as fresh as ever. We expect to be invaded by fifty thousand Whigs, who will repair to Bunker Hill, Sept. 10. Then there is the Fair for the monument, which occupies all the women. Pardon this letter, so short and jejune and unlike your rich, juicy productions."

To Lieber again, Sept. 23:—

"I write you from my office, where I install myself at nine o'clock, and sit often without quitting my chair till two; then take the chair again at

half-past three, which I hold till night. Never at any time since I have been at the bar have I been more punctual and faithful. Pocket that, ye croakers, who said that Europe would spoil me for office work! My third volume of Reports is now in press, which I drive hard. Still I will not disguise from you, my dear Lieber, that I feel, while I am engaged upon these things, that, though I earn my daily bread, I lay up none of the bread of life. My mind, soul, heart, are not improved or invigorated by the practice of my profession; by overhauling papers, old letters, and sifting accounts, in order to see if there be any thing on which to plant an action. The sigh will come for a canto of Dante, a rhapsody of Homer, a play of Schiller. But I shall do my *devoir*."

---

TO HORATIO GREENOUGH, FLORENCE.

Boston, Sept. 30, 1840.

MY DEAR GREENOUGH, — I received yours of July 12, and was rejoiced to see your handwriting again. . . . Allston has inquired a great deal about you, and will be delighted to see you again. You know that he has unrolled his "Belshazzar;" it stretches across an entire end of his studio, but is covered with a curtain large as itself, which is the breakwater to our curiosity. He has recently painted a beautiful woman, — Amy Robsart, of Kenilworth, he has called her. She has golden hair, and that sweet look of feeling which you find in all Allston's pictures, particularly of women, — *qualem decet esse sororum*. When you come here, we will go out and have a long evening with him. . . . Present my kindest regards to Mrs. Greenough, and remember me to your brother, and to Wilde and Powers. Kenyon enjoyed himself very much among you. He has written to me of you all with great praise.

Believe me, ever sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

---

TO PROFESSOR WILLIAM WHEWELL, CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

Boston, Oct. 17, 1840.

MY DEAR WHEWELL, — I have taken the great liberty of introducing to you by letter a countryman of mine, and now write to speak to you of him more particularly than I did in my letter. It is Mr. President Wayland, the head of a seminary of learning at Providence, in Rhode Island, called Brown University, — a man of strong native powers and considerable acquisitions, particularly in political economy and ethics, on which he has written very well. He is a Baptist clergyman, and the Bishop of that denomination.<sup>1</sup> His object in visiting England is to observe and study your institutions of learning, — schools, colleges, all, — in the hope of contributing to the improvement of ours. He will probably pass a week or more in Cambridge.

I have asked President Wayland to take charge of a small parcel for you,

<sup>1</sup> A reference to his eminence in a Church which has no Bishops.



containing two numbers of a journal called the "Dial,"<sup>1</sup> which has been started by Mr. Emerson, — the same who was reviewed by Milnes. The first article in both numbers is by Emerson. People have laughed at it here very much. I am curious to know if it finds a more kindly reception with you. Emerson and his followers are called "Transcendentalists." I am at a loss to know what they believe. Brownson has recently avowed some strange doctrines, for which he has been sadly badgered, both by politicians and philosophers. Have you received all his journal, or as much as you wish? If I can send you any thing that will interest you, pray let me know.

I read in the journals of your great book, and the extracts given tantalize me, as it will be so long before I may get the whole. Let me congratulate you on your distinguished success, and believe me,

Ever very sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

---

TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE, FLORENCE, ITALY.

Boston, Friday Evening, Oct. 30, 1840.

DEAR GEORGE, — Politics are raging; newspapers teem with stump speeches, election reports, and inflammatory editorials. Banners are waving in our streets; the front of the "Atlas" office is surrounded by earnest crowds. The Whig Republican Reading-room, in Scollay's Building, Pemberton Hill, is wreathed with flags and pennons. This very day the Presidential election takes place in Pennsylvania and Ohio; on Monday in Maine; in one fortnight we shall know who is to rule over us for the next four years. Without lending myself to the exulting anticipations of the Whigs, I can no longer hesitate to believe that Van Buren will lose his election, and by a very large majority. I fear the coming six months will be a perfect Saturnalia in our poor country: the Whigs, elated with success, hungry by abstinence from office for twelve years, and goaded by the recollection of ancient wrongs, will push their victory to the utmost. Of course, the example set by Jackson will be followed, and perhaps improved upon; there will be a general turn-out of all present office-holders at home and abroad; the war of parties will have new venom. . . . There is so much passion, and so little principle; so much devotion to *party*, and so little to country in both parties, — that I think we have occasion for deep anxiety. . . . The Whigs have met with their present surprising and most unexpected success by means of their low appeals to hard cider, log-cabins, and the like. They have fairly beaten the Locos at their own game. This course has been deliberately adopted as the effectual way to meet them. The high-minded portion of the party regret it very much; and there are some (among whom I am willing to be counted) who think success obtained by such vulgar means of very doubtful value. But the greater part think nothing of these things, and are now in

<sup>1</sup> A magazine, the organ of the "Transcendentalists," of which Margaret Fuller, assisted by R. W. Emerson and George Ripley, was the editor. Its first number was issued in April, 1840, and its last in July, 1844.

full cry, running down their game. I do not anticipate any decided change in principles by Harrison's advent. One thing, however, will take place, — namely, a practical alteration of our Constitution, so that no President shall be elected for more than one term. Harrison comes in pledged not to be a candidate a second time. His example will establish a precedent which will operate like Jefferson's determining not to be a candidate a third time. As his election is favored by the merchants, I think it probable that trade will take a new start. There will be new confidence, which is the muscle of credit, and business will extend its arms freely again. Perhaps we may have another speculative mania.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHAS.

---

TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE.

Boston, Nov. 30. 1840.

DEAR GEORGE, — . . . We have just recovered from the political fever, and Van Buren has suffered the greatest defeat ever experienced by any candidate for the Presidency. Of course, after March 4, there will be some sweeping changes. Little, indeed nothing, is known with regard to them at present. I take very little interest in politics. . . .

My course of life is even enough now. I vegetate at home; go to my office between nine and ten o'clock, work at law and my Reports, which will be published in a fortnight; in the evening dine out, or make a call, a visit, or attend a party; and, when I get home, read till after midnight. Besides my immediate circle of friends, whom you know, — Hillard, Longfellow, Cleveland, Felton, — I see a good deal of the Ticknors, who receive every evening at their well-appointed house; of the Otises (old Harrison G. I like much); of the Prescotts, — William H., the author of the history of "Ferdinand and Isabella," is very much my friend: he is a capital fellow. Of course, I see Judge Story constantly, and love him as much as ever . . . Pardon all these blots; they are my escutcheon.

Robert C. Winthrop is elected to Congress. Judge Story has recently published second editions of his "Bailments," "Equity Jurisprudence," and "Equity Pleading," and is now engaged on a second edition of the "Conflict of Laws," much enlarged. He has also published a work on "Agency" since you left the country. All these are republished in England. Greenleaf is engaged upon a work on "Evidence." Prescott, you know, is writing the "Conquest of Mexico." It will be in three volumes, but will not be finished for several years. Sparks is in London or Paris, hunting in the offices for materials for a history of the Revolution. Bancroft's third volume is just published. It is brilliant and eloquent, and has much to admire. . . .

Ever and ever yours,

C. S.

## TO PROFESSOR MITTERMAIER, HEIDELBERG.

BOSTON, Nov. 30, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I thank you most sincerely for your very kind letters of the 7th April and the 22d August. It was to me a source of great satisfaction to be able to think that you and your family had not forgotten me. You are inseparably connected in my mind with your great country, — Germany. I remember the pleasant evenings I passed at your house, and now wish that I could enter your doors and speak with you face to face, instead of sending this poor messenger with expressions of friendship and regard. I sympathize with you deeply in the loss of the great Thibaut. I saw him for the last time the evening before I left Heidelberg, in your house. He was then so kind as to write under his head, as engraved, *Bin ich es?* This autograph I still preserve, and shall cherish as a valuable token of his kindness to me. He was truly a great jurist. I trust Mrs. Mittermaier is well, and your daughter and all your children. From what you write in your last, I feel very anxious in regard to your son, the advocate, with whom I had so much pleasant conversation in English. Pray give him my best wishes for his speedy recovery. Perhaps a sea voyage will do him good. Let him cross the ocean and visit America. I shall be most happy to welcome him in my humble way, and all your friends here will receive him as your representative; and then, knowing him, will value him for his own sake. It was a great pleasure to Story, Pickering, and Cushing to hear of you directly through me. Cushing will write you very soon; so will Pickering. We have all been occupied by the Presidential election which has just taken place, and which was to give us our *Grossherzog* for the next four years. Our present President, Van Buren, has lost his re-election.

Chancellor Kent is now preparing a fourth edition of his great work, which he will send you. He was very much gratified to know that you take an interest in his labors. Story is now preparing a second edition of his work on the "Conflict of Laws," very much enlarged. There will be upwards of three hundred pages of new matter. He will send you a copy as soon as it is published. I shall, in a few days, send you a packet containing several juridical tracts which I hope will interest you.

Our commissioners for codifying the criminal law are still engaged upon their work. They hope to present a report this winter. I regret that you have been treated so shabbily by your Legislature; I trust, however, that your *projet* will not be lost. People in the United States have been so much occupied during the last year with making a President, that they have thought little of juridical questions. Capital punishment has not been discussed. I think it probable that it will be discussed this year.

Remember me to the Hepps,<sup>1</sup> particularly to Fräulein Julia; and present my affectionate salutations to all your family. I hope your younger

<sup>1</sup> A lady highly esteemed, who kept a *pension* in Heidelberg, and had frequent receptions for friends. Sumner probably lodged at her house. She died not long after the period of this letter. Her daughter Julia became the wife of Professor Hagen, of Heidelberg, afterwards of Berne, and died about 1850.

children are as healthy and happy as they appeared when I had the pleasure of seeing them. Give my best regards to Grosch,<sup>1</sup> and tell him that I am his debtor for a long and most interesting letter, and that I shall write him very soon. You have a young American — Shaw — at Heidelberg. How does he do?

Believe me ever, my dear friend, most truly and sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. Your article on criminal legislation in Germany was published in the October number of the "American Jurist." It has been read with great satisfaction. When shall we have the continuation?

---

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER, COLUMBIA, S. C.

Boston, Dec. 10, 1840.

Don't, dear Lieber, be offended by my long silence. I am in the midst of my profession; for the last two days have been all the time in court; and for the last two months, besides attending to my professional business, printing the third volume of my Reports. . . . Behold me now, dear Lieber, in the tug and sweat of my profession, with rays of sunlight streaming from across the sea, and with the greater source of pleasure in my thoughts of what I have seen and enjoyed. Each steamer brings me some testimony of kindness or courtesy, and so I am not allowed to forget the scenes I have left behind. Would that I were in your Deutschland! . . . Sitting in this small office is a change from the scenes of the last three years. I have been in court all day, then read law, and now in my office, late in the evening, scrawl you these unsatisfactory lines. . . . Have you read Hallam's "History of Literature"? Is it not the great book of the age? I have been charmed by its learning, sagacity, and honesty. How careful Hallam is in the expression of his opinions. His style of criticism is a model of candor, impartiality, and carefulness. . . .

I recently received a very kind letter from Mittermaier, who complained of me for my long silence. Indeed, I had not written him since my return. Lord Denman wrote me a noble letter, so kind to me and so cheering for the cause of American law in England. He is the Chief-Justice, and writes me that an opinion of Judge Story, where he had overruled a judgment of the Queen's Bench, "will neutralize the opinion of the latter court, and henceforth the point considered will be regarded as an open question."<sup>2</sup> The stream is then turned back; and we who, for long years, have received it from England, are about to send the current upon the fountain-head. The judge was highly gratified; and well he might be, for it is the indication of

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Lambert Grosch, a law pupil of Professor Mittermaier, and a magistrate, who died in 1875.

<sup>2</sup> See Sumner's reference to Lord Denman's letter, Works, Vol. I. p. 269; "Life and Letters of Story," Vol. II. p. 379.

an epoch which Judge Story, more than all other men together, has established. He has taught them to respect our jurisprudence; to use it; to lean upon it; to be guided by it: and will not this be a strong means to improve the relations of friendship between the two countries? Will it not be one of the instruments wherewith to beat down the hydra-headed prejudice that prevails with regard to us in England?

Ever and ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

From New York he wrote to Hillard, Jan. 24, 1841:—

“Felton and Longfellow arrived yesterday. I have had some pleasant dinners, seen some handsome women, and been to two balls. I like Halleck very much; have met him twice at dinner. He is clever, and much to the point in conversation. Cogswell inquired after you. He is as gay as ever. I met Theodore Sedgwick at dinner at the Coldens’ (Mrs. Jeffrey’s family). He appeared admirably. He is the cleverest and most gentlemanly person I have seen in New York,”

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.

Boston, Feb. 11, 1841.

MY DEAR LIEBER, — To-day came to hand a warm-hearted, kindly, truly German letter from Mittermaier, acknowledging the receipt of my last to him, and opening to me his whole flowing griefs. I feel for him deeply. I knew his son. I doubt if he had that in him which would have led him to very great eminence; but he was learned, as I thought, almost beyond his years, and seemed to have uncommon acuteness. I think he had been used to work as his father’s drudge; so that his mind had lost, to a certain extent, independence of action. He must be a great loss to his poor father. When I was in Heidelberg, death was legibly writing his sentence upon his forehead. Mittermaier has two other sons,<sup>1</sup> whom I saw at his house, blooming youths of fourteen and sixteen, — as bright, agreeable, and intelligent creatures as I have ever seen. I did not see two boys in all Germany, fruitful mother of children, who pleased me so much as those two of Mittermaier. God give him joy in them! . . .

I have just returned from a visit of three or four weeks to New York and Philadelphia, where I saw men and women of all sorts. Chancellor Kent was as kind and affectionate to me as ever; Joseph R. Ingersoll, very hospitable . . .

Remember me most kindly to your wife.

As ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

<sup>1</sup> Franz and Karl, — the former a lawyer, and the latter a physician, *ante*, Vol. II. p. 121

## TO PRESIDENT QUINCY, CAMBRIDGE.

BOSTON, Feb. 12, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR, — I cannot forbear intruding upon you, to say how much I have been gratified by your remarks before the Board of Overseers, as reported in this morning's "Advertiser." Most sincerely do I wish you success in your honorable endeavors to raise the standard of education among us; and I can see no better step towards that consummation than the one you propose, so far as I am acquainted with it. Let the degree of A. B. stand for what it is worth, — that is, let it of itself denote simply that a student has passed through, or rather rubbed through, college. But let something — if it be simply a sectional division — mark the meritorious and the studious scholar. I feel assured that by your efforts we shall gain many good scholars to the community, — no unimportant acquirement. It has been said that he is a public benefactor who makes one blade of grass grow where it did not grow before. How much greater the benefactor who makes a scholar!

I have now been confined to the house for several days with a severe cold; otherwise, I should have endeavored to be present at the meeting of the Board to witness their deliberations. As a son of the University under your Presidency, I have felt called on, as upon my allegiance, to offer you my cordial congratulations on the plan you have brought forward.

I am, my dear sir, very faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

---

To Longfellow, then at Portland, he wrote, Feb. 19: —

"This moment comes to hand a letter from my brother Albert, communicating the intelligence of the death of the wife of our friend ———. My heart bleeds for him. I think of his wife, — simple, cheerful, sweet-voiced, and, more than all, filling his heart. If you write to him, pray assure him of my deep sympathy. I would write myself, but that I have not that length of acquaintance with him which would seem to justify my approaching him in such a terrible calamity. It is on such occasions that the chosen friends of years only, heart-bound and time-bound, assemble and knit themselves about the sufferer. I have received no intelligence for a long time that has grieved me so much."

---

TO HORATIO GREENOUGH, FLORENCE, ITALY.

BOSTON, Feb. 28, 1841.

MY DEAR GREENOUGH, — Your most agreeable letter of Oct. 24 arrived while I was on a visit to New York and Philadelphia. Let me congratulate you on the completion of your statue, and the distinction it has given you. From the hour when you admitted me to see it, lighted by lamps and torches, I have not doubted for a moment the result. It will give you fame. Still, I feel that it must pass through a disagreeable ordeal, — one which, as it seems

unavoidable, I hope will not be annoying to you. I refer to the criticisms of people knowing nothing of art. In Europe, an artist is judged at once, in a certain sense, by his peers. With us, all are critics. The people will not hesitate to judge your work; and some will, perhaps, complain that Washington is naked; that he has not a cocked hat and a military coat of the Continental cut; that he is not standing, &c. The loungers in the Rotunda, not educated in views of works of art, — many never before having seen a statue in marble, — will want the necessary knowledge to enable them to appreciate your "Washington." Should you not prepare them, so far as you can? And you can do a great deal. Publish in "Knickerbocker's Magazine," or such other journal as you may select, some of the papers you read me during my visit to Florence, — particularly that on the "Nude;" for there, I think, you will encounter a deal of squeamish criticism. The law maxim, *cuiuslibet in sua arte perito est credendum*, will hold strongly in your case; and what you publish with your name ("Horatio Greenough, sculptor") will be extensively read, and I think exercise a great influence on the public mind. I cannot conceive that any motives of delicacy should make you hesitate. I think it particularly important that what is written should be from you, — first, because it is your theme, and you can manage it so much better than anybody else; and second, because whatever you write will be read, and have weight.

I have not seen Allston for some weeks. Longfellow and myself passed an evening with him then. We rose to go: he took out his watch, and saw that it wanted twenty minutes of twelve o'clock, — "Do make it even," said he. I hope you may realize your dream. Allston would bud anew in Italy. He is now laboring sedulously upon his "Belshazzar's Feast," — admitting nobody into his studio. I have a brother who has been a wanderer for some years. Upon last advices, he was in Florence. I hope he saw you. Remember me most kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Everett, who are Florentines now, like yourself. I saw Wilde in New York, on his arrival. He was in fine spirits, and made himself most agreeable in society. He was full of Dante. I like to see a man instinct, as it were, with his subject.

Believe me ever sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. A friend of mine saw your "Abdiel" in New Haven, and was very much pleased with it. You kindly ask after my own petty doings. I moil at law, sit in my office; but visions of Europe will flash upon me.

---

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.

Boston, March 23, 1841.

MY DEAR LIEBER, — . . . You will see the defeat of Talfourd's bill, and that by a semi-treacherous stab from that rhetorician, Macaulay. The "Examiner" — Fonblanque's of Feb. 28, I think — contains an admirable refutation of Macaulay's speech. Poor Talfourd will be enraged. It is the bill he has

nursed through successive Parliaments, and in which his heart was; and now to be overthrown by unexpected opposition from a scholar and friend of scholars will make him furious. It will not be grief, but downright rage that will absorb his soul. I shall send him my sympathy. Macaulay seems a thorough failure; the sky-rocket come down a stick. Milnes, in a letter received yesterday, calls him "Poor Macaulay," and says it is a matter of great regret to the Government that they did not take Charles Buller instead.<sup>1</sup>

We have been upon the verge of war, but Webster understands our difficulties and the law of nations, and will not lack judgment or boldness; so I fear not. . . . Judge Story has returned from Washington with more health and spirits than I have known him blessed with for a long time. Greenleaf is putting to press his long-pondered work on the "Law of Evidence." I have read portions of it, and am very much pleased. It will take the lead of all the English works on the subject, and be the manual of the student and practitioner. . . . Judge Story is taking up his work on "Partnership," which he will carry on slowly through the summer. Prescott has completed the introduction to his history of the "Conquest of Mexico," comprising an elaborate survey of the manners, institutions, and origin of the ancient Mexicans. He was on the point of going to Europe with the Appletons, to pass the summer and enjoy his triumph in English society; but, after much debate and doubt, he has given up the plan.

Yours ever and ever,

CHARLES SUMNER.

---

TO THOMAS CRAWFORD, ROME.

Boston, March 31, 1841.

DEAR CRAWFORD, — You have, perhaps, already heard from Greene that I had started a subscription paper to procure your admirable "Orpheus" for the Boston Athenæum. The sum I proposed to raise is now subscribed, — twenty-five hundred dollars. I feel that this will not be an adequate compensation for the time, labor, and genius that you will bestow upon your work; but it may, as business men say, give you a "living profit," and will be the forerunner, I trust, of other and more profitable orders. Your name is already honorably known throughout our country, and the "Orpheus," on its arrival, will confirm your fame. Be of good cheer, then. Is it not coming to pass as I foretold in Rome? Lord Mansfield, one of the greatest lawyers England ever produced, said that he never knew the difference between three

<sup>1</sup> There was, at this time, among scholars much impatience with Macaulay, which was afterwards essentially modified. Talfourd proposed, in 1841, instead of the existing law which limited a copyright to twenty-eight years from the *date of publication*, one extending sixty years from the *author's death*. This motion (which Macaulay opposed) failing, the next year Lord Mahon renewed Talfourd's proposition, — substituting, however, twenty-five years for sixty; and was met by Macaulay with another scheme, which prevailed in substance, — adding fourteen years to the term allowed by the existing law, and giving a copyright of forty-two years from the *date of publication*. His speeches on the question, of Feb. 5, 1841, and April 6, 1842, are contained in his volumes of collected speeches. See also his "Life and Letters," Vol. II. Chap. IX.



hundred a year and three thousand a year, so rapid was his success. This will be your case. I shall expect nice rooms in your palazzo on my next visit to the Eternal City. Ah! when will that be? Images of art and the olden time all rise before me as I think of Rome. Those three months that I passed there were the happiest of my life.

Your bust of Greene is a capital likeness and a beautiful work of art. It is admired by all who see it. It occupies a conspicuous place in Longfellow's room, and he is very proud of it. We are amused when we compare it with one of Clevenger. This self-made man has met with great success; he goes to Italy laden with orders. I see his busts in every house. They are very good portraits, but devoid of grace, poetry, and artistic finish. He preserves all the hardness of features, every wrinkle, and even multiplies the crow's-feet at the corners of the eye. In this way he gives you an unmistakable face, but a wretched bust. He never has produced a "Young Augustus"!

We all admire the "Shield of Achilles," which is the chief ornament of Felton's house. Tell Greene he must write us the history of that. How did he come by it? Has the engraving of your "Orpheus" been published in the "Ape"? What is there new in Rome? What works have you in hand, and how are the other artists doing? Is Thorwaldsen there? Give my love to Greene.

Believe me ever very sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

---

TO LORD MORPETH, LONDON.

Boston, April 15, 1841.

MY DEAR MORPETH, — Many thanks for your kind, cordial, and most interesting letter, — an olive-branch in these troublous times. I have followed you through the long debates, and in imagination have sat out the speeches long drawn out. You all seem to be firmly fixed in your places, and I rejoice in it, for I think the peace of our two countries would be seriously endangered by a change of ministry. We have lost our President; and you will see how noiselessly the mantle has fallen upon his successor, who, in his unexpected arrival at power, realizes the phrase of Lord Thurlow, "the accident of an accident." It was accident that turned the attention of the Whig party to Mr. Tyler, and induced them to put him in nomination for the Vice-Presidency, little contemplating the contingency of his becoming President. And now the great accident of death has vacated the office of President in his favor. He is a worthy, honorable, patriotic person,<sup>1</sup> but not of great mark. It has been usual to select rather second-rate men for the Vice-Presidency. Mr. Tyler was never thought of for the Presidency. You are aware of the strong popular feeling that brought Harrison into power. This would have given great vigor and explicitness to his administration. The people trusted him, and he would have been able to carry his measures with

<sup>1</sup> He thought quite differently of President Tyler at a later period; *post*, pp. 212, 305.

the strength inspired by a nation's confidence. I fear that his successor will not have this source of strength. His address, which you will doubtless see in the papers, is a miserable composition, but calculated to please the people, and I think has already given great satisfaction. The currency and foreign affairs will occupy the attention of our Government for some time. It is proposed to establish a national bank at New York, with a capital of fifty millions of dollars. This subject will probably be commended to Congress at the approaching extra session on the 31st of May. With regard to foreign affairs, I trust that nothing will occur to require any action of our Congress. You know that, under our Constitution, the House of Representatives alone has the power of declaring war. We are all for peace. Even Pickens, when the time to vote comes, will hesitate, I think. His Report was mere *brutum fulmen* here. Nobody regarded it; few read it, till its horrid echo reached us from England, resounding across the Atlantic. It is an absurd, illiterate, and mischievous production, by which sensible people have been disgusted, as much in America as in England.

Do not be anxious about McLeod. He will not come to harm. I have reason to know that our Government are disposed to do all that you and the law of nations can expect. You have adopted the burning of the "Caroline" as your act. Of course, all individual liability is merged in the Queen's responsibility. We cannot justly condemn McLeod more than the French the Duke of Wellington, if any one should pursue him at Paris for a murder committed after the battle of Waterloo. But, I think, all English lawyers will see that there are difficulties in arranging the manner of taking advantage of the defence which McLeod has. He has been indicted; and, unless the Attorney-General of the State of New York, who is the prosecuting officer, is willing to take the responsibility of entering a *nolle prosequi*, — which I presume he will not do, — the defence must be set up at the trial, that the act charged is not cognizable by the court. Be assured that this will all be arranged in conformity with the law of nations. Next comes the question of the "Caroline." There again you are in the right. On the facts as stated, you were justified in destroying that ship, as you did; and of this opinion are all the soundest men with whom I have conversed. This is the opinion of the first jurist and publicist of my country, and the oldest judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, — Mr. Justice Story.

I think you will be struck by the short and simple annunciation of the death of President Harrison by his Cabinet. This was written by Mr. Webster, who is the soul of our Government. Harrison died, after holding power thirty days, ere the shoes were old in which he had taken the oath of his high office. He was loved much, and the country expected much from him.

I think of all your family with the strongest attachment, and trust they are well. I hope you will let me hear from you soon. I have great faith in the sincere desire for peace which animates the rulers of both our countries. We love England; and I hope you will believe it, notwithstanding the vulgar cries to the contrary. Believe me ever and ever, dear Morpeth,

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER

## TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE, MUNICH.

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, CAMBRIDGE,  
April 18, 1841.

DEAR GEORGE,—It is Sunday, and I am Longfellow's guest. One of my greatest pleasures is of a Saturday afternoon to escape from Boston and find shelter here. We dine late, say between five and six o'clock. Felton adds to the hilarity. We talk of what we have seen abroad, of cities visited, persons seen, and the trophies of art and old time, while all the poets and masters in all the languages are at hand in Longfellow's well-chosen library. I think you never knew my friend. When you return (if that event ever takes place) you will find great satisfaction and sympathy in his society. Hillard is full of genius, beautiful thought, and high morals, but miserable in health. Cleveland still pursues his studies for his extensive work on English literature. Since my return I have found great pleasure in the friendship of William H. Prescott, author of "Ferdinand and Isabella," and by this work placed at the head of American literature. He is forty-five, but with the freedom, warmth, and frolic of a boy. His family is delightful. There sits the father, venerable Nestor of the house; his wife, a most agreeable old lady, who refuses to yield to time; then William, my friend, his wife and two children,—three generations gathered under one roof, all happy in each other's love. I sup with them often on Sunday night, at about nine o'clock; and then we have also Franklin Dexter and wife, a daughter of Judge Prescott. William H. Prescott is now engaged on a history of the conquest of Mexico,—a subject of remarkable capacity. It has already occupied him two years and more. I have seen a programme or sketch of the proposed work, and have been astonished at its almost epic character. Of the Ticknors I see a great deal. I see much of Bancroft, and know him familiarly. His third volume of American history, recently published, is brilliant, vigorous, and striking. He is now engaged on the fourth volume, which commences with about 1747. This and another will complete the work, bringing it down to the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Sparks, you doubtless know, has been in London and Paris the last summer, collecting materials in the public offices for a history of the American Revolution. He will go over Bancroft's ground; but they will hardly interfere with each other. Sparks is the faithful annalist, perhaps you may say historiographer, correct in his facts, patient of labor, but utterly without imagination. His history will be built on a thorough examination of the original documents. Bancroft's will be a series of brilliant sketches, full of glow and life, and making the American reader love his country.

Bancroft has resigned his Collectorship, and Governor Lincoln is his successor. Haughton, editor of the "Atlas," died suddenly yesterday. Perhaps his death is not to be regretted. One fountain of political bitterness is closed, and in a happy hour, as the whole country seems prepared by the sudden death of President Harrison for peace and repose. You will read of the latter event in the newspapers.

Webster is the Atlas of the country now, and on his shoulders rests the great weight of affairs. Do not be alarmed about war. The clamor of England and America is great, but the rulers of both countries are animated by a sincere desire for peace; and this will be preserved, unless some untoward event occurs which takes the whole affair out of their hands. . . .

APRIL 29.

Your letter to Mary, with its pleasant sketch of Elba, has come. . . . Sparks has just returned, laden with the fruits of his researches in the public archives of London and Paris. I dined in company with him yesterday at Prescott's. There were Ticknor, William H. Gardiner, Samuel A. Eliot, Palfrey, Longfellow, Felton, and Hillard, — a goodly fellowship. The conversation was agreeable. I envy you six months in Germany. I was not there long enough to learn the language as I wished. Another six months would make me master of it and of its literature. . . .

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES.

#### TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE, MUNICH.

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, CAMBRIDGE,  
Sunday, May 9, 1841.

DEAR GEORGE, — Once again from the headquarters of our great chief. Since I last wrote you, Mrs. Craigie, the widow of the builder of Craigie's Bridge and the owner of this house, has died and been removed from its spacious rooms to a narrow bed at Mt. Auburn. It is a lovely day, and from the open window I look across the lawn and the winding Charles to Brighton and the hills that enclose Brookline. Our sky is Italian; as bright and clear as that which looks down upon Naples. It is from English travellers, who have never seen the sun in their own country, that we imbibed the idea of the superlative brightness and clearness of the Italian sky. . . .

Ever yours,

CHARLES.

#### To Dr. Lieber, he wrote, May 12, 1841: —

"I knew Warburton slightly while I was in London. He was a strong Radical, a great friend of the people, a hard-headed person with whom I never conversed with any pleasure. I am vexed with Macaulay for his abandonment of the rights of literary men. His argument was taking and rhetorical, but unsound; perhaps characteristic of the man."

#### TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.

Boston, June 8, 1841.

MY DEAR LIEBER, — . . . Dr. Howe will be happy to have you make any use you see fit of his report on Laura Bridgman. I am very much at-

tached to Howe. He is the soul of disinterestedness. He has purged his character from all considerations of self, so far as mortal may do this; and his sympathies embrace all creatures. To this highest feature of goodness add intelligence and experience of no common order, all elevated and refined by a chivalrous sense of honor, and a mind without fear. I think of the words of the Persian poet when I meet Howe: "Oh God! have pity on the wicked. The good need it not; for in making them good thou hast done enough." We are together a good deal. Both have been wanderers, and both are bachelors; so we drive fast and hard, and talk, looking at the blossoms in the fields or those fairer in the streets.

You have doubtless seen the "Edinburgh Review,"<sup>1</sup> here this. The tone is good and respectful; but all reviewers aim to seem wiser than the authors. They try to *write down* upon their subject; and happy he who can do this. I like Bancroft's history very much. It is not complete, perfect, or entirely satisfactory to the calm, truth-seeking mind; but it is eloquent, fervid, brilliant, and calculated to excite the patriotism of those who read it, and to stimulate the love of liberal institutions. It makes a deep impression. The reader is kept excited; he travels from mountain to mountain, from peak to peak, and never finds the repose of a valley or a canter over a level plain. Sparks will give us an anatomy of history, with red sealing-wax poured into all the veins, and every fibre at its full tension; but the heart will not beat. Let them both work in their vocation; they have good themes, and the country will gain by them.

We do not differ much about McLeod. I trust Minos will teach the Lockport judge some of the duties of the bench. Where would Dante doom him? The English, you say, were right in destroying the "Caroline." I am disposed to think so on the facts as we have them; but their course can only be vindicated by the necessity of self-defence. Now what a nation does under this necessity and with this object is justifiable, as if the same was done by an individual. But in McLeod's case the inquiry cannot be pushed to the question of necessity and self-defence. The English Government acknowledge the act of the burning of the "Caroline," and take the responsibility for it. To a certain extent this was a warlike incursion upon our territory. Now all engaged in it, I admit, are *primâ facie* guilty of murder, &c. They are, therefore, properly indicted in our courts; and being indicted, there is no prerogative here or in England to arrest the course of judicial proceedings. Lord Palmerston was too hasty in demanding the immediate discharge of McLeod. It would not be done in England, land of the common law and of liberal institutions. But, on his trial, I think McLeod will have a sufficient defence in showing that the act in which he was engaged was undertaken by him in military subordination to his superiors, and that it was an act of national and not individual aggression. The questions you put about the Duc d'Enghien perplex me somewhat; but when we meet we will solve these. . . . Good-by!

Ever and ever yours,

C. S.

<sup>1</sup> Review of the "Political Ethics," April, 1841; Vol. LXXIII. 55-76.

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.

BOSTON, June 28, 1841.

*Anniversary of the Battle of Monmouth, when the American army fainted under the heat, and Washington reproved Lee.*<sup>1</sup>

DEAR LIEBER, — Yours of the day of the "Battle of Ligny" is before me. Thanks. I see a difficulty in the way of graduating duties on books by their value. There will be fraud, deception, and the like in assigning the value, besides greater difficulty than by weight. I find this is Judge Story's opinion also. He says, let all books in foreign languages come in duty free. So say I. At present there is a duty of four cents a volume. Let all English books more than ten years old (I would say ten years from the first edition) come in duty free. . . . If you can carry it, I say strike off all the duties. Lift up the gates, and let books flow into the country in every possible way. I like your views about the Lockport judge. . . . One good, high-minded act tells more for a country than mines of gold. "Stranger, go to Lacedæmon and say that we died here in obedience to her laws." This inscription inspired all Greece with patriotism; and it still does this high duty, as it is read in all languages and countries. . . . Choate will be glad to renew his acquaintance with you. His speech on McLeod's case is masterly.<sup>2</sup> It exhausts the question. When shall we see you here? The three Misses Ward — a lovely triumvirate — are summering in Dorchester.

Ever yours sincerely,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO PROFESSOR MITTERMAIER, HEIDELBERG.

BOSTON, June 30, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Four days ago I was rejoiced by your letter of May 7, which came by the way of Havre through the post-office. On the next day I received the packet of books you had been kind enough to despatch to me last December. I thank you very much for them all; but more than all, let me thank you for your kind recollection of me in your letters. I mourn with you most sincerely for the loss of your son. He was truly learned, accomplished, and amiable. I shall never forget the agreeable and instructive hours I passed in his society. He spoke English with great facility and correctness; and it was one of my chief pleasures at Heidelberg to converse with him in my own language on the many subjects which he understood so well. In his death the cause of liberal jurisprudence has suffered an irreparable loss. I wish you would assure Madame Mittermaier and all your family of my sympathy with them in their affliction. I remember very well your two youngest boys. I was much pleased by their appearance, the look of health and happiness that they wore, their agreeable manners and intelligence. In the education of these youths, and in their flattering prospects,

<sup>1</sup> Lieber was accustomed to date his letters as of some historic day, usually that of a battle; and Sumner, in dating this letter to him, took note of his habit.

<sup>2</sup> June 11, 1841. Works and Memoir of Rufus Choate, Vol. II. pp. 8-23.

you must find great sources of happiness. I hope they will not forget me. If I ever revisit Germany, I shall hope to see them. Present my kind compliments to your daughter, who used to converse with me most indulgently in German.

I trust you will pardon my apparent remissness in not sending you the books you desire. I have had a large packet of books prepared for you for several months, awaiting the opportunity of a ship from Boston to Hamburg. I have at last put my packet on board a ship for Rotterdam, with instructions to a commercial house in the latter place to forward it to you. The ship sailed three days ago. The packet contains a copy of Phillips on "Insurance," two volumes; of Bayley on "Bills," with notes; of the second edition of Story's "Conflict of Laws;" also a large collection of *brochures* that I trust will be interesting to you; also a copy of a new work, just published by a friend of mine, on "Seamen," which the author sends to you with his compliments. I send two copies of the fourteenth and fifteenth Reports of the Prison Discipline Society; also of the Institution for the Blind. Let me call your attention to the wonderful account in the Appendix to the latter of Laura Bridgman, — a girl deaf, dumb, and blind, — who has been taught the language of signs, and whose education has already advanced to a considerable extent. I have also sent you the reports of our Massachusetts Secretary<sup>1</sup> of the Board of Education, which are very interesting documents. I shall continue to send you all the things that I think will interest you. There is nothing of importance in jurisprudence. Judge Story is now engaged in a work on the "Law of Partnership." I have just seen him. He desires to be remembered to you. He and all your friends here have sympathized with you in the death of your son.

I am glad to hear of Grosch's health and prosperity, and hope he enjoyed himself in England. Tell him that I have not forgotten that I am his debtor for a long and generous letter. I shall write to him very soon. With cordial salutations to all your family and to the Hepps, believe me,

Most sincerely and faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

---

To Dr. Lieber, then at Washington, D. C., he wrote, July 5, 1841: —

"I agree with you entirely about Webster's massive and yet graceful letter.<sup>2</sup> It is a *chef d'œuvre*; and I do not make the criticism you do with regard to McLeod's release. I think Webster was right in that, and I regard this as one of the most important parts, — the distinct admission, formally and diplomatically, for the first time in history, of a great and important principle of the law of nations. We have long acted upon a silent or implied recognition of that; but now, for the first time, it is distinctly proclaimed and registered in the archives of two great nations."

<sup>1</sup> Horace Mann.

<sup>2</sup> Letter of April 24, 1841, to Mr. Fox. Webster's "Works," Vol. VI. p. 250.

## TO LORD MORPETH.

BOSTON, U. S. OF AMERICA, Aug. 15, 1841.

MY DEAR MORPETH, — I cannot let a packet sail without telling you of the emotion with which I have read your eloquent and touching address at the close of the polling in the West Riding.<sup>1</sup> You have made your political defeat a high moral triumph. I most sincerely think that by putting on record the noble sentiments of your address, — so full of dignity, of love of country, of the warmth of friendship, and of Christian gentleness, — you have done more good to humanity than if you had carried for your party all Yorkshire. Words like those you then uttered do not die; and wherever read they will go to the heart, as they came warm from the heart, with their lesson of love and duty. My friend Judge Story told me that in reading your speech he “shed tears for its very manliness.” In your adversity you found the “precious jewel” as in the toad’s head.

I trust, however, you will not desert Parliament unless to visit America. The House of Commons will seem blank to me if you are not there. If all is true that the papers report of the success of the Tories, perhaps you will feel disposed to put in execution the plan we once talked over, of a tour in the United States. You know that I should be delighted to see you.

I see that my friend Ingham has lost his seat. A more worthy, amiable, and conscientious person I never knew. He was of truth “all compact.” In my estimate of men, his absence from Parliament will be a loss to his country. Milnes holds his place, and I am glad, for I always liked him.

You will find Stephens’s book on the ruins of Central America amusing and in some respects instructive. His sketches are offhand and *bonâ fide*, but without elegance or correctness of style or scholarship. They make you laugh by their *naïveté* and constant jets of humor. I wish Miss Sedgwick had never written her letters<sup>2</sup> on Europe. She has set a bad precedent by publishing about society. The German proverb is, “Once a guest always a guest;” and it is difficult to see how a person can tell the public of hospitalities received without infringing on these sacred rites.

My friend, Mr. Edward Everett, has been nominated as Minister to London by the President; but his nomination has not yet been confirmed by the Senate, and a strong objection is made to him by the Southern members on account of his alleged Anti-slavery opinions. He is now in Florence, where he has enjoyed many distinguished courtesies from the Grand Duke. Before he left America I took the liberty of charging him with a line for you. Remember me most kindly to all your house, and believe me ever,

Most sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. Let me call your attention to the report on Laura Bridgman, a girl deaf, dumb, and blind.

<sup>1</sup> Speeches, Lectures, and Poems of the Earl of Carlisle, p. 263.

<sup>2</sup> Catherine M. Sedgwick’s “Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home.”